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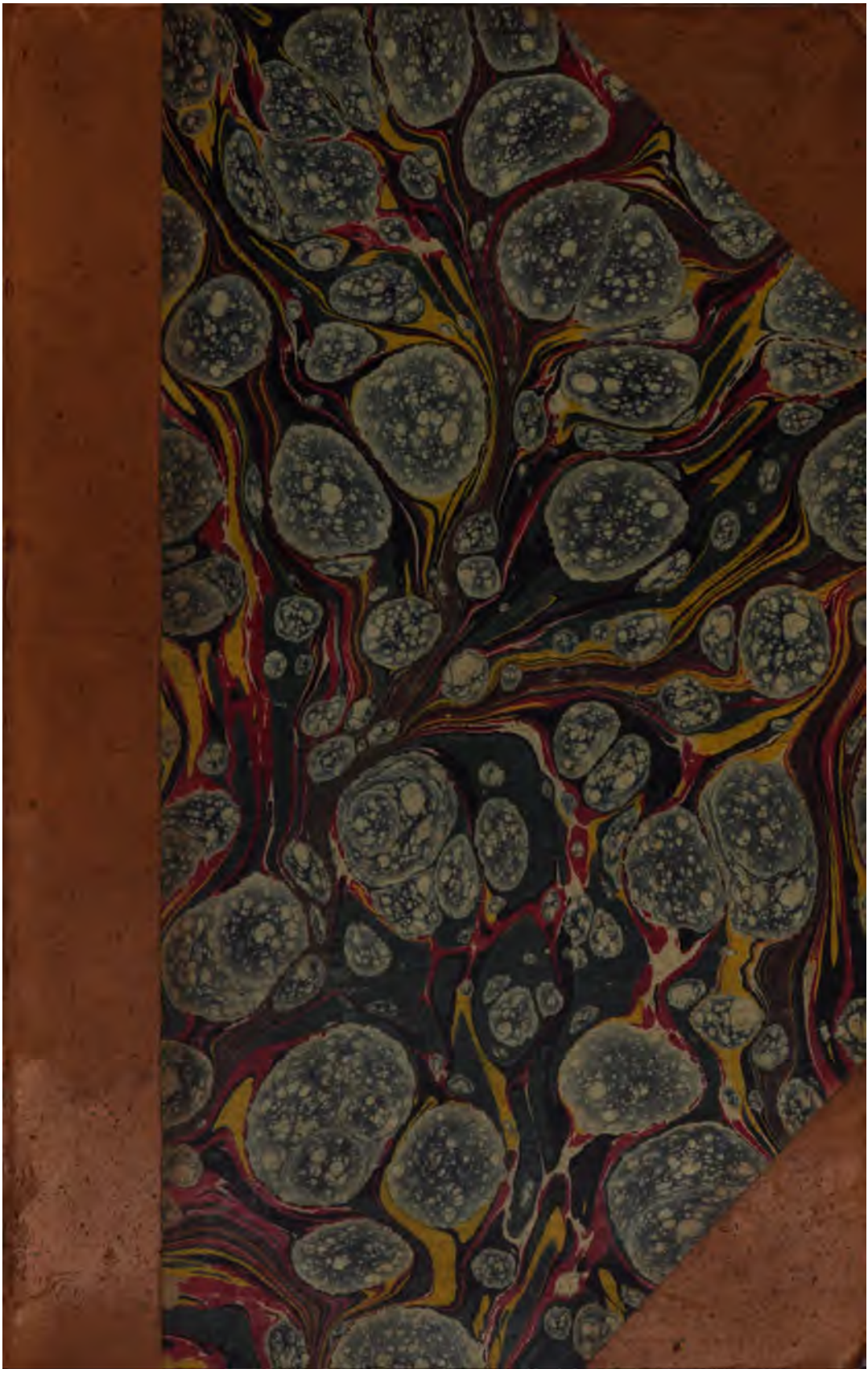

Per. 3977 e. 205/15

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

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# MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XV.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1836.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET;

BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH AND SON, GLASGOW;

AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1835.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

## CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1836.

With the new year, it is incumbent upon us to put on our best looks, and wear our merriest faces; and, whatever be our misfortunes, whatever our ailments, however inclement the weather, or however unkind our friends, we should, overlooking all present annoyances, and despising all the menacings of evil, cast our eyes sedulously around, above, below, and beyond us, in order to find out meet subjects for congratulation. Will not a year, began in the mist of tears, naturally terminate in the pelting showers of despondency? If the sun in the heavens will not shine out on the first of January, we must contrive, like those who do not find success, to do without him; and make something in his semblance, a sort of a tinfoil sun of our own, which, if not sufficient to enable us to read our own rhapsodies, will be quite luminous enough to swear by, and to light up the glories of the Whig administration.

Now, with this pious wish of being grateful, let us look around and enumerate the various subjects of congratulation that intrude themselves upon us, and thus unceremoniously force felicity down our throats, whether we will or not, and make us blest in spite of ourselves, frost, fog, and the rheumatism. Now let us hearken to the voice of comfort—of triumph!

Englishmen, we congratulate you that the Whig-radico-Irisho-rapparee-papistico-association still directs the councils of the empire, and that Lord Melbourne has a good appetite. Indeed, considering all things, for the good of his country, he has *stomached* a great deal.

We congratulate the country upon what the Whigs have done since their accession to office, the extraordinary foresight which has induced them to pass acts of parliament, which have the peculiar merit of being imperfect. Employment is necessary to the welfare of the people, and the representatives of the people having nothing to do in these times, will have now plenty of occupation in amending their acts. This gives us great hopes of an increase of morality in the nation at large, for it is not possible to amend one's acts without amending one's lives.

We also congratulate the nation upon the valuable system of reciprocity we have lately been carrying on. It is delightful to witness the exchange of sterling advantages for empty compliments, and to

feel that we have this positive balance in our favour, that Dr. Bowring is able to astonish the natives in Hebrew and in good French.

We congratulate our countrymen upon the great satisfaction with which we can perambulate the streets of the metropolis, and every other part of the kingdom. Formerly, we were so crowded, that it was unpleasant; but so many hundreds of thousands have gone over the water to make room for us, that the grass is actually springing up between the paving-stones in front of St. James's Palace. This is kind to us, and philanthropic to others, for, with the plethora of money with which this country is borne along, it is but right that we should disseminate a few millions per annum among those nations who will, in all probability, make war against us; it will supply them with the sinews of war in case of need, and, it is clear that, if they had nothing for us to take from them, there could be no source of congratulation in beating them.

Our foreign policy, lately, is another source of public congratulation. We have left off the system of bullying our neighbours, of insisting upon being treated with respect, and of laying down the law to others. We now have put more Christian doctrine in our international system. We are like the old expiring lion, at whose jaws every jackass may have a kick. With all humility, if smote on the right cheek, we offer them the left, and thus do we avoid any thing like a squabble. It is to Lord Palmerston that we are indebted for this new system of bearing towards other nations, and if we knock under, no one can accuse us of being *overbearing*.

We also congratulate the country upon the language of the lower classes having found its way into both houses of parliament, as it is a sure sign that the mob will soon follow. For argument we have abuse, then insult, cock-crowing, squeaking, barking, hallooing, groaning, hissing, and thumping of sticks and feet. This is very pleasant, for it is the shortest way of settling the question, and they may now call for it before the debate begins.

Englishmen, we congratulate you upon the working of the new Poor Laws, seeing that it is rapidly working off those of the working classes, who are compelled to work the most, and eat the least. We congratulate you on the satisfaction you must enjoy in paying many thousands to a few commissioners, who will spend your money like gentlemen, instead of throwing away a few hundreds upon objects who have no other claim to it than helplessness, a life of useful labour, the dictates of charity, and the command of God.

We congratulate the country upon its increasing pauper population, and its increased and still-increasing number of palaces. Every poor man has now his palace. "Palace!" said we. Rather, should we say, his choice of palaces, in any of which he may not only freely enter, but is ardently welcomed, for three halfpence; and also, at the same time, indulge in the *maximum* of happiness, by pouring down his own throat a libation of max. But our congratulations must not stop at the individual, and somewhat sensual, happiness thus profusely distributed among the *productive* classes, since these palaces must ably assist Miss Martineau by establishing an efficacious preventive check, in making them physiologically non-productive. Then, is it

not a subject of joy to know that the artisan, and the mere labourer, has so much to expend upon mere spiritual comforts? To say nothing of the glorious course they are pursuing, which, in giving them the advantages of death early, procures to them an exemption of all the diseases and infirmities of old age, and death suddenly, all the miseries attendant upon a lingering illness. We will not dwell upon the little trouble that they so generally give to those whose pleasing duty it is to supply the surgeons with anatomical models, by dying ready-made skeletons. And, that there is a prospect of our not being in future burdened with overpopulation, as from the frequent applications of the females to the *still*, most children are now still-*born*.

We congratulate our pious and devout countrymen, whose ancestors altered the line of succession for only suspecting the sovereign of overthrowing the Protestant religion as by law established, on the late great increase of liberal opinions, hate and contempt of the episcopal church, wide spread of infidelity, which seems to be running a wonderful race with popery, and the wonderful affection shown to infidel municipal officers, Jew aldermen, sheriffs, and judges. All this the world—we mean the world as enlightened by the Tomkinses, the schoolmasters—must see will lead to results the most glorious, and having got thus far in the progress of liberalism, we can see no just cause why, henceforward, men *dead to* all religion, may not be collated to all manner of livings, and that Jews, Turks, and infidels may not hold rectories, deaneries, and bishoprics commendably—*in commendam*.

We congratulate you, agriculturists. Worship and glorify the Whigs! Of how many important and harassing cares have they divested you! You have no rent for your landlords, no money for your poor-rates, half wages to your labourers, and no returns at all, but those constantly recurring ones of bankruptcy for yourselves. Yes, they have relieved your shoulders of a great weight, though a little at the expense of the lining of your ribs. But till lately, you were always a race a little too plethoric, but now, though we do not think you will ever become so fine as to be able to pass through the eye of a needle, yet, as being infinitely less rich, you will all have a much better chance of entering into the kingdom of heaven.

Ship-owners, and all ye who derive your subsistence by floating about on the deep waters, we congratulate you, and you, congratulate yourselves and your country on your present condition and your future prospects. Ship-owners! most of you reside on the banks of the Thames, or in the neighbourhood of those parts that contained your magnificent properties. The Whigs love you and cherish you: they do not wish you to lose sight of your valuable possessions: they will not encourage them to depart from under your eyes. Thus, your ships are in the rivers, in the docks, and in the ports. You may visit your property daily: you may assure yourselves of its reality: it is no vain thing, no illusion: there it is, visible and tangible, though neither very profitable or very convertible. Bless, oh bless these Whigs for having thus securely moored your vessels in our own ports by those binding cables, *reciprocity laws* and a repeal of the *navigation acts*.

We are now going to congratulate the country upon a subject that

comes home feelingly to every man's pocket. Indeed, on the point to which we are going to allude, you have twenty millions of sterling reasons for gratulation in the dispersion of so many millions of sterling pounds. With these twenty millions of pounds you have bought nearly one million of apprentices, and a *black* bargain it has turned out. So much the better. The money is fairly out of your pockets now, and you have already seen something; when the apprentices are out of their time, you will see something more. Everything goes on swimmingly except the money, which is irretrievably sunk. As these apprentices will be long out of work before they are out of *their* time, and as before *that* time every white man will be out of the islands, we shall have a glorious specimen of dingy democracy, which will terminate in every ebony individual eating up his neighbour, if he can, with the utmost liberality; and thus, in return for your well-spent twenty millions, you will have the satisfaction of beholding an instructive specimen of a negro-republican Utopia; an experiment well worthy of a philosophical nation, and an exquisite subject for half an eternity of congratulations.

But there are some drawbacks to this general burst of congratulation, to wit—

1stly. The alarm so universally felt by the Whigs and by the hangers-on, even to the tenth remove of a Whig, at the general increase of Conservatism, the spirit of which is walking triumphantly through the land, opening the eyes of the deluded, and warming the hearts of the loyal,

2ndly. The horn of O'Connell is no longer exalted among the mighty of the land; and that, when now met by some of his late pa- and political associates, they pass by "on the other side."

3rdly. It is an alarming fact, that the people have begun to think that if the Tories were sometimes wrong, the Whigs are never right; in fact, that though they had formerly burdens which they bore, and which, though heavy, it was no dishonour to bear, they have not only now a heavier load upon their shoulders, but one made still more grievous by the ignominy of those who have now the privilege of inflicting it.

4thly. There is an awkward rumour daily gaining ground, that his gracious Majesty looketh not lovingly on all his present advisers, and that the most exalted position in the world is not exactly the most satisfactory.

And, 5thly. That the nation begins to have a ridiculous hankering to see its great energies directed and vast resources again administered by the manly and liberal wisdom of a Peel, the chivalric honour and straightforward sagacity of a Wellington, and the immense litigated property of this vast empire adjudicated, in the last resort, by the legal learning, the impartiality, and the acuteness of a Lyndhurst.

## A FAMILY OF LOVE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Fair sisters, I have watched ye long,
  Amid the garden bowers,
Singing the glad and choral song,
  And gathering summer flowers;
Blooming in youth, in health, and glee,
  How happily ye rove,
But happier still in unity,
  A Family of Love.

Alike in studies and in plays,
  Is kindly feeling shown,
Each seems to greet the other's praise
  More warmly than her own;
And in the others' grief to share,
  Should watchful friends reprove,
Well do ye crown your parent's care,
  Young Family of Love!

Why does each little heart abound
  In harmony and bliss,
When strifes and discord oft are found
  In homes as fair as this?
'Tis, that the truths your parents press
  Are lessons from above,
Theirs are the ways of holiness,
  And therefore ways of love.

Dear children, if compelled to roam
  Each through the world alone,
Think oft upon the peaceful home,
  Where God was served and known;
And may ye so its counsels prize,
  That ye may meet above,
Still linked in undivided ties
  A Family of Love.

## JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

I FOUND my father, who had now completely recovered from his accident, walking up and down the room in a brown study. He did not speak to me until after dinner, when he commenced with asking some questions relative to Cecilia de Clare. I replied, "that I intended, if he did not want the carriage, to call there to-morrow with Mr. Harcourt."

"Is she very handsome?" inquired he.

"Very much so, sir. I do not think I ever saw a handsomer young person. Yes, I do recollect one."

"Who was that?"

"A young lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, when living in the country."

"I have been thinking, my dear boy, that with the competence which you will have, it is right that you should marry early; in so doing you will oblige your father, who is anxious to see his grandchildren before he dies. My health is not very good."

I could not help smiling at this pathetic touch of the old governor's, who, if one could judge by appearances, was as strong as a lion, and likely to last almost as long as his dutiful son. Moreover, his appetite was enormous, and he invariably finished his bottle every day. I did not therefore feel any serious alarm as to his health, but I nevertheless replied, "Matrimony is a subject upon which I have never thought,"—(a hem! a De Benyon never tells an untruth!) "I am very young yet, and am too happy, not to remain with you."

"But, my dear boy, I propose that you shall remain with me—we will all live together. I do not intend that we shall part. I really wish, Japhet, you would think seriously of it."

"My dear father, allow me to observe, that at present I am not in a situation to support a wife, and I should be sorry to be a tax upon you, at your age; you require many comforts and luxuries, and I presume that you live up to your income."

"Then, my dear fellow, you are under a great mistake. I can lay down one hundred thousand pounds on the day of your marriage, with any lady whom I approve of, and still not spend half my remaining income."

"That, sir," replied I, "certainly removes one difficulty, at the same time that it proves what a generous and indulgent father I am blessed with; but, sir, with such a fortune, I have a right to expect that the lady will also bring a handsome addition. Miss De Clare is engaged, I believe, to Mr. Harcourt, or I might have made strong interest in that quarter."

[1] Concluded from vol xiv. p. 375.

"Something, my dear boy; but a moderate fortune now-a-days is all that we expect with wives, and the best wives are those who are not born to too much wealth; still, she should bring something; but tell me, Japhet, who is that young lady whom you thought handsomer than Miss De Clare?"

"A Miss Temple, sir."

"Temple—it is a very good name. I think girls brought up in the country make the best wives."

"They do, sir, most certainly, they are more domestic, and make their husbands more content and happy at home."

"Well, my dear boy, I have mentioned the subject, and wish you would think of it. You will please me much."

"My dear father, I shall be most happy to obey in every thing else, but in so serious a point as uniting myself for life, I think you must allow that a little discretionary power should be given to a son. All I can say is this, show me a young person who is eligible, and if I find that I can love her, I will not refuse to obey your wishes."

"Well, sir, do as you please," replied my father, very angrily; "but I think, sir, when I desire you to fall in love, it is your duty to obey."

"Suppose I was to fall in love with a person you did not like, would you allow me to marry her?"

"Most certainly not, sir."

"Then, sir, is it reasonable to expect me to marry without being in love?"

"I did not marry for love, sir."

"No," replied I, forgetting myself a little; "and a pretty mess you made of it."

"I did," rejoined my father in a rage, "by begetting an undutiful, good-for-nothing, graceless, insolent, ungrateful son."

"My dear father, I was not aware that I had a brother."

"I mean you, sir."

"To prove to you how unjust you are, sir, and how little I deserve what you have called me, I now promise you to marry as soon as you wish."

"Thank you, my boy, that's kind of you; but I will say that you are a comfort and a treasure to me, and I bless the day that brought you to my arms. Well, then, look about you."

"No, sir, I leave it all to you; select the party, and I am willing to obey you."

"My dear boy! Well, then, I'll talk the matter over with Mr. Masterton to-morrow," and the general shook me warmly by the hand.

The next day I picked up Harcourt, and proceeded to Park Street. A note from Harcourt had informed them of our intended visit, and other visitors had been denied. "All has been explained, Cecilia," said I, after the first greeting. "I was very wrong, and very foolish."

"And made me very miserable. I little thought that you, Japhet, would have made me cry so much; but I forgive you for it, as I would a thousand times as much more. Now sit down and tell us all that has happened since you left us."

"Not yet, my dear Cecilia. You, as well as I, owe a reparation to poor Harcourt, whom, I think, you have treated cruelly. You were about to answer a question of vital moment when I broke in upon you, and you have since kept him in a state of cruel suspense for more than three weeks, refusing him an answer until he brought me into your presence. An hour of such suspense must be dreadful, and before we sit down, I wish every one should feel comfortable and happy."

"It was not altogether to stimulate Mr. Harcourt to bring you back, which induced me to refuse to answer his question, Japhet. I considered that your return had rendered it necessary that it should be deferred until I saw you. I have not forgotten, Japhet, and never shall forget, what I was when you rescued me; and when I think what I might have been had you not saved me, I shudder at the bare idea. I have not forgotten how you risked, and nearly lost your life in Ireland for my sake—neither has my mother. We are indebted to you for all our present happiness, and I am eternally indebted to you for rescuing me from ignorance, poverty, and, perhaps, vice. You have been more, much more than a father to me—more, much more than a brother. I am, as it were, a creature of your own fashioning, and I owe to you that which I never can repay. When, then, you returned so unexpectedly, Japhet, I felt that you had a paramount right in my disposal, and I was glad that I had not replied to Mr. Harcourt, as I wished first for your sanction and approval. I know all that has passed between you, but I know not your real feelings towards Mr. Harcourt; he acknowledges that he treated you very ill, and it was his sincere repentance of having so done, and his praise of you, which first won my favour. And now, Japhet, if you have still animosity against Mr. Harcourt—if you——"

"Stop, my dear Fleta, I will answer all your questions at once." I took Harcourt's hand, and placed it in hers. "May God bless you both, and may you be happy!"

Cecilia threw her arms round me and wept; so did every body else, I believe. It was lucky for Harcourt that I was in love with Susannah Temple. As soon as Cecilia had recovered a little, I kissed her, and passed her over to her right owner, who led her to the sofa. Lady de Clare and I went out of the room on important business, and did not return for a quarter of an hour. When we returned, Cecilia went to her mother and embraced her, while Harcourt silently squeezed my hand. We then all sat down, and I gave them an account of all that had passed during my second excursion—how I had nearly been hanged—how I had gone mad—how I had turned Quaker and apothecary—which they all agreed, with what had happened to me before, made up a very eventful history.

"And, Japhet, if it be a fair question about one so fair, was that Miss Temple who was at church with you yesterday?"

"It was."

"Then, Cecilia, if ever she appears in the same circle, except in my eyes, your beauty will stand in some danger of being eclipsed."

"How can you say, except in your eyes, Mr. Harcourt," replied Cecilia, "the very observation proves that it is eclipsed in your eyes,

whatever it may be in those of others. Now, as a punishment, I have a great mind to order you away again, until you bring her face to face, that I may judge myself."

"If I am again banished," replied Harcourt, "I shall have a second time to appeal to De Benyon to be able to come back again. He can produce her, I have no doubt."

"And perhaps may, some of these days, Cecilia."

"Oh! do, Japhet. I will love her so."

"You must wait a little first. I am not quite so far advanced as you and Harcourt. I have not received the consent of all parties, as you have to-day. But I must now leave you. Harcourt, I presume you will dine here. I must dine with my governor."

On my return, I found that the table was laid for three, and that the general had asked Mr. Masterton, from which I augured well. Masterton could not speak to me when he arrived, but he gave me a wink and a smile, and I was satisfied. "Japhet," said my father, "you have no engagement to-morrow, I hope, because I shall call at Mr. Masterton's on business, and wish you to accompany me." I replied, "that I should be most happy," and the conversation became general.

I accompanied my father the next day to Lincoln's Inn, and when we went up, we found Mr. Masterton at the table, with Mr. Cophagus and Susannah sitting apart near the window. "The plot thickens," thought I. The fact was, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Masterton, he had prevailed upon Cophagus to pretend business, and to bring Susannah with him, and appointed them a quarter of an hour before our time. This he had arranged, that the general might see Miss Temple, as if by accident; and also allow me, who, my father supposed, was not aware of Miss Temple being in town, to meet with her. What a deal of humbug there is in this world! Nothing but plot and counterplot! I shook hands with Cophagus, who, I perceived, had, notwithstanding his wife's veto, put on his blue cotton net pantaloons and Hessian boots, and he appeared to be so tight in both, that he could hardly move. As far as I could judge, his legs had not improved since I had last seen them in this his favourite dress.

"Mr. De Benyon, I believe that you have met Miss Temple before," said Mr. Masterton, winking at me. "In Berkshire, was it not? Miss Temple, allow me to introduce General De Benyon."

I went up to Susannah, who coloured and trembled at the sight of my father, as I expressed my hope that she had been well since we last met. She perceived that there was some planned scheme, and was so puzzled that she said nothing. My father then spoke to her, and after a short time took a chair and seated himself close to her. I never knew her make herself so agreeable. He asked her where she was staying, and when he heard that it was with Mr. Cophagus, he said that he should have the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Cophagus, and thanking him for his kind information relative to me. Shortly afterwards Cophagus took his leave, and Susannah rose to accompany him, when my father, hearing that they had walked, insisted upon putting Miss Temple down in his carriage. So that Mr. Cophagus had to walk home one way, and I the other.

Alas! little did Mr. Cophagus know how fatal to him would be the light cotton nets when he put them on that day. He had proceeded, as it appears, about two-thirds of his way home, (he lived in Welbeck Street,) when he perceived a rush from up a street leading into Oxford Street. He looked to ascertain the cause, when to his horror he perceived—what to him was the greatest of all horrors—a mad bull. If any thing could make Mr. Cophagus run, it was a sight like that, and he did run; but he could not run fast in his cotton nets and tight Hessians, which crippled him altogether. As if, out of pure spite, the bull singled him out from at least one hundred, who exerted their agility, and again was poor Mr. Cophagus tossed far behind the animal, fortunately breaking his fall by tumbling on a large dog who was in full chace. The dog, who was unable to crawl from beneath the unfortunate Cophagus, was still in a condition to bite, which he did most furiously; and the butcher, who had an affection for his dog, when he perceived its condition, also vented his fury upon poor Cophagus, by saluting him with several blows on his head with his cudgel. What between the bull, the dog, and the butcher, poor Mr. Cophagus was taken into a shop in a very deplorable condition. After some time he recovered, and was able to name his residence, when he was taken home.

It was late in the evening when I received a note from Susannah, informing me of that unfortunate accident. My father had just finished a long story about filial duty, country girls, good wives, &c. and had wound up by saying, that he and Mr. Masterton both considered that Miss Temple would be a very eligible match, and that as I had requested him to select, he had selected her accordingly. I had just proved how truly dutiful I was, by promising to do all I could to love her, and to fulfil his wishes, when the note was put in my hands. I read it, stated its contents to my father, and, with his permission, immediately jumped into a hackney coach, and drove to Welbeck Street.

On my arrival I found poor Mrs. Cophagus in a state of syncope, and Susannah attending her. I sent for the surgeon who had been called in, and then went up to Mr. Cophagus. He was much better than I expected—calm, and quite sensible. His wounds had been dressed by the surgeon, but he did not appear to be aware of the extent of the injury he had received. When the surgeon came I questioned him. He informed me that although much hurt, he did not consider that there was any danger to be apprehended; there were no bones broken; the only fear that he had was, that there might be some internal injury; but at present that could not be ascertained. I thanked him, and consoled Mrs. Cophagus with this information. I then returned to her husband, who shook his head, and muttered, as I put my ear down to hear him, "Thought so—come to London—full of mad bulls—tossed—die—and so on."

"O no!" replied I, "the surgeon says that there is no danger. You will be up in a week—but now you must keep very quiet. I will send Mrs. Cophagus to you."

I went out, and finding her composed, I desired her to go to her husband, who wished to see her, and I was left alone with Susannah.

I told her all that had passed, and after two delightful hours had escaped, I returned home to the hotel. My father had waited up for some time, and finding that I did not return, had retired. When I met him the next morning I mentioned what the surgeon had said, but stated that, in my opinion, there was great cause for alarm in a man of Mr. Cophagus's advanced age. My father agreed with me, but could not help pointing out what a good opportunity this would afford for my paying my attentions to Miss Temple, as it was natural that I should be interested about so old a friend as Mr. Cophagus. My filial duty inclined me to reply, that I should certainly avail myself of such a favourable opportunity.

My adventures are now drawing to a close. I must pass over three months, during which my father had taken and furnished a house in Grosvenor Square; and I, whenever I could spare time, had, under the auspices of Lord Windermear, again been introduced into the world as Mr. De Benyon. I found that the new name was considered highly respectable, my father's hall tables were loaded with cards, and I even received two *dinner* invitations from Lady Maelstrom, who told me how her dear nieces had wondered what had become of me, and that they were afraid that Louisa would have fallen into a decline. And during these three months Cecilia and Susannah had been introduced, and had become as inseparable as most young ladies are, who have a lover a-piece, and no cause for jealousy. Mr. Cophagus had so far recovered as to be able to go down into the country, vowing, much to the chagrin of his wife, that he never would put his foot in London again. He asked me whether I knew any place where there were *no mad bulls*, and I took some trouble to find out, but I could not; for even if he went to the North Pole, although there were no bulls, yet there were bull bisons and musk bulls, which were even more savage. Upon which he declared that this was not a world to live in, and to prove that he was sincere in his opinion, poor fellow, about three months after his retirement in the country he died from a general decay, arising from the shock produced on his system. But before these three months had passed, it had been finally arranged that Harcourt and I were to be united on the same day; and having renewed my acquaintance with the good bishop, whom I had taxed with being my father, he united us both to our respective partners. My father made over to me the sum which he had mentioned. Mr. Masterton gave Susannah ten thousand pounds, and her own fortune amounted to as much more, with the reversion of Mr. Cophagus's property at the decease of his widow. Timothy came up to the wedding, and I formally put him in possession of my shop and stock in trade, and he has now a flourishing business. Although he has not yet found his mother, he has found a very pretty wife, which he says does quite as well, if not better.

Let it not be supposed that I forgot the good services of Kathleen —who was soon after married to Corny. A small farm on Fleta's estate was appropriated to them, at so low a rent, that in a few years they were able to purchase the property, and Corny, from a leveller, as soon as he was comfortable, became one of the government's firmest supporters.

I am now living in the same house with my father, who is very happy, and behaves pretty well. He is seldom in a passion more than twice a-week, which we consider as miraculous. Now that I am writing this, he has his two grand children on his knees. Mrs. Cophagus has married a captain in the Life Guards, and as far as fashion and dress are concerned, may be said to be "going the whole hog." And now, as I have no doubt that my readers will be curious to know whether my lovely wife adheres to her primitive style of dress, I shall only repeat a conversation of yesterday night, as she came down, arrayed for a splendid ball given by Mrs. Harcourt De Clare.

"Tell me now, De Benyon," said she, "is not this a pretty dress?"

"Yes, my dear," replied I, looking at her charming face and figure with all the admiration usual in the honeymoon, "it is indeed; but do you not think, my dear Susan," said I, putting the tip of my white glove upon her snowy shoulder, "that it is cut down a *little* too low?"

"Too low, De Benyon! why it's not half so low as Mrs. Harcourt De Clare or Lady C—— wear their dresses."

"Well, my dear, I did not assert that it was. I only asked."

"Well, then, if you only asked for information, De Benyon, I will tell you that it is *not* too low, and I think you will acknowledge that on this point my opinion ought to be decisive; for if I have no other merit, I have at least the merit of being the best-dressed woman in London."

"Verily thou persuadest me, Susannah," replied I.

"Now, De Benyon, hold your tongue."

Like a well-disciplined husband, I bowed, and said no more. And now, having no more to say, I shall also make my bow to my readers, and bid them farewell.

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## CHRISTMAS TALE.

## THE WIZARD'S CAVE; OR, THE MARTYR'S CROSS.

*(From an old Welsh Legend.)*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"Come to the hall of shells! and list
To a tale of the times of old."

THE Lady stood in the Wizard's cave,
And her young heart thrilled with fear;
"Ah! woe is me! that I'm doomed to crave
The aid of unholy seer!"
"Now, what would'st thou, daughter?" the Wizard said,
As he came from the inner cell:
"I would know whom my *fate* will have me to wed,
And they told me that *thou* could'st tell."

"And what wilt thou give me to wake the spell,
And thy future fate unfold?"
"This ruby brooch," said Rosabel,
"And this chain of the purest gold."
Now there hung to that chain a martyr's cross,
With a bleeding heart above;
And to part with that, were a heavy loss,—
'Twas the gift of a mother's love.

So she loosed it from the glittering chain,
And hid it within her vest:
Ah! well would it be, could it there remain,
As a charm against lips unblest.
"That cross I must have," said the hoary wight,
"Ere I give thee the truth to know;"
Then she drew it again from her bosom white,
And her tears began to flow.

"'Twas my mother's gift," (the maiden cried,)
"This cross with the bleeding heart,
With her own dear hand round my neck she tied,
When her soul was about to depart;
And she told me to wear it both day and night,
And pray often to Him that shed
His blessed blood, that can wash us white,
Though our sins be as rubies red."

Then the Wizard scoffed at the Lady's speech,
As he took the cross, and said:
"Thou hast learned of some juggling friar to preach
About the blood that was never shed."
The maid grew pale at his impious words,
And she fain would have fled away;
But her feet seemed bound, like the captive bird's,
That is caught on the *limed* spray.

And the Wizard took his charmed rod,
And the magic circle drew,
Which no holy feet that walked with God
Ever stood within, he knew.
And he called on the spirits of earth and air,
And the shrouded dead to hear:
As his blue lips muttered the soulless prayer,
More strong waxed the Lady's fear;

For there shot from his eyes a fearful light,
That flashed on his silver beard,
Like the lightning's glare on the snowy height
Of some peak out of chaos reared.
Then a form arose of a youthful knight,
And his mail was of polished steel,
And above his helm was a plume of white,
And the gold spur on his heel.

And the Wizard turned to the maid, and said,
"What more would'st thou know of me?"
Then the Lady bowed her beauteous head,—
"I would like the knight's face to see."

Ah! did not young Rosabel's bosom glow
With a joy but ill concealed;
When the vision unclasped the helm, and lo!
Her lover's face revealed;—

The Knight of the Cross, brave Argentine,
The flower of Crusaders; he
Who fought 'gainst the Crescent in Palestine,
Was the lord of her fate to be!
O happy fate! but anon, behold
A change came o'er the knight;
And Rosabel's heart grew faint and cold,
As a death's head met her sight.

But the vision fled; and again she smiled,
Since she found 'twas her fate to wed
Her own true love; and with hope beguiled,
From the Wizard's cave she sped.
Now Rosabel was of noble race,
And of Cambrian maids the flower,
And many that looked on her lovely face
Never thought of the maiden's dower.

But to all that bowed at her virgin shrine,
Her heart was as cold as snow,
Save the gallant knight, Sir Argentine,
The son of her father's foe.
Her father he was a baron proud,
Of high Llewellyn's line,
And he'd rather have looked on his daughter's shroud,
Than have wed her to Argentine.

Time wore away, and the Wizard's spell
Still worked its unholy part:—
At length came the news to Rosabel,
That the bands of the "Lion-Heart"
Had sailed from the Holy Land; and soon
Would their glittering pennons gleam
(Perchance ere the light of another moon)
On old Thames's silver stream.

'Twas night; and Rhyddlan's* storied hall
Was rife with the wassailer's song,
And the gentle stars, that to lovers call,
Shot their dewy rays along,
When Rosabel stole to her latticed bower,
To muse upon Argentine,
And marvel how long to the happy hour,
When her fate should with his entwine.

She had wreathed her silken tresses, bright
As the crisped threads of gold,
With jewels, that sparkled like drops of light,
That the cowslip's bells unfold:

* The beautiful and plaintive air, called "Morfa Rhyddlan," had its origin in a dreadful battle fought near this castle in the year 795, between the Welsh and the Saxons, in which the Saxon prince Offa was victorious, and savagely massacred all the men and children that fell into his hands, the women alone escaping his fury.

And around her lip, and upon her cheek,
Love lurked in roses there,
And play'd 'mong the lilies of brow as meek
As the holy vestals are.

And there she sate, at the moonlight hour,
So lovely, and O! so lone,
That the breeze, as it rocked the infant flower,
Seemed to waken for her its moan;—
With her fair cheek resting on her hand,
And her blue eye on the wave,
And her thoughts atween the Holy Land
And the fearful Wizard's cave.

"Christ save thee, fair Lady Rosabel!"
Said a voice at the maiden's side,—
A voice that the maiden knew full well,
"Sir Argentine!" she cried.
And her colour fled, and her sweet eyes fell,
And the bright tears gushing through,
Did more than words the rapture tell
Of a heart so young and true.

"O! welcome again! from the bloody war,
Thou lookest but pale I wist,
And thy brow is marked with a fearful scar,"
(She fain would that brow have kist.)
"I have prayed to the holy saints for thee,
At matin and vesper tide;
And our Lady of blessed memory.
And when did'st thou come?" she cried.

"I come," said the knight, "to make thee mine
By the holy book and ring;
Thy sire and his guests are drowned in wine,
And time fleets with rapid wing.
Let us haste to St. Elian's* cell, and he
Will perform the sacred rite,
And give me a sweeter claim to thee
Than thy haughty father's right."

* "St. Elian was a Welsh saint; he is commonly called the British Hilary. He was supposed to be gifted with the power of predicting future events: and the good people of ancient Cambria still have the strongest reliance on the efficacy of the saint's 'Cursing Well,' where, in olden days, magnificent offerings were made to the saint by those who wished evil to any particular person:—of course, the richer the gift the heavier the saint's curse fell on the enemy of the devotee! People out of health, to this day, send an offering to the saint. A silver groat is said to be a present peculiarly acceptable, and has been known to procure his intercession (either to bless or curse) when all other kind of coins have failed. A curious closet of wood, of an hexagonal form, called 'St. Elian's closet,' is yet left in the east wall of Llaneliæn church. The misguided devotees assemble here at the wakes, and having deposited their offerings, proceed to learn their future fate by entering the narrow doorway of the saint's closet; and, if they can but succeed in turning themselves round within the confined limits of the place, they go away delighted, believing they shall be fortunate until, at least, the next wake: but if they do not succeed, they esteem it an omen of ill fortune, or of their death within the year."

Fair Rosabel blushed, fair Rosabel sighed;
For what could the maiden say,
When she wished in her heart to become his bride?
So she fled with her lover away.
And soon they reached St. Elian's cell,
And bowed at the holy shrine;
And the lovely Lady Rosabel
Was wed to Sir Argentine.

When the saintly man, who joined their hands,
Had blessed the kneeling pair,
"What means," he cried, "that form that stands
By the side of yon Lady fair?"
The young bride raised her head in fear,
And the Wizard met her view;
"Thou didst not expect to meet me here,"
Said the scoffer, as pale she grew.

"Yon bridegroom." he cried, in a jeering tone,
He is not what he seems;
The bones of thy lover are bleached, and strewn
On the plain where the Crescent gleams.
Hadst thou trusted in God, nor sought to move
The veil of thy fate aside,
He had lived to reward thy virgin love,
Nor thou been a dead man's bride!

"But the hour that thou gavest the Cross away
Thou wert sealed a slave of mine——"
"Kneel, kneel, my child!" said the saint, "and pray
At the blessed Redeemer's shrine."
Then Rosabel seized the Cross, and cried,
"Thou Lamb of the living Lord!
By the healing blood of thy sacred side,
And the light of thy quickening word,

"Have mercy on me, a child of sin!"
While she spoke, there burst a light
From the holy Cross, that the cell within
As a festal hall shone bright;
And the Wizard vanished from out the cell,
And the spectre bridegroom too;
Then the father said to Rosabel,
"Thou hast seen what the Cross can do."

"Go then in peace, but seek not thou
The dwellings of earthly pride;
Though thy sin be forgiven, thou mayest not now
Be of living man the bride."
Then Rosabel did as the father said,
For her heart it was sorely riven,
And when that her "year of grace" had sped,
She became the Bride of Heaven.

# DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

## CHAPTER XIX.

Spa, June 30th.

YESTERDAY I fell in with two old friends, who, from a mere "truant disposition," joined perhaps with a little good will towards me, came over to Spa. As soon as their arrival had been announced, I went to them, and at their request joined their dinner. After our first greetings, H——, who not only appears, but really is, a man of fashion, in the best sense of the term, wanted his snuff-box. It was in his bed-room, and his bed-room was locked by the servant, who had taken the key and gone out. The consequence was, that H—— had to wait some time, and until the man came back. I have always had a great aversion to a valet; and, although I do not now, as I used to do when a midshipman, brush my own clothes and black my own shoes, yet I like independence in every thing, and infinitely prefer doing any thing myself to being waited upon; for, generally speaking, it is the master who *waits*, and not the man.

"I wonder you bother yourself with such a travelling appendage, H——," observed I, giving him a pinch of snuff to quiet his impatience. "I have never lately travelled with one."

"My dear fellow—the comfort of it—you have no idea. It would be impossible to get on without one."

"Quite impossible," observed W——, my other acquaintance.

"I have been brought up in a school in which the word impossible has been erased from the language."

"Well, but the *comfort* of it. When you arrive, dirty and dusty, your portmanteau opened, all your articles of dress laid out."

"I can do all that myself sooner than he can; and, as I must wait till it be done, I may as well do it myself."

"Yes, so you may, but then the security; every thing locked up, which, in a strange hotel, is so necessary."

"I lock my own room, and know where to find the key when I come in."

"Very likely; but still it is impossible to travel comfortably without a valet."

"Quite impossible," rejoined W——.

"Be it so," replied I; "we differ in opinion. All I can say is, that I think the advantages more than overbalanced by the dependence."

The conversation dropped, and we sat down to dinner; the time passed away, as it always does, when old friends, who respect and like each other, meet, after an absence of some months. After dinner, notwithstanding Mrs. Trollope, we smoked cigars; and as the evening advanced, there were none left on the table. H—— rang

[1] Continued from vol. xiv. p. 391.

the bell for his servant to procure others; the servant had gone out and was no where to be found, and for *security*, had locked the bedroom door and taken the key with him. So we drank our claret, and waited for his return. "Thinks I to myself"——but I said nothing. At last, we waited till past twelve o'clock; but the gentleman's gentleman was no where to be found. H—— was angry with the man, W—— had thrown himself on the sofa. He wished to go to bed after a long day's travel; but his key was also, for security, in the valet's pocket, who had been searched for everywhere without success. H—— begged me not to remain out of politeness; but I did remain, not out of politeness, but out of "*malice*," as the French term it. "I had too much pleasure in their company to think of leaving them;" and we continued to sip brandy-and-water. At last, three o'clock came, H—— was out of all patience, W—— snoring on the sofa, and I, quite delighted. The sun should have poured his beams upon us before I would have gone away. The bell was rung, but in vain, for the waiters would wait no longer. It was proposed to send for a menuisier; but how was one to be found at three o'clock in the morning? At last the valet, drunk and reeling, in his morning jacket, entered the room. "The keys! the keys!" demanded H—— in wrath.

"The key!" roared W——, who had woke up.

"I have them," replied the valet, with a most knowing leer, facetiously smiling. "I have them—all safe—all right, gentlemen. Here they are," continued the man, pulling them out, and presenting them as if he had done a very clever thing. "Here they are, you see."

The man was too tipsy to be expostulated with, and the gentlemen took their keys in silence. "And now," said I, "gentlemen, I wish you a very good night. You have fully established the extreme *comfort* of having a valet, and the impossibility of doing without one." It was a glorious victory, although to get *out* of the house I had to open a window and leap from it, and to get *into* my own house at that hour was even more difficult.

## CHAPTER XX.

I have been reading Jesse's "Gleanings." Is he quite correct? I have my doubts. In one point I certainly do not agree with him, in his favourite opinion of cats. I do, however, know an instance of misplaced affection in a cat, which, although it does not add to the moral character of the race, is extremely curious for more reasons than one, and as it happened in my own family, I can vouch for its authenticity. A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring part of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed that the cat had that day kittened, and that, perhaps, the puppies might be substituted for her progeny. The experiment was made, two of the kittens were removed, and two puppies sub-

stituted. The cat made no objections, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful, as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gambolled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion; they very soon ate meat, and long before the others, they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel, who was nursing the other three puppies. "O ho!" says Puss, putting up her back, "it is you who have stolen my children." "No," replied the Spaniel, with a snarl, "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat, "I'll take my oath before any justice of peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon issue was joined, that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and the cat walking proudly off with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of. Does this not prove to a certain extent the power of comprehending numbers in animals? and does not the precocity of the two puppies brought up by the cat, infer there is some grounds for the supposition that, with the milk is imbued much of the nature and disposition of the mother? A few experiments made on these points would be interesting, and we should have a new science, that of *lacteology*, to add to craniology, in our nurture and rearing of the species.

This reminds me of a singular fact, little known. The Burmahs, who are disciples of Gaudma, equally with the inhabitants of Pegu and Syriam, whose country they have conquered, worship the White Elephant, who is considered as a god. There have been but three white elephants since the foundation of the Burmah dynasty by Alompraa. The first one is dead, and I have one of his teeth carved with figures, which was consecrated to the great Dagon Pagoda. The second now *reigns*—he is attended by hundreds, wears a howdah, or cloth, studded with precious stones, and said to be worth a million of money. He also wears his bangles or armlets on each leg, and fares sumptuously every day. White elephants are very scarce; the colour is occasioned by a disease in the animal, a species of leprosy. Any elephant hunter who is fortunate enough to capture a white elephant in these countries, is immediately created a noble, and advanced to high honour and wealth. The third white elephant, of which I am about to speak particularly, and who may be considered as the heir apparent, was taken a few months previous to our declaring war against the Burmahs. He was very young; his mother had been killed, and he yet required partial nourishment. He was brought to Rangoon, established in one of the best houses in the place, and an edict was sent forth from the capital, ordering that twenty-four of the most healthy young married women should be dedicated to his wants,

and if they fell off in powers of nourishment, to be replaced by others. This was considered an honour—for were they not nursing a *God?* Major Canning, the political agent, who went to see this curious spectacle, described it to me as follows. "The animal was not above three feet and a few inches high, its colour was a dirty grey, rather than white; it was very healthy, playful, and in good spirits. When I went into the room, which was very spacious, and built of teak-wood, the twenty-four nurses were sitting, or lying, on mats about the room, some playing at draughts and other games, others working. The elephant walking about, looking at them, and what they were doing, as if he understood all about it. After a short time, the little deity felt hungry, and, with his trunk, he pushed some of the women, but to annoy him they would not yield to his solicitations. When he became angry, and was too rough for them, they submitted, and he put his trunk round their waists in the most affectionate manner, while he was supplying himself." I did not see the animal myself, as immediately that they heard of our arrival at the mouth of the river, they despatched him under a strong guard to a place of security. But I should like to ascertain hereafter, whether his nurture made him a more reasonable being than are elephants in general.

How one's thoughts fly away over time and space! What a rush of incidents crowd into my memory, merely from having mentioned this circumstance of the white elephant. I did once intend to have written a narrative of what passed during our sojourn in that country, for I saw more of the inhabitants than most people; but others have forestalled me, and it is now too late. Nevertheless, it will perhaps amuse the reader, if, without entering into the military details, I mention a few of the operations and scenes which then occurred. Blasé as I am, I prefer reminiscences to observations. I like to feed upon the store of memory, because I am too inactive to care to add to its garner. It shall be so, then, and we will discourse a little about the Burmahs.

An Armenian merchant who resided there told me a story one day which was curious. The King of Pegu was possessed of the most splendid ruby in the world, both as to size and colour. This was well known; it was the boast of the nation. When the Burmahs subdued the kingdom of Pegu, the old king with all his family were taken prisoners, vast treasure was also captured, but the great ruby was not to be found, notwithstanding the torture and beheading of thousands. With the usual barbarity of these countries, the old king, a miserable paralytic little man, was stripped naked and confined in an iron cage, which I saw when I was at Rangoon. In this confinement he lived for ten or twelve years, every festival day being brought out and exposed to the derision of the populace. At last he died, and his body was thrown out to be devoured by the dogs and birds of prey. One of the soldiers who assisted to drag the body out of the cage, turned it over with his foot, and perceived that his right hand grasped a lump of *dæmma*, (a sort of pitch,) which curiosity induced the Burmah to force out with the point of his spear. This had been observed before, but the Burmahs, who are very superstitious and carry about them all sorts of charms, imagined it to be a charm for his paralysis or palsy

with which he was afflicted, and therefore had allowed it to remain. But when the Burmah took it up, the weight of it convinced him that it was not all damma: he examined it, and found that it was the great ruby of the Pegu kingdom which had been lost, and which the old man had for so many years, in a state of nudity and incarceration, held in his left hand. I asked one of the Burmah chiefs whether this ruby now in the possession of the King of Ava was so fine as represented: his answer was in truly eastern hyperbole—"Dip it in the Irrawaddy," said he, (that is an enormous river seven hundred miles long and in many parts several miles broad,) "and the whole water will turn to blood."

I have said that the Burmahs are very superstitious: they have a great variety of charms which they wear about their persons, but there is one custom of theirs which is very singular. They polish rubies; that is, without cutting them in *facettes*, but merely the stone, whatever its primitive shape, is rubbed down on every side until it is perfectly smooth. They then make an incision in the flesh, generally the arm or leg, put in the ruby and allow the skin to heal over it, so that the stone remains there. Soldiers and sailors in search of plunder will find out any thing, and this practice of the Burmahs was soon discovered, and after the assault and carrying of a stockade, you would see the men passing their hands over the dead bodies, and immediately that they felt a rising in the limb, out with their knives and cut in for the rubies. Indeed, the plunder was more considerable than might be imagined, for every Burmah carried all his wealth about his person.

Another singular custom arising from the same cause prevails among this people. The king has a corps denominated *Invulnerables*, whose ranks are filled up in this manner:—when a criminal is condemned to death for certain offences, such as robbery, he is permitted to challenge as an invulnerable. This is proved by his standing at a certain distance from several men who fire at him with ball. Should he not be wounded or killed, he is pronounced an invulnerable and enrolled in the corps. In every stockade we attacked, there were always one or two of these men, and they really appeared to believe in their own powers. They generally stood above the timbers of the stockade, dancing and capering as the boats advanced, and continued their extravagances amidst a shower of bullets, exposing their persons in a most undaunted manner. There was one fellow who, dressed in a short red jacket, and nothing else except the cloth round his loins, who was well known to our men; they called him *Happy Jack*, from the capers which he used to cut, and somehow or another, it was his good fortune never to be hit, at least, not that we know of, for taking stockade after stockade, at every fresh attack there was Happy Jack to be seen capering and shouting as usual, and never ceasing to expose himself until the troops had landed and were about to scale the fortress. It was quite amusing to hear the men shout out with laughter, "By heavens, there's Happy Jack again." I hope he is alive at this moment; at all events, he deserves to be.

*(To be continued.)*

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH LAYCOCK ABBEY.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I PASS over Corsham House, the seat of the Methuen family, about four miles from Laycock Abbey, as being more fully described in "Britton's Beauties of Wiltshire." Also Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which, though a noble mansion, is uninteresting to the antiquarian, the Lansdowne family being of very modern rise. Sir William Petty, who made the "Down Survey" in Ireland, was its founder. On that occasion, he very wisely got a grant to him and his heirs, of Dunkerron Castle,* the ancient seat of the princely family of O'Sullivan.† Thus, owing to the injustice of English rulers, the ancient Irish have been stripped of their ancestral rights; and their noble dwellings and ample heritages given to the stranger.

Half way up to Bowden Hill, and between Bowood and Laycock Abbey, stands Spye Park, the seat of the Bayntons, a family of great antiquity, and who formerly made a considerable figure in the county. Nothing can be more delightful than the situation of this old mansion, standing in a fine park, richly wooded, and commanding a most extensive view into (as it is said) ten counties.

In 1652, at the defeat of Sir William Waller by the Lord Wilmot, Bromham House, the ancient seat of the Baynton family, situated near to the field of battle, was burnt down; upon which, they removed to Spye Park, and having greatly enlarged and beautified it, made it their chief residence. But that they afterwards rebuilt Bromham House (or Bremhill) is certain, from a letter I have by me, written fourteen years after the fire, by Sir Edward Baynton, to one of my family. As the letter is a fair specimen of the friendly and homely manner of invitations in those times, I will transcribe it, maugre the chance of offending modern delicacy.

*For my most honoured kinsman, Thomas Gore, Esq. At his house at Alderton, Wilts. These.*

"SIR!

"On Tuesday next, I intend (God willing) to make my sonne, which it hath pleased the Lord lately to blesse our family with, a Christian. And it is my wife's desire as well as mine, to have your good com-

[1] Continued from vol. xiv. p. 318.

* Dunkerron Castle, in the county of Kerry: the O'Sullivans were styled Princes of Dunkerron. Also the fine Castles of Ardea, Beare, Drominagh, and Dunloh, (the latter most beautifully situated on the River Laune, and commanding an extensive view of the lower Lake of Killarney,) belonged to this once powerful race of unfortunate Erin.

† Sir ——— Sullivan, of Thames Ditton, in the county of Surrey, is the only representative of that noble family; and has, most undoubtedly, a *prior* claim to Lord Lansdowne's, to Dunkerron Castle.

pany *then* here at dinner, to joyne with Mr. William Glanville, of Broad Hinton, and Mrs. Thynne, my wife's kinswoman, who are intended for the other *gossips*, in giving it a name. If your wife, brother, (to whom I desire to have my respects presented,) and other our relations and good friends can conveniently come along with you, I shall bee very glad to see them also. That it may be your turne before this time twelve months, (though I shall not presume to obtrude myself,) to receive the like courtisie, are the hearty wishes of, sir,

"Your kinsman to serve you,
"EDWARD BAYNTON.

"*Bremhill House,*
"*Oc*$^{ber}$ *the 6th*, 1666."

There is now in the Royal Museum, a curious old pedigree, showing that the Bayntons, in the reign of Henry the Second, were knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Henry Baynton held the office of knight-marshal to the king, a place of great authority at that time; and his son, who was slain at Bretagne in the year 1201, was a noble knight of Jerusalem. Sidney, in his treatise on Government, mentions this family as being of "great antiquity; and that in name and ancient possessions, it equals most, and is far superior to many of the nobility." The house at Spye Park always struck me with gloom: but, perhaps, the legends told of it, and the *too real* events that had happened in it, might throw their shade over its walls.

As all antique mansions in the country must be associated with a due portion of the superstitious, and the wonderful, Spye Park was not without its share. There was a story told, (and duly credited by the peasantry,) of a knight, clad in armour, haunting one of the chambers, supposed to be the spirit of the gallant Sir Henry Baynton, who was beheaded at Berwick, in the time of Henry the Fourth, for taking part with the rebel Earl of Northumberland. More modern spectres also were said to trouble the indwellers of Spye Park, for I remember Lady Shrewsbury saying that old Sir Edward, the father of the late Sir Andrew Baynton, was continually seen at nightfall in the park and grounds; and that the latter had often, (when in company with his *mistress*,) been startled by the apparition of his father. Sir Andrew, in early life, was remarkable for the possession of every engaging and moral quality; but the misconduct of his first wife, to whom he was fondly attached, altered, it was said, his very nature, and plunged him, in order to banish thought, into the most reckless libertinism. Lady Maria Baynton was the object of his earliest, and therefore of his sweetest vows: and when he married her, hope promised him a golden age of wedded happiness. But, unfortunately, the veil which hid Lady Maria's real character was soon drawn aside. A gentleman of great personal attractions (and related to Lady Maria) arrived from abroad on a visit at the house. The wretched wife and mother forgot her twofold duty; and after many stolen meetings amongst the shades of Spye Park, whose beauty and peacefulness might have awakened purer and holier feelings, she fled with her seducer. Sir Andrew was at first inconsolable; and despite her shameless deser-

tion of him, long lamented the mother of his child. Alas! that sinful mother and guilty wife, was speedily visited by an awful retribution! Her infamous seducer, (for whom she had outraged the laws of her God, and the delicacy of woman,) soon grew weary of the poor victim he had immolated at the shrine of a lawless passion, treating her with the utmost cruelty and brutality. Death at last put an end to her dreadful sufferings: and the young, the elegant, and the accomplished Lady Maria, brought up in the lap of luxury, and nurtured upon the bosom of indulgence, died in a lone house, without a single friend or attendant to administer to her latest wants, or a charitable hand to close her dying eyes.* O that the young and thoughtless female would take warning from her fate, and learn to keep in subjection those passions of our frail humanity that rise up, like the angry winds of the tempest, to make shipwreck of God's glorious creation! Man may redeem his follies: but one false step in woman, and farewell hope! A pretty affecting tale, under the title of "Maria; or the Obesquies of an Unfaithful Wife," written (I forget by whom) upon the melancholy facts I have just recorded, was one of the first productions of the novel tribe I ever perused, and made a great impression upon me at the time, for I had then to learn of what stuff this world was made.

In looking back to our native place, after an absence of some twenty years, what changes do we not discover! How many whom we left in the warm bloom of life are now tenants of the cold grave; while others who were but in the dawning spring of young existence, launching their fairy vessels on the sunny tide of hope, have since suffered shipwreck on the wild ocean of passion, or gone down into the deep waters of adversity, without bringing up that "pearl of the soul," which affliction was intended to bring to light.

To return to my early haunts. There is no place, though mentioned last, that stands first in my regard like Notton House, the mansion of the late Colonel Andry, midway between Lackham and Laycock Abbey. It has a double claim upon my remembrance. As the scripture, our best guide, says, "thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." Colonel Andry had been the unchanging friend of my family for three generations; and like the hardy evergreen, his heart, in the winter of life, showed all the freshness of spring to the grandchildren of him, who had shared in all his boyish sports, and enjoyed his affection in ripened manhood. To Notton House, therefore, I was always permitted to go, when too young, according to etiquette, to be introduced into company. The good old colonel especially loved to make his house a scene of enjoyment to young folks. He was a genuine country gentleman of the old school; courteous to strangers, a dear lover of hospitality, and never so much delighted, as when he saw happy human faces gathered round his social board. His mansion, though not so large as those of some of the neighbouring gentry, could always furnish beds for friends and casual visitors, in the hunt-

* The heartless destroyer of her life and fame finished the dismal tragedy, by shutting up her corpse in the house alone, till the rats actually had eaten part of the body. And yet this man was afterwards admitted in the best society, and admired by all the women!

ing and shooting season: for the colonel, though at the age of seventy, was still passionately fond of field sports. I have never witnessed more genuine comfort and hilarity, than at his fire-side. Go when you would, you were always sure to meet a cordial greeting, and a room full of company, and the gay old man the youngest of the party. He had, beside his amiable wife, an able coadjutor in his endeavours to spread sunshine round the domestic hearth. Mrs. Pasmore was a widow lady, in her eighty-second year; but as buoyant in spirit as himself. She was an exceedingly droll and witty woman, with a fine even temper, that showed itself in her smooth unwrinkled brow, which was never decorated with those artificial ringlets, now so indispensable at the toilette of age. She did not live at Notton House, but in a pretty cottage, which the colonel had built for her in his own grounds. There I often visited her, and passed many an hour in listening to anecdotes of her youthful days: and for many old legends, and scraps of poetry, with which my memory is stored, am I indebted to that early friend. I often look back to the little snug parlour, with its old-fashioned adornments, and low window-seat, where I used mostly to station myself, and from whence my eye could range over her little garden, filled most luxuriantly with all sorts of flowers, from the simple daisy, to the dainty lily of the valley, and musky carnation; while round the lattice hung, wildly beautiful, the flexile jasmine, with its sweet and star-like flowers. I remember her once telling me, as she unfolded a thread-paper, that to such a simple source she was indebted for the small income that rendered her old age independent. "I was one day," said she, "idly looking over an old thread-case, like this, made out of a newspaper, and which had been lying for years at the bottom of a box, when my own name caught my eye, and naturally enough rivetted my attention to a paragraph, intended indeed for myself, and directing me to apply to a solicitor in London, where, in the usual phraseology, I should hear of something to my advantage. But then arose the question, when was this paragraph inserted? The torn paper contained no clue to the time of its publication. However, the name and address of the solicitor were still left; and though not very sanguine as to the result, I sate down, and despatched a few lines of inquiry. The third day's post brought me an answer. It was from the solicitor himself, and confirmed the good tidings of my thread-paper. In this way was I put in possession of the little property which, with the blessing of God, I now enjoy."

Colonel Andry had been thrice married, and Mrs. Pasmore had been the friend of all his three wives: and it is somewhat singular, that when his first wife, who was in a consumption, was taking leave of her friends, before her departure for Madeira, his two succeeding wives came to bid her farewell—the second wife, then a girl, and the third with her first husband, to whom she was just married. "Had any one," said the colonel, "then told me that I should be the husband of all three, assembled at that time in my drawing-room, I should have treated the idea as the most improbable of all improbabilities: for I doated on my first wife, and had scarcely even noticed the others." How interesting, yet startling, it would be to us all, if we could lift the veil of futurity! But this is indeed wisely denied.

A knowledge of the distant would only unfit our minds for the present, and so rob us both of our resignation to, and our trust in, the great and benignant Architect of our fate. Amongst the almost daily visitors at Notton House, was Miss Kitty B———, an ancient lady, whom in those my juvenile days, I really dreaded to meet: for she made such (beyond all measure) terrible faces, that it was a heavy tax upon good manners, to look at her without laughing. Miss Wright, the niece of Lord Chedworth, told me an amusing circumstance respecting Miss B———, which occurred when they were school-girls together. Happening to be placed one Sunday in a pew close to the pulpit, Miss B———, who was sitting directly opposite to the clerk, made, as was her wont, such wry faces, that the worthy giver out of psalms, (who was a comely looking personage in his way, though somewhat in the wane of life,) not being aware of her infirmity, mistook them for so many signals intended for himself. Feeling, however, the impropriety of her attacks upon his heart at such a time and in such a place, he said at last, loud enough to be overheard by the other girls, "Don't'e miss, don't'e; this bean't a proper place. By-and-by, miss!" After the service was over, as the young ladies were leaving the churchyard, a hand gently pulled the sleeve of Miss B———'s gown: she turned, and beheld the rosy-cheeked clerk. "Now, miss, do tell I what you did mean by all them there noddies and winkies at I?" The young lady looked all astonishment: and the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, who was then at the same school, informed the disappointed swain that Miss B——— had an unfortunate habit of making faces. Apropos of Mrs. Radcliffe! Miss Wright mentioned, that so far from any early dawning of that superior intellect, which afterwards delighted the world, she was, when at school, considered to be more than ordinarily dull. So much so indeed, that girls many years her junior, had very greatly the advantage of her in learning. But I have observed, that precocity of mind has rarely distinguished those, who, in after life, became remarkable for talents of the highest grade.

It was at Notton House I was introduced to the poet Bowles; yet, though so many years have since rolled silently away, I still retain a most vivid recollection of his mild and pleasing physiognomy. Young even as I was, he was in my eyes an object of great interest. A poet then to me was a sort of *rara avis*, so much above other men, that even the common attentions he rendered to me at the dinner-table, (where I happened to be placed next to him,) had, in my estimation, a distinct and peculiar value of their own. The excellence of his heart, and the trials of affliction which had overshadowed his early life, no doubt produced that blandness of manner, and that engaging gentleness in discourse, not always the attendants upon genius. He had been engaged to a lovely young creature, the sister of Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill. In one of his most touching sonnets he commemorates her death, and beautifully paints the enduringness of his regret for the object of his early devotion. He afterwards married her sister, a lady more remarkable for her estimable qualities than for her personal attractions: but she appeared to be devotedly attached to him, and solicitous about the minutest point that regarded him. I remember that Bowles and my brother had a long discussion at the tea-table

about the reviewers, the latter warmly contending that they could be bribed, and the former as strongly, but more philosophically, maintaining the contrary opinion. Professor Wilson, in his "Hour's Talk about Poetry," is most happy in his portraiture of this amiable poet. "Breathes not the man with a more poetical temperament than Bowles. No wonder that his eyes 'love all they look upon;' for they possess the sacred gift of beautifying creation, by shedding over it the charm of melancholy. 'Pleasant but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past,' is the text we should choose, were we about to preach on his genius. No vain repinings, no idle regrets does his spirit breathe over the still receding past. But time—sanctified are all the scenes that arise before his pensive imagination,—and the common light of day once gone, in his poetry seems to shine, as if it had all been dying sunset, or moonlight, or the new-born dawn. His human sensibilities are so fine, as to be in themselves poetical, and his poetical aspirations so delicate, as to be felt always human. Hence his sonnets have been dear to poets,—having in them 'more than meets the ear;' spiritual breathings that hang around the words, like light around fair flowers; and hence, too, have they been beloved by all natural hearts, who having not the 'faculty divine,' have yet the 'vision,' that is, the power of seeing and of hearing the sights and the sounds which genius alone can awaken, bringing them from afar, out of the dust and dimness of evanishment."

It was with real pleasure that I lately saw, in the "Metropolitan," the announcement of a new work by Bowles; for I had begun to join in the lament of his friend, the Rector of Winterbourne—

> "Sweet bard, from whose fertility of thought,
> And noble daring, kindred souls have sought,
> And found their way to fame,—
> I hear no modulations from thy lyre,
> As I approach thy dwelling, and admire
> The spot, made sacred by thy name."

Alas! of all that I once met at Notton House I can now number but few beside Bowles that have not been long since called away from the things of earth and time. Poor Matilda Methuen! I can picture her to my mind's eye as plainly as if I had seen her but yesterday. She was one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld. With a sweet, dark, long-cut eye, like the stag's, the most delicately moulded features, and a skin whose pure alabaster was enlivened with the richest tint of the rose; her modest and unaffected deportment and sweet temper added not a little to the witchery of her personal graces. She was married, when very young, to Captain de Grey.*

Within a few miles of Notton was P——— House, the seat of Mr. C———, between whom and my family there once subsisted a considerable degree of intimacy. He was a man of amiable temper and most liberal disposition, and with more good sense than usually falls to the possession of a large estate. But one false step in the outset of life led to years of domestic trouble, and ultimately to the ruin of his fine property. He was but just of age when he became enamoured

* Afterwards Lord Walsingham. Her melancholy fate, and that of her husband, will be still fresh in the recollection of the reader.

of a young girl in humble life, and whom (like Thomson's Palemon) he actually first saw gleaning in his own fields. But unfortunately she was not a Lavinia. She became his mistress, though he really loved her well enough to have made her his wife; but very naturally his mother objected, and sorrow preying upon a nervous temperament, he went completely deranged. Upon his recovery from this melancholy state, his mother, grown wise by experience, not merely consented, but expressed a strong desire to see him united to the humble object of his choice. They were married; and her subsequent conduct was so highly meritorious as to reconcile all his family to the match. Mr. C———'s steward had treated her and her children with great harshness during the temporary aberration of his master: and it was naturally expected that she would, when she was become a wife, resent the treatment she had experienced by getting him discharged, as her influence over her husband was unlimited. But in this respect her conduct was worthy of imitation. She always acted towards the steward with the greatest kindness; and when a friend expressed surprise at her forbearance to one who had behaved so very ill to her, she replied, "I deserved it, and respect him all the more for it." Mr. and Mrs. C——— had a numerous family of sons, but only one born after their union. Of that one the others were envious; and sad dissensions grew up amongst the brothers, to the great grief of their parents, who thus saw, in the misconduct of their children, the fatal consequences of their own early error, and a practical proof of the truth of that golden maxim—"Conduct is fate."

Their son, the young 'squire, was at the same school with my two elder brothers, who often suffered for the scrapes into which he seduced them. He was indeed the "Tony Lumpkin" of hopeful heirs, and, when grown to manhood, loved nothing so well as playing the great man at the little ale-house of the neighbourhood. An anecdote which the son of the village pastor told us of him may amuse the reader. Mr. Turner, being overtaken one day by a violent storm, took shelter at young C———'s favourite place of resort. The 'squire was seated by a roasting fire, with his pipe *a-la-mode*, and legs stretching all across the hearth in right easy fashion. Opposite to him, but at a most respectful distance, stood a little shivering chimney-sweep, who eyed the fire with a wistful look, for it was a cold winter's morning. The 'squire, who had continued puffing without intermission, at length suffered his eyes to follow the vapour, as it rolled towards the sweep. "Well, devil!" said he, addressing the poor boy, "how did you leave all in h—ll?" "Pretty much as they be here, zur! the great uns ha' got the hottest place." The 'squire said nothing in reply, but began smoking again with renewed vigour: while Mr. Turner sate silent enjoying the evident discomfiture of the great man at the wit of his inferior only in fortune.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CRUSADER'S SONG.

### TO THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Hebrew maiden, veil thy beauty,
  Lest my heart a rebel prove,
Breaking bands of holy duty,
  For the silken chains of love.
Look not on me, sweet deceiver,
  Though thy young eyes beam with light,
They might tempt a true believer
  To the darkes shadest of night.

Hebrew maiden, while I linger,
  Hanging o'er thy melting lute,
Every chord beneath thy finger
  Wakes a pulse that should be mute.
We must part, and part for ever;
  Eyes that could my life renew!
Lips that mine could cling to ever!
  Hebrew maiden, now adieu!

### THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

Christian soldier, must we sever?
  Does thy creed our fates divide?
Must we part, and part for ever?
  Shall another be thy bride?
Spirits of my fathers sleeping!
  Ye, who once in Zion trod,
Heaven's mysterious councils keeping,
  Tell me of the Christian's God!

Is the Cross of Christ the token
  Of a saving faith to man?
Can my early vows be broken?
  Spirits, answer me! They can.
Mercy—mercy shone about him—
  All the blessed with him trod:
No, we can't be saved without him!
  Christian, I believe thy God!

# SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER I.

Introduction of divers parties, and a red herring.

It was in the winter of 1699, that a one-masted vessel, with black sides, was running along the coast near Beachy Head, at the rate of about five miles per hour. The wind was from the northward and blew keenly, the vessel was under easy sail, and the water was smooth. It was now broad daylight, and the sun rose clear of clouds and vapour; but he threw out light without heat. The upper parts of the spars, the hammock rails, and the small iron guns which were mounted on the vessel's decks, were covered with a white frost. The man at the helm stood muffled up in a thick pea jacket and mittens, which made his hands appear as large as his feet. His nose was a pug of an intense bluish red, one tint arising from the present cold, and the other from the preventive checks which he had been so long accustomed to take to drive out such an unpleasant intruder. His grizzled hair waved its locks gently to the wind, and his face was distorted with an immoderate quid of tobacco which protruded his right cheek. This personage was second officer and steersman on board of the vessel, and his name was Obadiah Coble. He had been baptized Obadiah about sixty years before, that is to say, if he had been baptized at all. He stood so motionless at the helm, that you might have imagined him to have been frozen there as he stood, were it not that his eyes occasionally wandered from the compass on the binnacle to the bows of the vessel, and that the breath from his mouth, when it was thrown out into the clear frosty air, formed a smoke like to that from the spout of a half-boiling tea-kettle.

The crew belonging to the cutter, for she was a vessel in the service of his Majesty, King William the Third, at this time employed in protecting his Majesty's revenue against the importation of alamodes and lutestrings, were all down below at their breakfasts, with the exception of the steersman and lieutenant-commandant, who now walked the quarter-deck, if so small an extent of plank could be dignified with such a name. He was a Mr. Cornelius Vanslyperken, a tall, meagre-looking personage, with very narrow shoulders and very small head—perfectly straight up and down, protruding in no part, he reminded you of some tall parish pump, with a great knob at its top. His face was gaunt, cheeks hollow, nose and chin showing an affection for each other, and evidently lamenting the gulf between them which prevented their meeting, both appeared to have fretted themselves to the utmost degree of tenuity from disappointment in love: as for the nose, it had a pearly round tear hanging at its tip, as if it wept. The dress of Mr. Vanslyperken was hidden in a great coat, which was very long, and buttoned straight down. This great coat had two pockets on each side, into which its owner's hands were deeply inserted,

and so close did his arms lay to his sides, that they appeared nothing more than as would battens nailed to a topsail yard. The only deviation from the perpendicular was from the insertion of a speaking trumpet under his left arm at right angles with his body. It had evidently seen much service, was battered, and the black Japan worn off in most parts of it. As we said before, Mr. Vanslyperken walked his quarter-deck. He was in a brown study, yet looked blue. Six strides brought him to the taffrail of the vessel, six more to the bows, such was the length of his tether—and he turned, and turned again.

But there was another personage on the deck, a personage of no small importance, as he was all in all to Mr. Vanslyperken, and Mr. Vanslyperken was all in all to him: moreover, we may say, that he is the hero of the TAIL. This was one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced from promiscuous intercourse—ugly in colour, for he was of a dirty yellow, like the paint served out to decorate our men-of-war by his Majesty's dockyards. Ugly in face, for he had one wall eye, and was so far underjawed as to prove that a bull-dog had had something to do with his creation—ugly in shape; for although larger than a pointer, and strongly built, he was coarse and shambling in his make, with his forelegs bowed out. His ears and tail had never been docked, which was a pity, as the more you curtailed his proportions, the better looking the cur would have been. But his ears, although not cut, were torn to ribands by the various encounters with dogs on shore, arising from the acidity of his temper. His tail had lost its hair from an inveterate mange, and reminded you of the same appendage in a rat. Many parts of his body were bared from the same disease. He carried his head and tail low, and had a villanous sour look. To the eye of the casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well, there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. He followed his master with the greatest precision and exactitude, walking aft as he walked aft, and walking forward with the same regular motion, turning when his master turned, and moreover, turning in the same direction; and, like his master, he appeared to be not a little nipped with the cold, and, as well as he, in a state of profound meditation. The name of this uncouth animal was very appropriate to his appearance, and to his temper. It was Snarleyyow.

At last, Mr. Vanslyperken gave vent to his pent-up feelings. "I can't—I won't stand this any longer," muttered the lieutenant, as he took his six strides forward. At this first sound of his master's voice the dog pricked up the remnants of his ears, and they both turned aft. "She has been now fooling me for six years;" and as he concluded this sentence, Mr. Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow had reached the taffrail, and the dog raised his tail to the half cock.

They turned, and Mr. Vanslyperken paused a moment or two, and compressed his thin lips—the dog did the same. "I will have an answer, by all that's blue!" was the ejaculation of the next six strides. The lieutenant stopped again, and the dog looked up in his master's face; but it appeared as if the current of his master's thoughts was

changed, for the current of keen air reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that he had not yet had his breakfast.

The lieutenant leant over the hatchway, took his battered speaking trumpet from under his arm, and putting it to his mouth, the deck reverberated with, "Pass the word for Smallbones forward." The dog put himself in a baying attitude, with his forefeet on the combings of the hatchway, and enforced his master's orders with a deep-toned and measured bow, wow, wow.

Smallbones soon made his appearance, rising from the hatchway like a ghost; a thin, shambling personage, apparently about twenty years old—a pale, cadaverous face, high cheek bones, goggle eyes, with lank hair very thinly sown upon a head, which, like bad soil, would return but a scanty harvest. He looked like Famine's eldest son just arriving to years of discretion. His long lanky legs were pulled so far through his trowsers, that his bare feet, and half way up to his knees, were exposed to the chilling blast. The sleeves of his jacket were so short, that four inches of bone above his wrist were bared to view—hat he had none—his ears were very large, and the rims of them red with cold, and his neck was so immeasurably long and thin, that his head appeared to topple for want of support. When he had come on deck, he stood with one hand raised to his forehead, touching his hair instead of his hat, and the other occupied with a half-roasted red herring. "Yes, sir," said Smallbones, standing before his master.

"Be quick!"—commenced the lieutenant; but here his attention was directed to the red herring by Snarleyyow, who raised his head and snuffed at its fumes. Among other disqualifications of the animal, be it observed, that he had no nose except for a red herring, or a post by the way side. Mr. Vanslyperken discontinued his orders, took his hand out of his great coat pocket, wiped the drop from off his nose, and then roared out, "How dare you appear on the quarter-deck of a king's ship, sir, with a red herring in your fist?"

"If you please, sir," replied Smallbones, "if I were to come for to go to leave it in the galley, I shouldn't find it when I went back."

"What do I care for that, sir? It's contrary to all the rules and regulations of the service. Now sir, hear me——"

"O Lord, sir! let me off this time, it's only a *soldier*," replied Smallbones deprecatingly; but Snarleyyow's appetite had been very much sharpened by his morning's walk; it rose with the smell of the herring, so he rose on his hind legs, snapped the herring out of Smallbones' hand, bolted forward by the lee gangway, and would soon have bolted the herring, had not Smallbones bolted after him and overtook him just as he had laid it down on the deck preparatory to commencing his meal. A fight ensued, Smallbones received a severe bite in the leg, which induced him to seize a handspike, and make a blow with it at the dog's head, which, if it had been well aimed, would have probably put an end to all further pilfering. As it was, the handspike descended upon one of the dog's fore toes, and Snarleyyow retreated, yelling, to the other side of the forecastle, and as soon as he was out of reach, like all curs, bayed in defiance.

Smallbones picked up the herring, pulled up his trowsers to examine the bite, poured down an anathema upon the dog, which was, "May you be starved, as I am, you beast!" and then turned round to go aft, when he struck against the spare form of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, with his hands in his pocket, and his trumpet under his arm, looked unutterably savage.

"How dare you beat *my* dog, you villain?" said the lieutenant at last, choaking with passion.

"He's a-bitten my leg through and through, sir," replied Smallbones, with a face of alarm.

"Well, sir, why have you such thin legs then?"

"'Cause I gets nothing to fill 'em up with."

"Have you not a herring there, you herring-gutted scoundrel? which, in defiance of all the rules of the service, you have brought on his Majesty's quarter-deck, you greedy rascal, and for which I intend——"

"It ar'n't my herring, sir, it be your's—for your breakfast—the only one that is left out of the half dozen."

This last remark appeared to somewhat pacify Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Go down below, sir," said he, after a pause, "and let me know when my breakfast is ready."

Smallbones obeyed immediately, too glad to escape so easily.

"Snarleyyow," said his master, looking at the dog, who remained on the other side of the forecastle. "O Snarleyyow, for shame. Come here, sir. Come here, sir, directly."

But Snarleyyow, who was very sulky at the loss of his anticipated breakfast, was contumacious, and would not come. He stood at the other side of the forecastle, while his master apostrophised him, looking him in the face. Then, after a pause of indecision, gave a howling sort of bark, and trotted away to the main hatchway, and disappeared below. Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the quarter-deck, and turned, and turned as before.

## CHAPTER II.

### Showing what became of the red herring.

Smallbones soon made his re-appearance, informing Mr. Vanslyperken that his breakfast was ready for him, and Mr. Vanslyperken, feeling himself quite ready for his breakfast, went down below. A minute after he had disappeared, another man came up to relieve the one at the wheel, who, as soon as he had surrendered up the spokes, commenced warming himself after the most approved method, by flapping his arms round his body.

"The skipper's out o' softs again this morning," said Obadiah. "After a time I heard him muttering about the woman at the Lust Haus."

"Then, by Got, we will have de breeze," replied Jansen, who was a Dutch seaman of huge proportions, rendered still more preposterous by the multiplicity of his nether clothing.

"Yes, as sure as Mother Carey's chickens raise the gale, so does

the name of the Frau Vandersloosh. I'll be down and get my breakfast, there may be keel-hauling before noon."

"Mine Got—dat is de tyfel."

"Keep her nor-east, Jansen, and keep a sharp look out for the boats."

"Got for dam—how must I steer the chip and look for de boats at de same time?—not possible."

"That's no consarn o' mine. Those are the orders, and I passes them—you must get over the unpossibility how you can." So saying, Obadiah Coble walked below.

We must do the same, and introduce the reader to the cabin of Lieutenant Vanslyperken, which was not very splendid in its furniture. One small table, one chair, a mattress in a standing bed-place, with curtains made of bunting, an open cupboard, containing three plates, one tea-cup and saucer, two drinking glasses, and two knives. More was not required, as Mr. Vanslyperken never indulged in company. There was another cupboard, but it was carefully locked. On the table before the lieutenant was a white wash-hand basin, nearly half full of burgoo, a composition of boiled oatmeal and water, very wholesome, and very hot. It was the allowance from the ship's coppers, of Mr. Vanslyperken and his servant Smallbones. Mr. Vanslyperken was busy stirring it about to cool it a little, with a leaden spoon. Snarleyyow sat close to him, waiting for his share, and Smallbones stood by, waiting for orders.

"Smallbones," said the lieutenant, after trying the hot mess before him, and finding that he was still in danger of burning his mouth, "bring me the red herring."

"Red herring, sir?" stammered Smallbones.

"Yes," replied his master, fixing his little grey eye sternly on him, "the red herring."

"Its gone, sir," replied Smallbones, with alarm.

"Gone—gone where?"

"If you please, sir, I didn't a think that you would have touched it after the dog had had it in his nasty mouth; and so, sir—if you please sir——"

"And so what?" said Vanslyperken, compressing his thin lips.

"I eat it myself—if you please—O dear—O dear."

"You did, did you—you gluttonous scarecrow—you did, did you? Are you aware that you have committed a theft—and are you aware of the punishment attending it?"

"O sir—it was a mistake—dear sir," cried Smallbones, whimpering.

"In the first place, I will cut you to ribbons with the cat."

"Mercy, sir—O sir," cried the lad, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"The thief's cat, with three knots in each tail."

Smallbones raised up his thin arms, and clasped his hands, pleading for mercy.

"And after the flogging—you shall be keel-hawled."

"O God!" screamed Smallbones, falling down on his knees, "mercy—mercy!"

But there was none. Snarleyyow, when he saw the lad go down on his knees, flew at him, and threw him on his back, growling over him, and occasionally looking at his master.

"Come here, Snarleyyow," said Mr. Vanslyperken, "Come here, sir, and lie down." But Snarleyyow had not forgotten the red herring, so in revenge he first bit Smallbones in the thigh, and then obeyed his master.

"Get up, sir," cried the lieutenant.

Smallbones rose, but his temper now rose also; he forgot all that he was to suffer, from indignation against the dog; with flashing eyes, and whimpering with rage, he cried out, as the tears fell, and his arms swung round, "I'll not stand this—I'll jump overboard—that I will: fourteen times has that ere dog a bitten me this week. I'd sooner die at once, than be made dog's meat of in this here way."

"Silence, you mutinous rascal, or I'll put you in irons."

"I wish you would—irons don't bite, if they hold fast. I'll run away—I don't mind being hung—that I don't—starved to death, and bitten to death in this here way——"

"Silence, sir. It's over feeding that makes you saucy."

"The Lord forgive you!" cried Smallbones, with surprise; "I've not had a full meal——"

"A full meal, you rascal! there's no filling a thing like you—hollow from top to bottom, like a bamboo."

"And what I does get," continued Smallbones with energy, "I pays dear for; that ere dog flies at me, if I takes a bit o' biscuit. I never gets a bite without getting a bite, and its all my own allowance."

"A proof of his fidelity, and an example to you, you wretch," replied the lieutenant, fondly patting the dog on the head.

"Well, I wish you'd discharge me—or hang me, I don't care which. You eats so hearty, and the dog eats so hearty, that I gets nothing. We are only victualled for two."

"You insolent fellow, recollect the thief's cat."

"It's very hard," continued Smallbones, unmindful of the threat, "that that ere beast is to eat my allowance, and be allowed to half eat me too."

"You forget the keel-hauling, you scarecrow."

"Well, I hope I may never come up again, that's all."

"Leave the cabin, sir."

This order Smallbones obeyed.

"Snarleyyow," said the lieutenant, "you are hungry, my poor beast." Snarleyyow put his fore paw up on his master's knee. "You shall have your breakfast soon," continued his master, eating the burgoo between his addresses to the animal. "Yes, Snarleyyow, you have done wrong this morning—you ought to have no breakfast." Snarleyyow growled. "We are only four years acquainted, and how many scrapes have you got me into, Snarleyyow?" Snarleyyow here put both his paws upon his master's knee. "Well, you are sorry, my poor dog, and you shall have some breakfast," and Mr. Vanslyperken put the basin of bergoo on the floor, which the dog tumbled down his throat most rapidly. "Nay, my dog, not so fast; you must leave some for Smallbones, he will require some breakfast

before his punishment. There, that will do," and Mr. Vanslyperken wished to remove the basin with a little of the burgoo remaining in it. Snarleyyow growled, would have snapped at his master, but Mr. Vanslyperken shoved him away with the bell mouth of his speaking trumpet, and recovering a portion of the mess, put it on the table for the use of poor Smallbones. "Now then, my dog, we will go on deck." Mr. Vanslyperken left the cabin, followed by Snarleyyow, but as soon as his master was half way up the ladder, Snarleyyow turned back, leaped on the chair, from the chair to the table, and then finished the whole of the breakfast appropriated for Smallbones. Having effected this, the dog followed his master.

## CHAPTER III.

A retrospect, and short description of a new character.

But we must leave poor Smallbones to lament his hard fate in the fore peak of the vessel, and Mr. Vanslyperken and his dog to walk the quarter-deck, while we make our readers a little better acquainted with the times in which the scenes passed which we are now describing, as well as with the history of Mr. Vanslyperken.

The date in our first chapter, that of the year 1699, will, if they refer back to history, show them that William of Nassau had been a few years on the English throne, and that peace had just been concluded between England with its allies and France. The king occasionally passed his time in Holland, among his Dutch countrymen, and the English and Dutch fleets, which but a few years before were engaging with such an obstinacy of courage, had lately sailed together, and turned their guns against the French. William, like all those continental princes who have been called to the English throne, showed much favour to his own countrymen, and England was over-run with Dutch favourites, Dutch courtiers, and peers of Dutch extraction. He would not even part with his Dutch guards, and was at issue with the Commons of England on that very account. But the war was now over, and most of the English and Dutch navy lay dismantled in port, a few small vessels only being in commission to intercept the smuggling from France that was carrying on, much to the detriment of English manufacture, of certain articles then denominated alamodes and lutestrings. The cutter we have described was on this service, and was named the Yungfrau, although built in England, and forming a part of the English naval force.

It may readily be supposed that Dutch interest, during this period, was on the ascendant. Such was the case: and the Dutch officers and seamen who could not be employed in their own marine were appointed in the English vessels, to the prejudice of our own countrymen. Mr. Vanslyperken was of Dutch extraction, but born in England long before the Prince of Orange had ever dreamt of being called to the English throne. He was a near relation of King William's own nurse, and even in these days, that would cause powerful interest. Previous to the revolution he had been laid on the shelf for cowardice in one of the engagements between the Dutch and the English, he being then a lieutenant on board of a two-decker ship,

and of long standing in the service; but before he had been appointed to this vessel, he had served invariably in small craft, and his want of this necessary qualification had never been discovered. The interest used for him on the accession of the Dutch king was sufficient for his again obtaining the command of a small vessel. In those days, the service was very different from what it is now. The commanders of vessels were also the pursers, and could save a great deal of money by defrauding the crew; and further, the discipline of the service was such as would astonish the modern philanthropist; there was no appeal for subordinates, and tyranny and oppression, even amounting to the destruction of life, were practised with impunity. Smollet has given his readers some idea of the state of the service some years after the time of which we are now writing, when it was infinitely worse, for the system of the Dutch, notorious for their cruelty, had been grafted upon that of the English; the consequence was, a combination of all that was revolting to humanity was practised without any notice being taken of it by the superior powers, provided that the commanders of the vessels did their duty when called upon, and showed the necessary talent and courage.

Lieutenant Vanslyperken's character may be summed up in the three vices of avarice, cowardice, and cruelty. A miser in the extreme, he had saved up much money by his having had the command of a vessel for so many years, during which he had defrauded and pilfered both from the men and the government. Friends and connexions he had none on this side of the water, and, when on shore, he had lived in a state of abject misery, although he had the means of comfortable support. He was now fifty-five years of age. Since he had been appointed to the Yungfrau, he had been employed in carrying despatches to the States-General from King William, and had, during his repeated visits to the Hague, made acquaintance with the widow Vandersloosh, who kept a Lust Haus, a place of resort for sailors where they drank and danced. Discovering that the comfortably fat landlady was also very comfortably rich, Mr. Vanslyperken had made advances with the hope of obtaining her hand and handling her money. The widow had, however, no idea of accepting the offer; but was too wise to give him a decided refusal, as she knew it would be attended with his preventing the crew of the cutter from frequenting her house, and thereby losing much custom. Thus did she, at every return, receive him kindly and give him hopes, but nothing more. Since the peace, as we before observed, the cutter had been ordered for the prevention of smuggling.

When and how Mr. Vanslyperken had picked up his favourite Snarleyyow cannot be discovered, and must remain a secret. The men said that the dog had appeared on the deck of the cutter in a supernatural way, and most of them looked upon him with as much awe as ill-will.

This is certain, that the cutter had been a little while before in a state of mutiny, and a forcible entry attempted at night into the lieutenant's cabin. It is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that Vanslyperken felt that a good watch-dog might be a very useful appendage to his establishment, and had procured one accordingly;

All the affection he ever showed to any thing living was certainly concentrated in this one animal, and next to his money, Snarleyyow had possession of his master's heart.

Poor Smallbones, cast on the world without father or mother, had become starved before he was on board the cutter, and had been starved ever since. As the reader will perceive, his allowance was mostly eaten up by the dog, and he was left to beg a precarious support from the goodwill and charity of his shipmates, all of whom were equally disgusted with the commander's cruelty and the ungain temper of his brute companion.

Having entered into this retrospect for the benefit of the reader, we will now proceed.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck for nearly a quarter of an hour without speaking: the men had finished their breakfasts and were lounging about the deck, for there was nothing for them to do, except to look out for the return of the two boats which had been sent away the night before. The lieutenant's thoughts were, at one minute, upon Mrs. Vandersloosh, thinking how he could persuade her, and at another upon Smallbones, thinking how he could render the punishment adequate, in his opinion, to the magnitude of the offence. While discussing these two important matters, one of the men reported the boats ahead, and broke up the commander's reverie.

"How far off?" demanded Mr. Vanslyperken.

"About two miles."

"Pulling or sailing?"

"Pulling, sir, we stand right for them."

But Mr. Vansleyperken was in no pleasant humour, and ordered the cutter to be hove to.

"I tink de men have pull enough all night," said Jansen, who had just been relieved at the wheel, to Obadiah Coble, who was standing by him on the forecastle.

"I think so too: but there'll be a breeze, depend upon it—never mind, the devil will have his own all in good time."

"Got for dam," said Jansen, looking at Beechy Head, and shaking his own.

"Why, what's the matter now, old Schnapps?" said Coble.

"Schnapps—yes—the tyfel—Schnapps, I think how the French schnapped us Dutchmen here when you Englishment wouldn't fight."

"Mind what you say, old twenty breeches—wouldn't fight—when wouldn't we fight?"

"Here, where we were now, by Got, you leave us all in the lurch, and not come down."

"Why, we couldn't come down."

"Bah!" replied Jansen, who referred to the defeat of the combined Dutch and English fleet by the French off Beachy Head in 1690.

"We wouldn't fight, heh?" exclaimed Obadiah in scorn, "what do you say to the Hogue?"

"Yes, den you fought well—dat was good."

"And shall I tell you why we fought well at the Hogue—you Dutch porpoise—just because we had no Dutchmen to help us."

"And shall I tell you why the Dutch were beat off this Head? because the English wouldn't come down to help us."

Here Obadiah put his tongue into his right cheek. Jansen in return threw his into his left, and thus the argument was finished. These disputes were constant at the time, but seldom proceeded further than words—certainly not between Coble and Jansen, who were great friends.

The boats were soon on board; from the time that the cutter had been hove to, every stroke of their oars having been accompanied with a nautical anathema from the crews upon the head of their commander. The steersman and first officer, who had charge of the boats, came over the gangway and went up to Vanslyperken. He was a thickset stout man about five feet four inches high, and wrapped up in Flushing garments, looked very much like a bear in shape as well as in skin. His name was Dick Short, and in every respect he answered to his name, for he was short in stature, short in speech, and short in decision and action.

Now when Short came up to the lieutenant, he did not consider it at all necessary to say as usual, "Come on board, sir," for it was self-evident that he had come on board. He therefore said nothing. So abrupt was he in his speech, that he never even said "Sir," when he spoke to his superior, which it may be imagined was very offensive to Mr. Vanslyperken: so it was, but Mr. Vanslyperken was afraid of Short, and Short was not the least afraid of Vanslyperken.

"Well, what have you done, Short?"

"Nothing."

"Did you see anything of the boat?"

"No."

"Did you gain any information?"

"No."

"What have you been doing all night?"

"Pulling."

"Did you land to obtain information?"

"Yes."

"And you got none?"

"No."

Here Short hitched up the waistband of his second pair of trowsers, turned short round, and was going below, when Snarleyyow smelt at his heels. The man gave him a back kick with the heel of his heavy boot, which sent the dog off yelping and barking, and put Mr. Vanslyperken in a great rage. Not venturing to resent this affront upon his first officer, he was reminded of Smallbones, and immediately sent for Corporal Van Spitter to appear on deck.

*(To be continued.)*

# LETTER

## *To the Editor of the Metropolitan.*

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th December,* 1835.

SIR,

I HAVE lately received a letter from a near and dear relative of mine, in which he states that he has been for some time an invalid, labouring under a host of the most dissimilar symptoms, all of which, he is assured, are represented by the term *indigestion*. He complains bitterly that he can get no satisfactory information as to the real *nature* of this Protean malady, nor as to the probability of his perfect and permanent recovery. When he questions his medical attendants on this subject, they evince every disposition to satisfy him, but cannot avoid making use of phrases which are to him words without meaning. These phrases are, nevertheless, only such as are in common and daily use among all classes—phrases which he himself has frequently used and fully supposed he understood, but which he now finds, when he strictly examines himself, really convey no definite idea to his mind. He is told that his "*digestion is impaired.*" He asks what is meant by this, and is told, his "*digestive apparatus is deranged in its economy.*" My poor brother is still no nearer the mark, and his medical attendant, observing his puzzled look, proceeds to explain and make the matter perfectly clear, by telling him that his "*secretions are depraved, his gastric juice deficient, his nutritive functions feebly performed,* and that the *tone*, the *energy*, the *nisus formativus*, in fact, the *vis vitæ* is full *twenty per cent. below par.*" The enlightened patient bows his gratitude for this luminous explanation, and sadly reseats himself in his chair of sickness, as wise, perhaps, but certainly no *wiser*, than he was before.

Now my brother is neither a *profound* mathematician, nor a *proficient* in astronomy, nor a *perfect* chemist; but he possesses what may be called a gentlemanly acquaintance with all these. That is to say, he understands the *great general and fundamental* laws which govern them; and, therefore, if he is asked a question in any one of these sciences, although he might not be able to answer the question, yet he would readily understand its nature and purport; and if the problem involved in that question were explained to him, he would have no difficulty in comprehending it. But not so with the science of health and disease, or rather that which *teaches the nature* of health and disease; and the *reason* clearly is, because he knows *nothing whatever* of the *fundamental laws* upon which life depends; *nothing whatever* of the several actions which *constitute* life; *nothing whatever* of the intimate structure of the *living organs*; he knows neither *how* he lives, nor *how* he moves, nor *how* he breathes—neither the "*How*" nor the "*Why.*" The very language of the science is a dead letter to him—being borrowed, I verily believe, from every tongue that

was ever spoken, and, for aught I know, from some that were never spoken at all. It is true, he has some notion of the general *appearance* of a few of the larger organs, because he has seen similar organs in dead animals. For instance, he has seen a great reddish mass of flesh, and has heard it called liver; and he has been told that in the liver the bile is made: but beyond this vague and meagre notion he knows literally *nothing*. As to *how* the manufacture is performed, *by what and from what*, or what are the several steps and stages of the operation; as to *all this*, which constitutes the very kernel of the nut, and without which the shell is nought, he is in worse than Cimmerian darkness.

Having read my brother's letter and *digested* its contents, I was forcibly struck with the truth of his remarks, and felt that he really had just cause for lamentation. It then struck me, that a small concise work, clearly explaining in common language the nature of the animal economy,—*the mechanics* of the internal man—the mechanism of life; detailing step by step what actually takes place in the performance of each of the functions concerned in the preservation of life and health, and how, and by what causes, life is sustained: it struck me, I say, that such a work would be highly acceptable to the public, and would supply a desideratum in the minor literature of the country. There is no mystery into which mankind are more curious to pry than the mystery of their internal selves: and certainly there is none on earth which so nearly concerns them. There are many books written with a view to give men a general notion of the laws respecting their *property*, and it seems to me astonishing that there should be no similar work calculated to inform them concerning those infinitely more important laws which concern their health. Every *gentleman* is supposed to know something—the general principles, at least—of all the liberal sciences, excepting that particular *one* in which alone he has any really great and personal interest. I do indeed think that such a work as I have attempted to describe, (providing it were well and plainly written, and all technicalities and unnecessary minutiæ carefully avoided,) would be read with great attention and interest, and, I hope, *profit*, by all classes. It would be read by *invalids*, in order that they might acquire some notion as to their own maladies, and so be better qualified to understand and practise the rules of regimen prescribed by their medical advisers; and it would occasionally be consulted by those who were *not invalids*, in order that they might better acquaint themselves with the best manner of preserving the blessing of which they were then in possession. I believe also that nothing would tend more than such a work to induce men to practise those rules of conduct which are best calculated to preserve and promote health; because men are ever more ready to do this or that, when they can themselves clearly see and understand its necessity—and the *manner how*, and *reason why*, that necessity exists—than when they have no other authority than the dictum of another, however high their respect for his knowledge and judgment may be. Neither, I think, should the medical men take offence at the publication of such a work; as it would have a direct tendency to ennoble the profession, to render it purely

scientific, and to rid it of that mystification and humbug which formerly so much disgraced it, and a portion of which still clings to it. If patients had themselves a clear general acquaintance with their own internal machinery, of the nature of the several offices intended to be fulfilled by the several parts of that machinery, and of the nature of disease in general; and when with their mind's eye they looked into themselves, and beheld the complicated and delicate clock-work—every wheel in motion, every spring on the stretch—all acting in concert, and all tending to one end, yet requiring only the slightest imprudent interference to throw the whole into disorder and irreparable confusion—when, I say, they saw all this, they could not but feel and acknowledge that so beautiful, complicated, and wonderful a machine, can only be regulated by the hand of a mechanician intimately acquainted with its minutest structure, and with the particular uses and manner of handling the several instruments necessary to rectify whatever derangement may have accidentally befallen it. It would be very instrumental, too, in disabusing the public mind of its predilection for quacks and quackery. For who that knows any thing at all of the animal economy, and of the nature of disease, can for one instant be gulled into a belief that any one remedy can be, *at all times*, good or proper even for the *same disease*, and in the *same patient?* A bumper of brandy will cure the headache, *providing* it arises from a disordered stomach; but a glass of brandy administered for a headache arising from inflammation of the brain, would, in all human probability, destroy the patient. And how is the patient to know from what cause his headache springs?

Such a work as I have described it is my intention, to the best of my abilities, to execute. I shall do so in a series of familiar letters, because I think this will afford me the best opportunity of using that plain and conversational style which is so necessary when writing for readers who have no acquaintance whatever with the subject treated. For the same reason, I shall avoid all professional pedantries, all learned technicalities, all crack-jaw words, (when it can be done consistently with perspicuity,) and I shall describe just so much (and no more) of the structure of the body as is sufficient to give the general reader a clear idea of those parts *only* which are concerned in the preservation of health. Thus, in speaking of the heart, I shall divide it into two cavities, a right and a left, although, in fact, each of these cavities is again divided into two others. But as a knowledge of this fact is not at all necessary to the understanding the general functions of the heart, and as the description of this second division into cavities would necessarily involve a description of valves, mitral, semilunar, tricuspid, fleshy columns, tendinous cords, curtains, &c., all of which would be "caviare to the general" reader, I have thought it best to confine myself to the first grand division, the only one necessary to be known in order to acquire a lucid notion of the course pursued by the blood. It forms no part of the object of this work to teach the anatomical structure of our organs generally; but only to exhibit the several changes necessary to nutrition, which are wrought upon our food within the ULTIMATE TISSUE of those organs—and how those changes are effected. You are now in possession of the kind of work I con-

template, and if it come within the scope and object of your Magazine, and if you are not averse from allowing the Metropolitan to be made the vehicle of its publication, I will have my first letter ready for insertion in your February number; while this, to yourself, if you think proper to insert it, will serve as a preface to those which are to follow.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
E. JOHNSON.

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## STANZAS ON HEARING THE HORNSEY BELLS RING IN THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! how the chime of merry bells
Proclaims the new-born year!
What magic in their music dwells,
To wake the slumb'ring tear!
It seems as though a thousand strings
Were vocal in my heart,
Breathing of long-forgotten things,
In which I once had part:—

Of festivals and birth-days kept,
And Christmas, rife with glee,
When those who long in dust have slept,
Shared hopes and joys with me;
And songs, and tales, and frolic mirth,
Beguiled our wintry hours,
And young affection round the hearth
Knit heart to heart with flowers.

The old year's dead, and past away;
A chequer'd robe it wore
Of mingled tints, some dark, some gay,
Like years that went before.
And, ah! how many wishes vain,
With days and nights of thought,
Are linked to that prolonged chain
Another year has wrought!

Awaken, slumberer, from thy sleep!
Count not on things of time!
Up, up, and mount the starry steep
Supernal spirits climb!
Let not another year depart
Without some hopeful tears,—
Some golden fruits, laid up in heart,
For the eternal years.

## JOURNEY FROM GIRGENTI TO PALERMO.[1]

### CHAPTER II.

*Terra de' Pulci—Selinuntium—Castel Veterani—Mazzara Marsala—Extraordinary Breed of Fowls—Voluntary Guide—Fall in with a party of Banditti—Inconvenience of not hanging in Chains—Trapani Monte San Giuleano—Dreadful Weather—Lose our Way—Benighted—Near bivouacing in the Storm—Take our Lodgings by Assault—Good Quarters—Catraci—Arrive in Palermo.*

In the morning we passed the river Madicina, formerly Selinus; it has its source between Castel Veterano and Partanna, from the fountain Favara, which, or the town of the same name, gives one of his titles to the late viceroy of Sicily. La Rocca di Bigina, which lay a little to our left, is about two miles distant from the town of Partanna, the wines of which still maintain their old reputation. As we wished to visit the ruins of the ancient Selinuntium, called at present Terra de' Pulci, we passed Partanna without entering it. Selinuntium was situated about five miles from the last-mentioned place, and three from Castel Veterano, a town belonging to the powerful family of Pignatelli, Dukes of Monteleone, in the kingdom of Naples. The air in the vicinity of Selinuntium must always have been pestilential from the lake Lalico, a Saracen appellation, on which it was situated. There are the remains of three magnificent Doric temples of surprising magnitude; the columns of two of the temples are fluted, the other plain. We learn from Herodotus, that the largest of these temples, which appears to have been that which stood nearest to the shore, was dedicated to Jupiter Forensis. At a little distance from these remains are the ruins of the city, the walls of which were of prodigious thickness, in order to guarantee them from the dilapidating effects of the sea air. We struck off several miles from the road to examine the Lauturniæ, or quarries, from which the material for building the town was extracted. Overgrown with trees, herbs, and plants; inhabited by myriads of birds, reptiles and insects; of vast depth, and considerable extent, they present to the eye a spectacle at once awful and beautiful. Inferior in size to the stupendous excavations of Syracuse, they greatly excel them from their peculiar wildness in the romantic and picturesque. We refreshed ourselves in a cool spot in one of them, called by the Saracen appellation of Bugifitieri. We saw, on a neighbouring height, the remains of the ancient Moorish Castle of Perribaida; but were too much fatigued to think of scaling its formidable site, and made the best of our way to Mazzara.

Mazzara, which is a pleasant, well-built town, giving its name to one of the three valleys into which Sicily is divided: the Val di Mazzara, in which the capital, Palermo, is situated: it contains a population of

[1] Concluded from vol. xiv. p. 417.

eight thousand souls, has several very productive fisheries, and some trade; but the latter is oppressed by the vicinity of the more flourishing Marsala. Mazzara pretends, but without sufficient reason, to have been the ancient Selinuntium, which it appears, pretty clear, stood on the site of the present Terra de' Pulei: it may, notwithstanding, have been a colony from that place, perhaps its port or emporium.

We left Mazzara early, as usual, in order to enjoy the freshness of the morning. The country is extremely fertile, producing grain, wine, oil in abundance, and the plains stocked with a fine race of cattle. At a short distance from Mazzara is Capo Fëdo, formerly Caput Fœderis, being the nearest port of Sicily to Africa. We passed the Marsala, an insignificant stream, and arrived rather late in the town: we put up at an inn, where we found very tolerable accommodation. Marsala is a thriving, industrious place, numbering about twenty thousand heads. The wine, known in England as Woodhouse's Marsala, is prepared here. It is strong and heady, and accounted unwholesome, from the quantity of lime and blood thrown in to purify it, which render it disagreeably bitter when mixed with water. In former times Marsala was famous for possessing the largest breed of domestic fowls in the world; but in the year 1517, on the death of Ferdinand, the Catholic king of Spain and Sicily, some soldiers, who were quartered there for the space of five months in order to prevent tumults, devoured the whole race, cocks as well as hens. On the departure of this hungry garrison the inhabitants, it is said, supplied themselves from the neighbourhood with the ordinary breed, which soon increased in size, but never attained entirely to the prodigious growth of their unfortunate predecessors.

Of Lilybæum, on the site of which Marsala is situated, but few vestiges remain: it was one of the strongest places in Sicily, and famous for the long resistance it made against the Romans in the first Punic war. Lilybæum sustained a siege by the Romans of ten years duration.

We started next day rather later than usual, having arranged to sleep at Trapani, which is not distant more than eighteen miles from Marsala. Just as we were on the point of setting out, a person, calling himself a campiere, presented himself to us, offering his services, and asserting we should infallibly be robbed, if we did not hire him. With a party so numerous, we did but laugh at his information, and told him, if he himself was afraid, he might travel in our company; for it was much more likely that he would want our protection than we his, at which supposition he appeared extremely indignant. On moving, we found him in the van armed up to the teeth, and spontaneously taking upon himself the character of our conductor. He appeared a shrewd, intelligent, and useful person, so we let him remain, having previously determined that he should have his pains for his only payment.

Travelling certainly is, and always has been, dangerous in Sicily. The laxity of the laws, the remissness of the police, the natural strength of the country, permit and encourage the existence of banditti in most parts of the island: they are more daring than in any

other country in Europe, and extraordinary instances are given of their audacity and cruelty. The only secure method of travelling in Sicily is to hire guides, called campieri, who are bred up to the occupation from their youth, and accompany you, armed at all points. Nor is the danger so much diminished by travelling in numerous parties, as might be imagined. At every step the country presents positions where two or three resolute men might cut off your whole company, and that without risk to themselves. You must be careful, in the villages and hamlets, not to make a parade of your arms and strength: the peasants, who are half savage in the interior, easily take umbrage, and being naturally suspicious, imagine that you are come with some evil design upon them, and will very probably, under this impression, take an opportunity of falling on you unawares, as has been the case in more than one instance. The campieri are not so useful in increasing your force in case of attack, although in such cases they will invariably stand by you to the last, as by a certain tacit protection they afford you against the brigands. By a mysterious agreement between these guides and the robbers, the parties accompanied by them are never attacked, at least by the regular banditti. One of them is a sufficient guard through a country infested by hundreds of these gentry, any of whom if they meet they will point out, and you may even join them without any fear of insult or outrage. From this extraordinary alliance some have supposed a partnership to exist between them, and that the very charges of the campieri are subject to a tax in favour of their allies, to whom perhaps they give regular notice of the departure of travellers hardy enough to despise their assistance. Others have imagined them literally members of the marauding communities; but this is certainly not the case, as their's is a regular profession, to which, as I have said before, they are trained up from their youth, and which generally descends from father to son in the same families. The real reason appears to be, that the campieri throughout the island form a very numerous and formidable body of men, well armed, and expert at their weapons. From their employment they are acquainted with every angle of the country, and consequently with the lurking places of the different banditti, against whom, if they united, they would form a more dangerous enemy than any military force which could be sent against them, ignorant as it must necessarily be of their strongholds and manner of fighting. It is possible that the campieri, if inclined, could extinguish the brigands; but it would be at the same time to destroy their own means of subsistence, as their profession would, in consequence, be rendered useless. A robber rarely attacks a campiere; a campiere rarely betrays a robber; their respective interests unite them in strict alliance, and they live in amity at the expense of the traveller, who, if he refused to be fleeced by one, will most probably be flayed by the other.

At the time of which I am speaking, the late occupation of the island by the Austrians had somewhat injured these fraternal professions, which was one reason why we did not engage campieri; but they have since taken deeper root, and now flourish again in all their pristine vigour. It is in the interior of the island that the banditti are in

greatest force. Between Syracuse and Messina, in the immediate neighbourhood of Palermo, one may venture to travel without a campiere; but even in these parts it is never perfectly secure.

Near Marsala is a lake, called Stagnone, in which there are several verdant little islets: it lies close to Capo San Teodoro, commonly called Barruni, where there is a celebrated Tunney fishery; a little further on is the mouth of the Acithius, now Birgi. The whole of this coast abounds in salt pits, from which the state derives a considerable revenue. A very impetuous wind arising, accompanied with rain, we struck off the beach, which we had hitherto kept, to take refuge in a small village about a mile from the shore, situated on the skirts of a gloomy wood, where robberies and murders are not unfrequent. Here two incidents seriously alarmed the ladies.

After a stay of several hours, as it grew late, and the weather began to clear a little, we continued our route. Pasquale, for such was the name of our volunteer, always vapouring in front, telling strange stories of the banditti, of his own exploits, and hair-breadth escapes, when we suddenly came on a fiumara, which opened on and traversed our path: there, to our surprise, under cover of a rock, in the beams of the evening sun, we unexpectedly all at once cast our eyes on a party of sixteen persons, who were taking a meal on the ground, whilst their horses were quietly grazing near them at leisure; their guns lay beside them, but their pistols and long knives were in their girdles, and with their huge zolfaniere, or ammunition pouches, their red sashes, with caps of the same colour, their short velveteen jackets, with ponderous silver buttons, their ample whiskers and moustachios, gave them at once a most picturesque and suspicious appearance. Pasquale looked intelligently, and winked knowingly at us as we neared them; the ladies began to grow pale, and tremble; whilst we quietly, but without the ostentation of doing so, prepared ourselves for the worst. Setting aside our being encumbered with women, the party was much too strong for us, so that we were by no means eager for an encounter, and were glad to see them continue their repast without appearing to notice us. At length one of them recognized Pasquale, as was evident from his familiar salutation of "Buona sera compare," and the other's analogous reply. As we passed, they civilly invited us to partake of their provisions, an offer which we as politely declined, and continuing our course, were soon out of sight. Whether these people were really robbers, or merely a party sent out in search of these brigands, I have never been able to discover. Pasquale roundly swore that they were bandits of the first water, and were only deterred from attacking us by his presence. Be that as it may, we found Pasquale so entertaining a companion, and so useful in other respects, that we permitted him to accompany us to Palermo, and I afterwards took him on with me to Messina.

The other adventure seemed likely to prove more serious: the sun had set, and it was already dusk, when we came to an ascent so rugged and difficult, that the ladies were obliged to descend from their lettiga, and ourselves to alight and lead our horses: a mule happening to run restive and kicking violently, whilst we were busied in reducing it to order, the countess and Mrs. B———, to be

out of the way, had preceded us up the narrow path, and having come to a turn in the road, were out of sight, when we were alarmed by a loud shriek. Hurrying forward to ascertain the cause, we found one of the ladies in a swoon by the side of a human body which lay across the way, and the other nearly fainting also, ineffectually endeavouring to assist her companion. All we could make out was, that the body had suddenly fallen at their feet, whence or how they could not tell, and terrified them in the manner described. The incident was certainly strange; the corpse was in an advanced stage of putrefaction, and diffused a most pestilential odour around. Pasquale, who soon came up, explained the matter, by showing us several other bodies swinging to and fro on the neighbouring trees. They were those of malefactors, who had been hung some time previous for murder and robbery; and the wind, which was violent, had most *mal apropos* just snapped the weather-beaten rope as the ladies were passing. The body being removed, and our fair companion, not without difficulty, brought to herself, we resumed our journey in the melancholy mood naturally caused by so disagreeable an incident.

We reached Trapani late, much fatigued by the day's work, the weather having been bad, and the road as execrable as any I recollect in Sicily. We found Don Vincenzo Riccio, to whom we had sent forward our letters from Marsala, had almost given us up for the night. When we were received in private houses, it is not to be supposed that we carried our whole suite with us to incommode our kind hosts. The servants, with the exception of the count's cameriere and his lady's cameriera, who were always in attendance, were usually sent to the asteria, or inn of the place, such as it might prove.

Trapani is the Drepanum of antiquity, so named from δρεπάνη, a scythe, to the form of which the port bears some resemblance, as Messina was called Zanole from a similar circumstance. The same story of Saturn and his father, with the fall of the scythe, is told of both places. Virgil supposes it to have existed in the time of Æneas.

> Hinc Drepani me portus et illætabilis ora
> Accipit.—ÆNEID, lib. iii.

It was here that Adherbal, the Carthaginian, gave a signal defeat, in a naval engagement, to the Romans under Claudius Pulcher. We learn from Diodorus, that it was fortified by the celebrated Hamilcar Barcas, who saw the importance of its situation, and peopled it by a colony from Eryx. He perhaps embellished and increased it, but it by no means seems probable that he was the original founder. So eligible a port could not have escaped the attention of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks, for so long a period. Trapani is a large and flourishing place, reckoning at least twenty thousand inhabitants, who support themselves by the exportation of potash, wine, grain, oil, and coral; there is an extensive fishery of the latter in the harbour, which the workmen carve and polish with much neatness. Very beautiful cameos are likewise executed by the same hands. This coast is clearly the land of the Cyclops, as described by

Homer, and not the neighbourhood of Ætna, as supposed by Virgil. The small island of Favignana is that where Ulysses left the remainder of his fleet when he went with one ship only to explore the adjacent shores. The three isles, Favignana, Maritimo, and Levanso, formerly Ægusa, Sacra, and Probantia, are the Ægates of the ancients. . . . . .

We remained two days at Trapani, and, on each day, made an agreeable excursion; on the first, we visited the interesting ruins of Segesta, the remains of which sufficiently bespeak its former importance. The cisterns of the houses, many of them have not been yet filled up by the hand of time: the walls, as usual in ancient cities, are of prodigious thickness. The celebrated temple of Ceres, which is yet entire with the exception of the roof, is supported on thirteen lofty columns, and is a beautiful and perfect specimen of ancient architecture. I have elsewhere spoken of it at large. Our second trip was to the summit of Monte di San Giuliano, also called the Monte di Trapani, formerly Mount Eryx, after Eryx, the son of Butes and Venus, slain by Hercules in the contest of the Cœstus. The prospect is beautiful and extensive, but yields to that of the Antenna Marc. Palermo was concealed from us by Mount Pellegrino; but we had a magnificent view of almost the whole of the Val di Mazzara. The little town of San Giuliano has taken the place of the ancient Eryx; it is romantically but inconveniently situated, as the inhabitants have to descend the hill, and go some distance for their work in the fields below; for which reason they are generally absent during the working days in the week, and visit their homes only on holidays. Some scanty vestiges of the famous temple of Venus exist on a spot where a Saracen castle afterwards stood, and a fountain, "La fonte di Venere," is still shown to the stranger. . . . . .

As we were unwilling to burthen our hospitable entertainer, Don Vincenzo, with a longer stay, we continued our journey next morning, although the weather was not very promising and rain had fallen during the night. It was our intention to have slept at Alcamo, but from the badness of the roads and the passage of the river Foggio, it was two o'clock before we reached Baida, a miserable village, and our animals were unable to proceed without rest. When we came to the Foggio, and saw it so much swollen, we were near retracing our steps to Trapani; but Pasquale assuring us there was no danger, and procuring the assistance of twenty stout peasants used to the work, ten of whom arranged themselves on each side, the lettigas were transported to the other bank, but not until that which carried the Countess and Mrs. B——— had been nearly overturned by a sudden jerk, and was half filled with water. Of the rest of the party some were carried on the backs of peasants; others were led over without dismounting. Having all crossed at length without further accident, and the ladies, violently alarmed, having changed their lettiga for the other, we once more resumed our journey. As we were not in a condition to proceed from Baida before five o'clock, we were obliged to content ourselves with the prospect of passing the night at Castelamare; but the fates had ordained otherwise. The badness of the weather and the wildness of the country increasing every step, scarce three miles from

Baida we found the roads almost impassable, and our animals so harassed that, in an hour, we had scarcely travelled two miles. The sun was fast sinking, and the rain, which had been drizzling all day, now began to fall sharply, when to add to our distressed plight, one of the poles of the lettiga which had met with the accident in fording the Foggio, and had been probably strained at the time, suddenly snapped, and the vehicle which contained the young Count and the cameriera came to the ground. As the girl unluckily could not ride, we were obliged to lash the broken pole as well as we could; this operation cost us nearly an hour, and took up what little daylight was left. In a short time it grew so dark that we could scarcely see a yard before us; the rain poured down in torrents, the wind came whistling in violent gusts through the trees, and, finally, a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning burst directly over our heads: by the flashes we occasionally got a glimpse of the path, at one time winding up the rugged rock, at another leading along the verge of an appalling precipice, whilst the sound of the impetuous and resistless fiumaras rushing from the neighbouring summits, increasing our alarm and augmenting our peril, was heard on all sides. Even by day, except on the high roads lately completed by the government, one cannot travel in Sicily without caution; at night, and in such weather it was not only dangerous but almost impossible to proceed. We crept on slowly, notwithstanding, for some time longer. Pasquale and one of the muleteers leading the way on foot; on a sudden they halted, and said they believed they had taken a wrong path: this was alarming intelligence; the women became dreadfully frightened. It was evident that we could no longer expect to reach Castelamare; and we had before us the uncomfortable prospect of passing the night "al fresco" in such turbulent weather, which would probably prove of serious consequence to some, if not all, of the party. The animals were so scared by the lightning and by the loud and lengthened peals of thunder which, echoing a thousand times from the surrounding rocks and hollow ravines, seemed interminable and unceasing, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be dragged on by their riders, who had all alighted. In this critical situation we came to a resolution, as our most prudent course, to halt under cover of a rock which overlooked the road, whilst Pasquale and another went forward to search for some place of shelter. In the mean time, the tempest increased every moment in fury, and the piercing wind which penetrated our wet garments made every member shiver with cold.

In about half an hour, our scouts returned with information that by help of the lightning they had discovered a large house on a neighbouring eminence, and, that an avenue of trees which probably conducted to it was at no great distance. Cheered a little by this intelligence, we again set forward, but could hardly bring on the animals, which rearing and plunging in all directions, made it dangerous to approach them. The girl who occupied the damaged lettiga, though it was supported on the weak side by two of the party, could not be brought to think herself in safety, and almost in fits from apprehension, kept shrieking at every jolt of her crazy conveyance. Following Pasquale, we came to the two pillars, or gallows, which formerly denoted

that the proprietor enjoyed the privilege of feudal jurisdiction on his estate. At the upper extremity of the avenue, which was about half a mile in length, we came to a square-built mansion of great size and apparent magnificence. There were no lights to be seen in the windows, but we still relied on finding the custode of the villa, as the Sicilians scarcely ever leave their country-seats without one, who is in general also the fattore or steward of the property.

We knocked long and loudly, but to no purpose, and then accompanied our thundering applications at the door with a shout, which must have been heard by the occupants, had there been any,

From turret to foundation-stone.

It was in vain, no one appeared. What was to be done? To pass the night without shelter, exposed to the fury of so violent a tempest, was dangerous to all, especially to the females, who were in a state of alarm and agitation that excited apprehension; the unfortunate camereira had gone into hysterics, and was struggling in the arms of two of the domestics. Having called a council to deliberate on our condition, and to determine on the measures to be adopted in consequence, it was carried *nem. diss.* to enter the house at all events. We accordingly began to look about for some postern, or weak part convenient for storming. Pasquale offered to climb by means of a trellise of vines which ran along one of the sides of the house, and endeavour to find an entrance by one of the windows of the first story, those on the ground floor being secured by iron bars of formidable dimensions, as he would, if he succeeded, probably be enabled to open the doors to us without much difficulty. We consented. It is true, if the villa proved to be inhabited, we might find ourselves in an embarrassing predicament, and receive the contents of a blunderbuss from the mistaken and terrified inmates; but we felt confident of ensuring respect from our numbers—and what was the chance of a shot in endeavouring to get in, to the certainty of perishing of cold by remaining out? Pasquale, however, entered the mansion without resistance, by a small window closed only by a window shutter, in the rear of the house. Having lighted a lantern by means of our phosphorus box, he proceeded to explore his way to the door. Having kept us waiting in some anxiety for ten minutes, he again made his appearance, and told us that the front entrance was secured by several keys, but that he had found a small door in the back of the house that could be opened without much difficulty, and shut again in the morning, so as to leave all secure. This was good news: proceeding to the spot indicated by him, he soon set the door open to us, and we entered as readily as if we had been invited. Indeed there was something so romantic in our situation, that when delivered from the real or fancied perils which threatened us, we were by no means at first dissatisfied with the adventure, and were congratulating ourselves on its happy termination, when an unexpected disappointment again overspread the face of the party with gloom. Notwithstanding our fatigue, alarm, and wetting, our appetites were sharply set, as we had taken nothing since we left Baida; our consternation then may well be conceived, at the doleful tidings that the pannier of provisions

which had been attached to the lettiga, which broke down, had been left behind; not the magnificent apartment, with green silk hangings, in which we had taken up our quarters—not the blazing fire, kindled by the care of Pasquale, at which we warmed our benumbed limbs, and the prospect of dry clothes, and a comfortable bed, could console us—we sate in silent despair at so irremediable a loss. The servants, I am convinced, would have renewed their meal at Alexandria, though certain of paying the same penalty. For the ladies, we had fortunately some sweet wine and biscuits, but these would go but a little way among so many hungry people. Nor were our animals, which we had also got under cover, better off than ourselves, so that it was doubtful whether we should be able to get them on in the morning. In this condition our ears were agreeably saluted by the tidings that provisions had been found in abundance. In fact, the Sicilian proprietors have always large magazines of wine and grain, and generally of dried provisions, in their country-houses, and they had ransacked the mansion until they at last in reality lighted on stores of this description. Having directed that nothing should be taken except what was absolutely necessary, we found ample entertainment for man and beast. Corn, hams, Bologna sausages, anchovies, Parmesan cheese, macaroni, rice, tunny in oil, and fruit, consisting of almonds, chesnuts, figs, and raisins; there was, besides, a variety of the best Sicilian wines. With these materials, oil and vinegar, with a few vegetables, which the servants were lucky enough to light on in the garden, our inimitable cook in the course of two hours put such a supper on the table as left us no reason to complain either of the want of bread or fresh provisions; a pudding served as a succedaneum for the former, a rich soup, and various vegetables stuffed with forcemeat, made up for the latter. We enjoyed our present good luck with so much zest after our past fatigue, that we did not retire to rest until a late hour, nor until the male part of the company had done honour to the cellar of our unknown and unknowing entertainer. After supper we examined the apartments: some of them were richly fitted up with damask hangings and mattrasses of silk. The rooms were in general magnificently furnished, but in an ancient style; the chairs and tables were very massive, and, in the principal saloon, were superbly gilded; at one end of the same were portraits of the late king and queen, with a chair of state elevated on three steps, under a pavilion of crimson velvet, fringed with gold bullion. Having provided for the ladies, we took the liberty of borrowing some dry mattrasses, our own being completely soaked, and threw ourselves down on them in the hall on the ground floor in which we had supped.

As the house was full of furniture, containing immense wardrobes, chests of drawers, and other valuable property in most of the chambers, we were inclined to believe that it could not have been left without a custode. Pasquale next day told us he was pretty sure there were people in the house, who had probably taken us for robbers, and kept themselves concealed until our departure; in fact, we perceived signs in the kitchen, of the mansion having been very lately occupied; perhaps the keeper may have been accidentally absent at the time—he must have been surprised on his return to find

what tenants had introduced themselves in his absence; certain it is, we neither saw nor heard any one except our own party.

In the morning, having put every thing in order, cleaned the apartments, and left a polite note for the proprietor of the house, with a handsome present for his servants, we made all secure, Pasquale fastening the door and retiring by the window as he entered, we resumed our course, highly delighted by the romantic adventures of the preceding evening. The stormy night, which had been succeeded by a tranquil and lovely morning, had served to refresh the air, and to double the pleasure of this day's journey. As our guides had conjectured, we found that we had mistaken the road. We now soon regained the right path, and proceeding through a spacious and fertile plain, reached Castelamare, a town containing four thousand inhabitants, which gives its name to a deep bay, formed by the points of San Vito and Sferracavallo, at the bottom of which it is situated. Alcamo, a thriving place, reckoning ten thousand souls, lies under Mount Bonifato; it is of Moorish origin, and indebted for its existence to Alcamach, a Saracen general, who A.D. 827, founded a city on Mount Bonifato, which was afterwards destroyed by Frederic II., who built another at the foot of the same mountain, transporting to it the inhabitants of the former, who gave it the same name. The adjacent country is very rich in olive groves; I also noticed the myrtle-leaved sumach in great quantity. Partenico, posted at the mouth of the valley so called, is a neat little town, it is the ancient Parthenicon. From this place to Valguarnera, a village built on an eminence called Raccali, we rode through the Val Partenico to the shore. We had some thoughts of sleeping at this place, but hearing that the air was far from good, we took up our quarters about a mile farther on, at a village to which we were recommended by the gentleman to whom we brought letters at Valguarnera; but we were by no means so well lodged as on the foregoing evening.

We breakfasted next morning at Cinisi, a small town situated in a fine and fertile vale, at the foot of Monte dell' Ursa, rich alike in vines, corn, and olives. The manna tree, the carubba, and the large berried juniper or oxyædrus are also abundant in this smiling vale. From Cinisi to Murodi Carini, the ancient Hyccara, celebrated as the birth-place of the famous courtezan Lais, is about four miles. From hence we proceeded to the town of Carini, a small place, but beautifully situated on an elevation overlooking some of the richest country in Sicily. We reposed here during the heat, and, in the evening, passed on to Capaci, a charming spot, on a hill towering over the Pianura di Campo Pietro. From Capaci we rode about four miles through the lovely and luxuriant Conca d'oro, to the magnificent capital of Sicily, and were conducted by the Count to his Palazzo in Via Macqueda, where we were hospitably entertained for the space of ten days, beyond which, our stay in the island being limited, we were unable to remain; we then took leave of our kind and esteemed friends, the urbanity of whose manners, and the charms of whose society, will never be effaced from my recollection.

## LE TAILLEUR ET LA FÉE.

Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mille sept cent quatre vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grandpère,
Moi nouveau né, sachez ce qui m'advint.
Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée,
A mon berceau qui n'était pas de fleurs,
Mais mon grandpère accourant à mes pleurs,
Me trouve un jour dans les bras d'une fée;
Et cette fée avec de gais refrains
Calmait les cris de mes premiers chagrins.

## THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY.

In Paris' motley city, you must know,
A tailor lived, my grandsire was the man,
And in his house some fifty years ago,
The varied history of my life began.
Nought then foretold the future Orpheus' fame;
No flowers around my cradle flung their charms,
Till first I cried, and then my grandsire came,
And found his nursling in a fairy's arms:
And the kind fairy, with a magic lay,
Lulled all my cries and charmed my tears away.

The good old man, with some anxiety,
Then asked how fate my future course would mark.
The sprite replied, "The infant first will be
Boots at an inn, then printer, then a clerk;*
A thunderbolt will strike him from the skies,
But all anxiety at once dismiss,
For Heaven will spare him, and the boy will rise
To brave all other storms as well as this.

"All the delights that joyous youth afford
Shall wake his lyre to cheer the midnight hour;
Your grandson's songs shall bless the poor man's board,
And give a zest to opulence and power.
But future wrongs the poet's fire will check,
His country's glory, freedom, all will go,
Still like a seaman who escapes the wreck,
He will survive to tell his tale of woe."

Then thus the tailor—"Must my grandson be
Maker of patchwork poetry? Why, zounds!
Better by far to sit and stitch like me,
Than like an echo, die in idle sounds."†
"Bah!" said the sprite, "a truce to useless fear;
A wreath of bays shall grace your grandson's head,
Each song he sings some Gallic heart shall cheer,
And soothe the tears our hapless exiles shed."
Thus the kind fairy, with her magic lay,
Lulled all my cries and charmed my tears away.

John Waring.

* Garcon d'auberge, imprimeur, commis voyageur.
† Mourir en vains sons.

## LEAVES FROM MY MINUTE-BOOK.—No. I.

### THE BARONET.

" A diverted blood, and bloody brother.
. . . . . Forbear to judge."
SHAKSPEARE.

It was one of those charming mornings called, *par éminence*, London's own. Without being actually wet, the atmosphere was sufficiently heavy to keep down every one's more cheerful feelings far below zero, the roofs of the houses were all but invisible, and the statue of the Duke,

" High throned all height above,

was perfectly shut out from my view as I walked briskly along Regent Street. The pavement offered no sure resting-place for the sole of my feet, and the ludicrously earnest looks of those I met, who were sprawling about like shell-shod cats, testified to the difficulty of advancing. I wended on, however, with many internal execrations, until I found myself immediately behind a lady-form of peculiar grace, as far as I could judge; and the spirit—demon, if you will—of curiosity, suggested that it would be advisable to obtain a view of her face. I pushed forward, when suddenly the lady placed her tiny foot upon a more lubricated spot than common, slipped, and I do not precisely know what she might have broken, had I not received her in my arms. As it was, she only broke my watch-glass. This, I think, a most orthodox and interesting way of beginning a story.

I hope it will not be supposed that I was walking abroad because I had nothing to do at home. This is a conjecture particularly disadvantageous to a young solicitor, and therefore—I need say no more on that head. Having replaced the object of my attentions on her feet, I took the liberty of presenting my arm, and of escorting her to the house she named as her residence. What we said to each other during the walk, can concern nobody; and, as the lady is now my wife, the disclosure would be particularly impertinent. At that time, however, I had far more idea of extending my connexions than of falling in love, and so, upon reaching No. —, St. James's Street, I merely begged to be allowed to inquire after Miss Emily ——— another day, threw my card to the porter, and proceeded to attend the King's Majesty at Westminster.

Lying, *more meo*, " 'twixt sleep and wake," the following morning, meditating the operations of the day, I remembered the occurrence I have mentioned, and the recollection fairly awoke me. Having waited till a decent hour for appearing abroad, and having inflicted a respectable but decisive knock (an acquirement not easily gained)

upon the door of the house aforesaid, I was admitted without hesitation. The owner of the mansion, Sir Fitzroy ———, was seated in his library, and upon my entrance, thought proper to express his particular obligations for the service I had rendered his niece. All due and civil things having been said, the Baronet, for he was no less, requested me to permit him to write a note of some importance; and while he was thus engaged, I had leisure to mark the features of a distinguished leader of fashionable society. That he had succeeded to the title and family estates on the sudden death of his brother, who, with Sir Fitzroy, was at the time engaged on a continental tour, I had learned through the ordinary newspaper channels. But I was a little surprised at his appearance, and indeed was puzzled to account for the deepened furrows on the brow of a man whom the baronetage told me could not be more than thirty. A full formed and noble figure, and a piercing eye, which lit up handsome, though not extraordinary, features, and I have mentioned all that struck me in Sir Fitzroy ———. We parted, when he gave me an unlimited invitation to his house, a permission I was not slack to use, I must pass over the next year and a half, during which time I was a frequent visitor in St. James's Street, and Sir Fitzroy had more than once called upon me, and indeed intrusted to me some matters of small moment, and proceed to an extract from my "Minute-Book" of the 12th of May, 183—.

Sir Fitzroy ——— was announced. He took a seat, and we conversed for some time upon indifferent matters, when the newspaper caught his eye.

"Any news to-day, Mr. R———?" and he glanced along the columns, when something arrested his gaze, apparently agitating him much. He rushed to the window, and seemed to re-read the passage, and, as if to be assured of its reality, he more than once passed his hand before his eyes. The next minute he threw down the journal, snatched up his hat, and wishing me a hasty farewell, said, "I must be off to the continent instantly," and left the house.

I took up the paper to endeavour to discover what had so disconcerted him; the mark of his nail had been violently impressed against the following lines, an extract from a foreign journal.

"The body of the English gentleman, Mr. Hawker, who disappeared so mysteriously about two months ago, has been found by some fishermen in the Lake of Gerouinne. It is supposed the unfortunate person had been bathing, and had incautiously ventured beyond his depth," &c. &c.

Of course, the effect of this notice upon Sir Fitzroy was a perfect mystery to me, by no means explained by a note from Emily, received the same evening, which was to ascertain whether I could give her any account of her uncle, who had not returned to St. James's Street since the morning. The following day I made an inquiry at his banker's, where I found that he had entered apparently in great mental distress immediately on leaving me, and had drawn a considerable sum of money. Beyond this I could obtain no clue. Further measures were rendered unnecessary by this note, put into my hand by a very muddy courier, towards three o'clock.

"——— *Prison.*

"My dear Sir,—Pray come to me instantly.

"F. ———.

"*Wednesday.*"

I am accustomed to obey instructions when I find it convenient to do so, and after a hard ride of four hours, I found myself before the prison from which Sir Fitzroy's note was dated, exactly ten minutes too late for admission that night. In vain did I exert my eloquence upon the keeper, he was inflexible; and a golden key only opened his lips so far that he promised to send my card up to the Baronet. This he did; and I was fain to betake myself to mine inn and order dinner, having first ascertained that I could see Sir Fitzroy at ten in the morning. The time passed even more dully than time at a country inn generally passes. It had been fair day at ———, and while waiting for my meal, I watched the smockfrocks and straw hats till I thought them the most hideous garb in the world; and when the smoked chops and inky port of mine host of the Carp and Candlesnuffers did arrive, I fear my temper delighted not much the bedizened Blowsalinda who brought them. Then the night; but I *must* forget this, at least upon paper; and suffice it to say, that ten o'clock found me at the prison-gate. After some difficulty I was ushered into the dark, ill-furnished apartment, which the Baronet's manner, and probably his purse, had procured him. Sir Fitzroy was seated at a little table, scoring figures in the dust, which had apparently rested there for months. On my entrance he started with some nervousness, but rose to welcome me with as much cordiality as I had ever seen in his drawing-room in town.

"Ah! this is kind, R———. You did not think of finding me here when we parted yesterday."

"Indeed I did not. What, in heaven's name, does this mean?"

"For what do you suppose I am arrested?"

"I am totally at a loss to conjecture. The debtors' rooms are on the other side of the gaol. Pray tell me."

"On a charge of *murder*," said Sir Fitzroy, quietly.

"Good God! of whom—what—you are joking."

"Not I—it is no matter for mirth."

"But you are—are——"

"Innocent, you would say. Have you a doubt on the subject?"

"I?"

"But, however, something must be done, and to enable you to understand the case, I must unravel more of my history than I usually care to dwell on. Pray be seated."

"Well," thought I, "this is a singular thing." This was no very original idea, but it was my first. "I am here in ——— gaol, with my Emily's uncle, (I have spared my readers my love story,) who is imprisoned on a charge of murder, and with whom, three nights ago, I was playing at chess in St. James's Street:" so I sat down to listen, not knowing what else to do. Sir Fitzroy told his story with an unbroken calmness of voice, but his eye was as restless as the reflected light that sparkles from water on the wall.

"You know that I accompanied my brother, who was nearly twenty years my senior, in the journey to Geneva, in which he died, but I believe I never told you that, both before we set out and while travelling, some serious differences arose between us. I insisted upon taking with me my servant, or rather page, an incumbrance he violently opposed while he knew this person as a mere attendant. But I carried my point, and the affair wore off; until on reaching Paris, Sir Frederic accidentally discovered that my page was neither more nor less than a female. He was himself a man of staid, and what he termed moral habits, and his wrath at such a dereliction of duty on my part knew no bounds. The alternative he offered me was an instant separation from Anna Crosby or from himself, and he hinted at wills and settlements. You know I am not fond of listening to dictation, and I answered him in his own way. We were both exceedingly loud, and attracted the attention of some other persons in the hotel, and"—

"I beg your pardon for this interruption—may I ask whether your feelings towards your *protégée* were concerned in this quarrel?"

"My pride was, I rather think—nothing else; for the girl was a great plague, had forced herself upon me in the journey, and compelled me to let her accompany us, and I should, at another time, have been glad of a good excuse for giving her up. But of course, under such circumstances, I chose to resist my brother's orders, and he worked himself into a most violent passion. After a hasty supper he retired to bed, and died in the night."

"It was very sudden."

"Very," said Sir Fitzroy, looking steadily at me. "I then, of course, took the necessary steps for proving his death, and finding he had left your little friend Emily almost unprovided for, I soon afterwards adopted her. In doing this, it was of course necessary that I should get rid of my torment, Miss Crosby, a thing I was by no means sorry to do. I therefore pensioned her off, (after tears, and threats, and protestations on her part, too numerous to mention, as auctioneers say,) through an English gentleman at Paris, named Hawker, who has lately died."

"Hawker!" said I, my mind reverting to the newspaper, "What, Sir Fitzroy, disturbed you so much on reading the account of that gentleman's death?"

"Sir!" said the baronet, in a loud voice, "I am not accustomed to be cross-examined. Pooh—ah—I beg your pardon," he continued, instantly changing his tone, "forgive me; the fact is, he was an old and dear friend, and his loss startled me a good deal. Pray, may I ask how you discovered the paragraph to be the cause of my emotion?"

"You marked it with your nail, Sir Fitzroy," said I, coldly.

"Did I?—strange. But I must tell you, that as I was on the very eve of sailing for Calais the other day, in order to follow my friend's body to the grave, I was arrested on the charge—you will hardly believe it—of murder—of the murder of my brother."

"Of Sir Frederic ——!" I exclaimed in the utmost surprise. The words came upon me like a sudden blow. I had almost expected

to hear of the removal of the baronet's mistress, even by violence, but for this, I was totally unprepared.

"Ay, of fratricide; and the charge made by the ungrateful viper, Crosby: why, I cannot in the faintest way imagine; and what she can dream of adducing as proofs, I am equally at a loss to conceive: we must do something, however."

"I will instantly send a retainer to Sir ——— ———, and a request that he will come down. What the wit of man can do in such a case, he will advise. What magistrate committed you? I will write for the depositions?"

"I obtained a copy as a personal favour—they are here."

I looked through the papers; it was explicit and direct, charging Sir Fitzroy with the murder of his elder brother, *by poison*, at the ——— Hotel, Rue des Cranbouges, Paris, and signed by Anna Crosby. I looked at Sir Fitzroy.

"What think you of it?"

"It is clear and straightforward, and evidently the work of no novice."

"There is one thing occurs to me," said the baronet, "this Crosby,—would it not be the shortest and safest method to get her out of the way at once?"

"Sir Fitzroy ———," said I, "whatever I do in this matter, and I will do all for you that can be done, must be fairly and openly performed; and I tell you further, that if I had the slightest suspicion that this wretched woman's deposition were true, nay, if I even imagined——"

"Enough, my dear sir, I fully believe you, and but for my having such confidence I should not have permitted, shall I say, sanctioned your visits to the daughter of this very brother whom I am accused of——" and Sir Fitzroy leaned his head upon his hands, and I fancied he wept.

I immediately took the requisite measures for the defence. The trial would take place at the ensuing ——— assizes, which were fixed for about a month from his arrest. The reader would find little interest in a detail of my operations, conducted, as they were, under the eye of the great Sir ——— ———, who, with two other men of much talent, were secured for the trial. They did not allow a single doubt on their case to exist for a moment, and Sir Fitzroy was equally confident. I visited him on the evening before the judges arrived, and was much assured by the calm way in which he criticised the points of his defence, and by the preparations he spoke of for leaving ——— immediately. We parted for the night to meet again in the court.

None but those who have been actually engaged, know the fierce excitement of a court of justice. Even in mere questions of land and money, the interest in the decision is immense, and its evidences—flush and paleness—succeed each other with harrowing quickness, not only in the faces of the contending parties, but even in those of men more remotely concerned. But this can be nothing to the emotions raised in a court of criminal law, where, upon a single sentence, may depend the life or death of a fellow-being. I, for one, have never been

able to acquire the hardened indifference sneered at by modern writers as the hired advocate's badge, nor do I believe in its existence to any extent.

> " The court was convened, the counsel were met,
> The judges all ranged, a terrible show."

The building was crowded to excess, and after the usual formalities, Sir Fitzroy ——— was placed at the bar. I was rejoiced that his case was the first. His step was firm, and his whole demeanour that of decided confidence of his acquittal. The crown counsel commenced his speech with professions of grief at the painful duty on his hands, and concluded an able harangue of two hours by calling Anna Crosby. A very beautiful woman appeared in the witness-box, whose charms, though somewhat faded by time, had lingered sufficiently long to show what she was in youth, and would be till age had far advanced. Her evidence did not differ much from her depositions. I fancied that a residence beneath a foreign sky had given something of foreign energy and animation to her manner. So clearly and admirably did she tell her story, that the opposite advocate with much address abstained from interrupting her by questions, and the interest in court was intense, as she turned to Sir Fitzroy, who was leaning with much composure against the side of the prisoners' box, and with sparkling eyes and finger pointed at the baronet, she exclaimed—

" Yes, you, Sir Fitzroy ———, you who, by false oaths, and promises you determined to break even while you were uttering them, enticed me from a mother's roof to ruin and ignominy,—who caused the transportation of my only brother for having presumed to question your treatment of his sister,—who, weary of the victim when she had lost the power to amuse you, cast me off to one of your libertine associates in exchange for a release from a gambling debt,—who again endeavoured to be rid of me by more violent means in the streets of Boulogne,—who allowed the pension fear had wrung from you to be discontinued, little dreaming that I should escape starvation to impeach you here,—you, Sir Fitzroy ———, are now before a tribunal of your own country for murder—for the murder of a brother—for a murder you dare not deny. The poison that destroyed him you obtained long before that night,—you carried it about you concealed in the hollow of a pencil-case, and on the evening of your last quarrel with your brother you drew that pencil out, on pretence of sending a note for me: as he turned his head you threw the powder into his glass. I knew what would be the result of Sir Frederic's having discovered my sex—I was watching you—deny it if you dare."

A half suppressed laugh from Sir Fitzroy followed this speech. It was instantly checked by a look from his leading counsel, who inquired whether the crown had any other witnesses. The reply was in the negative, and Sir ——— ——— proceeded to cross-examine Anna Crosby. She underwent a most searching and rigid inquiry without varying in a single particular, and after a fruitless attempt to confuse or disconcert her, the acute advocate sat down, and Sir Fitzroy was called upon for his defence. It is well known, that though the forms of law do not permit the prisoner's counsel to argue in his behalf, the

written defence read by the prisoner is composed for him under the very best advice. The Baronet, in a tone sometimes slightly varied by an expression of the deepest contempt for his accuser, commented on her character, her long-delayed testimony, and every other point we had imagined could bear upon the case. He concluded, after hinting at the fact of his having adopted the daughter of his alleged victim, by an impassioned appeal to the breasts of those before whom he stood, much in the style which long practice has shown to be most availing with men, who, with all their differences, have been of the same blood and passions in every age. The defence produced a decisive impression, and the judge was about to sum up, when the witness, Crosby, drew a small piece of paper from her bosom, on which a few pencilled lines appeared, and rushing up to the box, exclaimed rather in a scream of rage, than aught of ordinary speech, (for the bitter sarcasms of the prisoner had not been lost upon her,) holding out the document the while—

"Will Sir Fitzroy ——— deny this?"

The paper was handed to the court, and while the venerable judge was looking through it, both Sir ——— ——— and I turned to the prisoner. His lip quivered; he was ashy pale; he leaned against the front of the box for support—*he had recognised the paper.*

"You have but half instructed us, Sir Fitzroy," said the advocate, who instantly saw how matters stood, in a tone which, though low and confidential, was expressive of the deepest reproach.

"I—I—had forgotten this. Save me, save me, Sir ——— ———, save me, gentlemen—my fortune is yours—I——let me see the document?" he exclaimed in a loud voice—"a forgery, no doubt, well worthy of the producer."

The paper was given him. He looked at every line as if with intent to discover the falsehood, and I observed he brought it, by a very natural motion, nearer his eyes. Feigning to look at a particular word more closely, he folded back the note, for such it seemed, so as to reduce it to a small compass, and made a most rapid effort to thrust it into his mouth. I clasped my hands in agony at his folly—it was vain, for the wary officer near him had anticipated his purpose, seized his arm, and the document was rescued. This action of the prisoner's must have much altered the matter, had not the sessions-house clock at that moment struck *one.*

And what effect could this have had upon the trial? says a gentle reader, should I be so fortunate as to find one. Why, my dear young lady, you are perhaps not aware that at that hour the judge of an English court retires for five minutes to refresh himself with a glass of wine,—the counsel crack jokes,—the attorneys stretch themselves, and open the papers of sandwiches with which their affectionate wives have lined their pockets,—and the public in general, in the hall of justice assembled, elbows and pushes its individual members unawed by the majestic solemnity of the ermine robe. In these five minutes, the aspect of affairs was changed. Sir ——— ———, with that forethought for which he is to this day remarkable, had come into court provided for the very worst, and though justly offended at the half confidence reposed in him by Sir Fitzroy, determined to make a

last effort in his client's behalf. He beckoned my clerk to him,—a whisper succeeded,—and the young man discovered that he had deposited his hat in a corner of the court which was only attainable by passing through the jury-box. The bystanders supposed that Sir ——— ——— had intrusted him with a number of letters for the post, for after tumbling among the legs of the twelve wise men more than once, Mr. Hendon appeared to have accomplished his purpose in obtaining his hat and leaving the hall.

The learned baron re-entered, summed up the evidence, and having alluded to the singular action of the prisoner relative to the paper, which was handed round to the jury, concluded by a strong recommendation to them to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubts they might entertain. In five minutes the foreman stood up, and firmly pronounced the words—NOT GUILTY!

"The verdict is yours, gentlemen, not mine," said the judge. "Sir Fitzroy ———, you are at liberty."

Sir Fitzroy bowed, and on leaving the dock walked up to Sir ——— ———, and offered him his hand, without speaking. As I had expected, it was declined, with a cool bow. I took Sir Fitzroy's arm, and we left the court. Anna Crosby had departed—or we had forgotten her existence. We reached the Carp and Candlesnuffers.

"A post-chaise for town, instantly," said the Baronet. In a few minutes the vehicle was at the door. A handsome gratuity flung to the bowing servants, and we were on the road. We did not exchange a single word until reaching D———.

"Horses on!"

I alighted, to expedite the movements of the ostlers, and on returning to the chaise, was surprised at seeing the opposite door open, and a boy in earnest conversation with Sir Fitzroy. An exclamation was upon my lips, when I saw the Baronet suddenly bend forward, and strike a violent blow at the new comer. The youth eluded it, and, the next instant, the flash of a pistol dazzled my eyes. Sir Fitzroy sprang up in the vehicle until his head nearly came in contact with the roof—and fell down among the straw—*a dead man!*

Many months afterwards an act was obtained for the dividing and enclosing of D—— Common. Among the first steps taken after the passing of the bill, was the removal of a large quantity of brushwood, and stunted trees, which had for many years been allowed to conceal an old sand pit, about a mile from the high road. In doing this the labourers discovered a skeleton, which on examination proved to be that of a female, apparently young, and finely formed. The winds and storms had removed any traces of apparel by which the deceased could be recognised, but a pair of rusted pocket pistols were found near the spot, both discharged. One of the left ribs of the body was slightly fractured. Those who were acquainted with the melancholy tale I have told, had little doubt that there the unhappy Anna Crosby had "found the sleep that knows no waking."

## LE CHANT DU COSAQUE.

Viens mon coursier, noble ami du Cosaque,
Vole au signal des trompettes du nord,
Prompt au pillage, intrépide à l'attaque
Prête sous moi, des ailes à la mort,
L'or n'enrichit ni ton frein, ni ta selle,
Mais attend tout du prix de mes exploits
Hennis d'orgueil, O mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.
La paix qui fuit m' abandonne tes guides,
La vieille Europe a perdu ses ramparts, &c. &c.

## THE COSSAC'S SONG.

Come, my bold steed, the Cossac's trusty friend,
The northern trumpets bid our hordes advance,
Pillage as well as war thy steps attend,
And death shall ride triumphant on my lance.
No gold thy trappings may enrich, but stay,
And wait the prize thy master's prowess brings;
Then neigh with pride, my steed, and haste away,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

Peace gives thy reins to me, and flies afar;
Europe has lost her bulwarks, then her strength,
Come thou enrich me with the spoils of war,
Paris will give us some repose at length.
Return, and drink in the rebellious Seine,
(To us far sweeter than our northern springs,)
Twice on her banks already thou hast been,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

Haste, then, to where the rulers of the land,
Compelled to hear their suffering people groan,
Call for our aid, and bow to our command
Our vassals, tho' the tyrants of their own.
Armed with my lance, my ardent course I'll speed,
To crush all royal and all sacred things;
Then neigh with pride, my bold and trusty steed,
And trample on the rights of men and kings.

I saw a phantom of gigantic size
Scan our wild hordes encamped on yonder plain;
Armed with an axe, he points, and then he cries,
"In yon far west my reign begins again."
'Twas Attila's proud shade, and I'm his son,
My filial duty due submission brings;
Come, then, my steed, our task is now begun,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

All the renown in which old nations trust,
The learning, arts, which no defence can prove,
Shall all be lost amidst the clouds of dust
Raised by our gallant squadrons as they move.
Havoc's our aim, 'tis ours to overthrow
Laws, customs, all, to which fond memory clings;
Then neigh with pride, my steed, and onwards go,
To trample on the rights of men and kings.

John Waring.

## MR. BULWER'S RIENZI.

*Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.* By the Author of "Eugene Aram," "Last Days of Pompeii," &c. &c.

WHOEVER looks upon any of Mr. Bulwer's works of fiction as the mere vehicles of amusement, does that author great injustice, and himself, unconsciously, a great wrong. All his novels and romances have been produced, not to exemplify a single moral, but to elucidate a theory, work out a principle, or establish a science. To a superficial observer, the last clause of the preceding sentence may seem a strong one; and appear to give Mr. Bulwer more credit for deep-seeing views, and ultimate results, than even himself will lay claim to. But this is not so. In his several works he has endeavoured to instruct mankind in—what ought to be to mankind their primal consideration—the relations of men to each other. In his lighter novels he has given us enduring and searching lessons on the social scheme, as circumscribed by a particular circle, or a single country. In this, his latest work, "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," he has deeply and despondingly expatiated, and made new discoveries on the most difficult, the most debated, and the all-important science of government.

In imparting wisdom to his countrymen and to the world, in the many volumes that he has written, he has become profoundly wise himself, with a wisdom that has brought a melancholy over the high aspirations of his soul; and which has given, at times, a scarcely-perceptible tint of misanthropy to his reflections. Whilst his mind is open to every generous sentiment, and his admiration and applause the free homage of every virtuous individual, he begins to despise and despair of mankind in the mass. He begins to understand—what we have long known—that, as yet, public virtue is like the dove sent forth from the ark on the face of the troubled waters. She cannot, from the overflowing seas of iniquity that cover the earth, find anywhere a resting-place. In the progress of knowledge she has certainly found an olive-branch—a token of the subsiding of the waters. But to the present era we see that the past affords no lesson, and the future gives scarcely any hope. Even in Mr. Bulwer's sanguine mind, the Utopian dreams of patriotism, and his faith in the public good, brought about by public virtue, are fast fading away, and are rapidly giving place to a conviction that sharp realities only will urge man on over his worldly course, regardless of public honour, wildly-extended views, or the general weal: almost every page in the work before us, furnishes proofs of this feeling growing upon him. Verifying his own doctrine, the man speaks out eloquently in the author. He will soon cease to be a political partisan, soon cease to believe in aristocratic Whig honesty on the one hand, or to court the most sweet voices of the seldom washed on the other. Literature will snatch him away from the disgraceful broils of faction, and placing him in the

Temple of the Muses, he will there find his legitimate station, his just triumph, and his deserved immortality.

As a literary composition, "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," may be classed as a familiar prose epic; whether we regard the unity of its action, the eloquence of its diction, or the high and the melancholy truth which it so beautifully enforces. The story opens with a loving and quiet scene between the elder Rienzi, the hero, and a gentle being, his brother. In this interview the character of Cola, the predestined Tribune, is made to display itself very naturally and forcibly. His is a mind of great imaginings, imbued deeply with classic learning, and panting after the regeneration of Rome. He is also proud of his illegitimate lineage, derived from an Emperor of Germany, at that time the representative of all that was left of the once universal empire. At this period, the city is distracted and devoured by the two contending factions of the Colonna and the Orsini, nearly equal in strength and rapacity, though the former has a little the advantage, in being only less barbarous than its rival. To the Colonna, Cola Rienzi has attached himself, imitating in a graceful manner the conduct of the elder Brutus, though not to the extent to which that patriot is recorded to have went. He, Cola, descended only to a witty buffoonery. What he really thought of the men, whose festive honours he enlivened by his facetiousness, may be gathered from the following indignant burst.

"'The Colonna!' said Cola, with a bitter smile; 'the Colonna—the pedants!—They affect, dull souls, the knowledge of the past, play the patron, and misquote Latin over their cups! They are pleased to welcome me at their board, because the Roman doctors call me learned, and because nature gave me a wild wit, which to them is pleasanter than the stale jests of a hired buffoon. Yes, they would advance my fortunes—but how? by some place in the public offices, which would fill a dishonoured coffer, by wringing, yet more sternly, the hard-earned coins from our famishing citizens! If there be a vile thing in the world, it is a plebeian, advanced by patricians, not for the purpose of righting his own order, but for playing the pander to the worst interests of theirs. He who is of the people, but makes himself a traitor to his birth, if he becomes a puppet for these tyrant hypocrites to lift up their hands and cry—'See what liberty exists in Rome, when *we*, the patricians, thus elevate a plebeian!' Did they ever elevate a plebeian if he sympathized with plebeians? No, brother; should I be lifted above our condition, I will be raised by the arms of my countrymen, and not upon their necks."

At that time, the deceived patriot had faith in plebeian virtue. The reader will also perceive the bitterness and the depth of the remark on that most plebeian of all ambitions, the wish to rise by making oneself the tool, or the parasite, of a patron, is here properly characterized; and shows the first dark dawning in the author's mind of the miserable light of one dismal truth of our fallen nature.

After this sweet interview with his brother, over which is spread that well-sustained classicality that no living author knows so well how to give to his subjects as Mr. Bulwer, the pair separate—the elder to muse over the miseries of his fallen city, and to cherish vague hopes for her resuscitated glory; the younger, with his heart light with innocence, seeks the cheerfulness of his home. In his way he is met

by a band of the Orsini. They unhesitatingly make him their captive guide to direct them to some purpose of rapine; and, as he is thus brutally urged on with the marauders, a stronger force of the Colonna put this band to flight. The poor unarmed boy flies with the fugitives, being distracted with a very natural terror; and just as his brother appears, and he shrieks out, "Save me! save me!" to Cola; "Mercy! mercy!" to his relentless pursuer, Martino di Porto, one of the Colonna, thrusts him through with his lance from back to breast. Rienzi falls on his knees before Stephen Colonna, the head of the house, and exclaims with all the pathos of a love made wretched—"It is my brother, noble Stephen, a boy, a mere child!—the best—the mildest! See how his blood dabbles the grass!—back, back—your horse's hoofs are in the stream! Justice, my lord, justice!—you are a great man!"

Justice is readily promised by the old chief, who supposed that the assassin was an Orsini; but when he finds that the assassin was a kinsman, the following scene, so characteristic of the times, occurs.

"'My poor youth,' said the old man, compassionately, 'you should have had justice against the Orsini, but see you not this has been an error? I do not wonder you are too grieved to listen to reason now. We must make this up to you."

"'And let this pay for masses for the boy's soul; I grieve me much for the accident,' said the younger Colonna, flinging down a purse of gold. 'Ay, see us at the palace next week, young Cola—next week. My father, we had best return towards the boat; its safeguard may require us yet.'

"'Right, Gianni; stay, some two of you, and see to the poor lad's corpse;—a grievous accident! how could it chance?'

"The company passed back the way they came, two of the common soldiers alone remaining, except the boy Adrian, who lingered behind a few moments, striving to console Rienzi, who, as one bereft of sense, remained motionless, gazing on the proud array as it swept along, and muttering to himself, 'Justice, justice! I will have it yet.'

"The loud voice of the elder Colonna summoned Adrian, reluctantly and weeping, away. 'Let me be your brother,' said the gallant boy, affectionately pressing the scholar's hand to his heart, 'I want a brother like you.'

"Rienzi made no reply; he did not heed or hear him—dark and stern thoughts, thoughts in which were the germ of a mighty revolution, were at his heart. He woke from them with a start, as the soldiers were now arranging their bucklers so as to make a kind of bier for the corpse, and then burst into tears as he fiercely motioned them away, and clasped the clay to his breast till he was literally soaked with the oozing blood."

From that moment, Cola's patriotism became nerved by revenge, his whole soul rose at once in eternal hate against the nobles; and rigidly and amply did he pay them back the devastation they had committed on his own race.

It is not our purpose to follow the hero through the slow development of his plans, his sagacious blinding of the aristocracy to his designs, and his veiled and astute cultivation of the good opinion of the working classes. Here we may remark a singularity in this romance, significantly indicative of a change in Mr. Bulwer's political opinions. The only truly noble, great, and good character, that he

brings upon this exciting stage of action, is a patrician, Adrian, a branch of the Colonna family. Of the women, as they take the colouring of their minds from the men, we need say nothing. But of all the male characters, (with the exception of Adrian,) Rienzi among the rest, are such as to make us loathe our common nature. Rienzi's character is heroic, but it cannot be called good; great, but incomplete; such an one as might create a faithful adherent, but not one whom a pure mind would rejoice to hail as a familiar friend. His author attempts to justify him from the imputation of that weakest of all weaknesses—an affectation of the puerility of holiday pomp. The very entertaining of such gilded hollowness argues *pretension;* and wherever there is pretension, there is innate feebleness in some point of character. We do not think that Rienzi was justified in this foolish expense of wealth on the score of keeping up his popularity; for, though it flattered the citizens upon whose good will his power was solely found, in the end it undermined his strength with them, as well as brought about the necessity of taxation; and attempted taxation did, at last, shed his blood in the very midst of his former idolaters.

One almost uninterrupted colour of black villany, and of weakness, worse even in its consequences than villany itself, is spread over the *dramatis personæ* of this intellectual work. From the pope to the meanest official in religion—from the statesman to the lowest Jack in office—from the general of armies to the degraded follower of the camp, all, all are miserable rascals. There is no repose for the mind of the reader except in the one character that we have mentioned, and in that of his betrothed Irene, the gentle and beautiful sister of the Tribune.

Finely has the author castigated, and held up to immortal scorn, the Roman working classes, and the democrats. He describes them, and describes them truly, as being as ambitious, as revengeful, as cruel, as selfish, and as weak as the nobles, with all their vices made hideous by meanness the most disgusting, and sordidness the most revolting. For these frequent, and not too highly coloured pictures, conservatism will be eternally grateful to the author.

Let us now suppose Rienzi to have expelled the nobles from Rome, or made them reside there as simple quiet citizens, demolished the fortifications of their strongholds, hung up some of their number for what were looked upon formerly as mere casual occurrences, a few murders or so, cleared the roads of banditti, brought profitable trade, and overflowing plenty within the walls, and administering justice with mercy, seemed to have chained peace within the city by the rosy bonds of brotherly love between man, and in man—Rienzi has done all this; and now let us look at Mr. Bulwer's picture of democratic gratitude. The greasy plebeians have grown fat under the beneficence of his sway. Their store-houses are full of merchandize, and their purses full of florins. All looks well and prosperous within their city. But at the far off papal court of Avignon, the nobles are again making a demonstration; and the pope—O these popes!—have excommunicated the Tribune, because he bathed in the same stone bath as the heathen emperor, Constantine. Well—one hundred and fifty freebooters, in the pay of the patricians, steal into the city, and for-

tify themselves in one of the dismantled strongholds of the Colonna. Only one hundred and fifty! But we anticipate. To repel such an attempt as this, the citizens' benefactor wanted a little money—only a very little tax—hear how the demagogues now handle their former idol.

"Meanwhile as the declining day closed around the litter and its troop, more turbulent actors in the drama demand our audience. The traders and artizans of Rome at that time, and especially during the popular government of Rienzi, held weekly meetings in each of the thirteen quarters of the city. And in the most democratic of these, Cecco del Vecchio was an oracle and leader. It was at that assembly, over which the smith presided, that the murmurs that preceded the earthquake were heard.

"'So,' cried one of the company—Luigi, the goodly butcher, 'they say he wanted to put a new tax on us; and that is the reason he broke up the Council to-day; because, good men, they were honest, and had bowels for the people: it is a shame and a sin that the treasury should be empty."

"'I told him,' said the smith, 'to beware how he taxed the people. Poor men won't be taxed. But as he does not follow my advice, he must take the consequence—the horse runs from one hand, the halter remains in the other.'

"'Take *your* advice, Cecco! I warrant me his stomach is too high for that now. Why he is grown as proud as a pope.'

"'For all that, he is a great man,' said one of the party. 'He gave us laws—he rid the Campagna of robbers—filled the streets with merchants, and the shops with wares—defeated the boldest lords and fiercest soldiery of Italy——'

"'And now wants to tax the people!—that's all the thanks we get for helping him,' said the grumbling Cecco. 'What would he have been without us?—we that made can unmake.'

"'But,' continued the advocate, seeing that he had his supporters—'But then he taxes us for our own liberties'

"'Who strikes at them now?' asked the butcher.

"'Why the Barons are daily mustering new strength at Marino.'

"'Marino is not Rome,' said Luigi the butcher. 'Let's wait till they come to our gates again—we know how to receive them. Though, for the matter of that, I think we have had enough fighting—my two poor brothers had each a stab too much for them. Why won't the Tribune, if he *be* a great man, let us have peace. All we want now is quiet.'

"'Ah!' said a seller of horse-harness, 'let him make it up with the Barons. They were good customers, after all.'

"'For my part,' said a merry-looking fellow, who had been a grave-digger in bad times, and had now opened a stall of wares for the living, 'I could forgive him all, but bathing in the holy vase of porphyry.'

"'Ah, that was a bad job,' said several, shaking their heads.

"'And the knighthood was but a silly show, an it were not for the wine from the horse's nostrils—*that* had some sense in it.'

"'My masters,' said Cecco, 'the folly was in not beheading the Barons when he had them all in the net, and so Messere Baroncelli says. (Ah, Baroncelli is an honest man, and follows no half measures!)—it was a sort of treason to the people not to do so. Why, but for that, we should never have lost so many tall fellows by the gate of San Lorenzo'

"'True, true, it was a shame; some say the Barons bought him.'

"'And then,' said another, 'those poor Lords Colonna—boy and man—they were the best of the family, save the Castello. I vow I pitied them.'

"'But to the point,' said one of the crowd, *the richest* of the set, '*the tax is the thing*. The ingratitude to tax *us*. Let him dare do it!'

"'Oh, he will not dare, for I hear that the pope's bristles are up at last; so he will only have *us* to depend upon!'"

Here is satire over which the most bigotted Tory might gloat with rapture. It is of no use saying that these men are merely degraded Italians. Here they are not acting as Italians, but as sons of human nature. It is from the unchanging soul of man that the picture is drawn; the colouring is dismal, but it is correct. Would the large and fashionable furnishing ironmonger of our metropolis act more heroically than the huge Roman smith, Cecco del Vecchio? Mr. Bulwer knows he would not. Would the west end purveyor of meat (the word butcher is obsolete) be more ready than Luigi, to whet his knife in defence of a newly-acquired liberty? Or is there a rich radical vestryman of Marylebone, who would behave more nobly than the *richest of the set* of the Roman crowd. No—a few hundred, or a few thousand of years, make but small change in the common impulses of humanity. Again we thank Mr. Bulwer for this picture.

But the finishing stroke is still to be put to it. The hundred and fifty mercenaries are in the heart of the city, the Tribune has just been excommunicated by the pope's emissary. Rienzi harangues the Roman populace, in order to inflame them to arms, to drive out this handful of robbers. In his harangue he tells them that he will go and stand with his few attendants before the holding of the barbarians, that his trumpet shall sound three times, and that, if at the third blast, they do not rise and hasten to his banner, and to the attack, he will abandon them to the fruits of their ingratitude and cowardice, and to the tender mercies of the barons. He departs, and then one of the demagogues in the crowd thus begins:—

"'Look you, my masters,' said he, leaping up to the place of the Lion, 'the Tribune talks bravely, he always did, but the monkey used the cat for his chesnuts; he wants to thrust your paws into the fire; you will not be so silly as to let him. The saints bless us; but the Tribune, good man, gets a palace and his banquets, and bathes in a porphyry vase—the more shame on him—in which San Sylvester christened the Emperor Constantine: all this is worth fighting for; but you, my masters, what do *you* get except hard blows, and a stare at a holiday spectacle? Why, then, if you beat these fellows, you will have another tax on the wine, *that* will be *your* reward!'

"'Hark,' cried Cecco, 'there sounds the trumpet,—a pity he wanted to tax us.'

"'True,' cried Baroncelli, 'there sounds the trumpet, a *silver* trumpet, by the Lord! Next week, if you help him out of this scrape, he'll have a golden one. But go—why don't you move, my friends? 'tis but one hundred and fifty mercenaries: true, they are devils to fight, clad in armour from top to toe; but what then?—if they do cut some four or five hundred throats, you'll beat them at last, and the Tribune will sup the merrier.'

"'There goes the second blast,' said the butcher. 'If my old mother had not lost two of us already, 'tis odds, but I'd strike a blow for the bold Tribune.'

"'You had better put more quicksilver in you,' continued Baroncelli, 'or you'll be too late. And what a pity that will be!—if you believe the Tribune, he is the only man that can save Rome. What, you, the finest people in the world—you, not able to save yourselves!—you, bound up

with one man—you, not able to dictate to the Colonna and Orsini! Why, who beat the Barons at San Lorenzo? Was it not you? Ah! you got the buffets, and the Tribune the *moneta!* Tush, my friends, let the man go; I warrant there are plenty as good as he to be bought a cheaper bargain. And,—hark! there is the third blast; it is too late now!'

"As the trumpet from the distance sounded its long and melancholy note, it was as the last warning of the parting genius of the place; and when silence swallowed up the sound, a gloom fell over the whole assembly. They began to regret, to repent, when regret and repentance availed no more; the buffoonery of Baroncelli became suddenly displeasing; and the orator had the mortification of seeing his audience disperse in all directions, just as he was about to inform them what great things he himself could do in their behalf.

"Meanwhile the Tribune passing unscathed through the dangerous quarter of the enemy, who, dismayed at his approach, shrunk within their fortress, proceeded to the castle of St. Angelo, whither Nina had already preceded him; and which he entered to find that proud lady with a smile for his safety—without a tear for his reverse."

And this ends the first reign of the Tribune.

Many are the adventures that Rienzi in his self-imposed exile undergoes, and many, and highly-wrought, and beautiful, are the incidents that befall the other characters of this exciting story, which even to glance at we have no space. The eternal city, after its Tribune's departure, becomes saturated with the blood of her children; faction expels faction—massacre avenges massacre—till Heaven, either in vengeance or in mercy, in order to put a stop to the intercommunion of murder, pours down the vials of her wrath, and enacts the destroyer. The plague, in its inconceivable destructiveness, hushes the voices of all the contending factions in the not-to-be-broken silence of death. In this part of the work the eloquence of Mr. Bulwer often arises into sublimity. But we wish not to be mere panegyrists.

Let us hurry over a mass of events, and a long period, also, when time is chronicled by actions. The pope and his advisers find out, that if Rome is to be preserved to the church, it can only be brought about by the instrumentality of the banished, and now imprisoned, Tribune. His fetters are knocked off—he is relieved of the bann of his excommunication, and clothed in the senatorial robe, he goes again to govern Rome. Adversity now seems to have perfected his character. The same prosperity follows in his steps—the barons are again humbled, and Rome, if not again quiet, is again happy.

And now we come to the bitterest commentary on democracy that was ever formed to open the eyes of a deluded world. A tax is again necessary. A revolt of the free and good citizens of Rome is the consequence. We shall not advert to the bye-play introduced by Mr. Bulwer, in order to make his finale more dramatic. The Tribune advances to address the infuriated mob. Thus closes the eventful scene of the man *who would be the friend of the mere people.* Mark, it is a liberal—almost a radical that describes it.

"Then from earth to heaven rose the roar—'Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!'

"A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator,—still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him

yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant, but determined, thoughts;—but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; '*and, doubtless,*' says the contemporaneous biographer, '*had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!*'

"The soldiers of the Barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking—'Way for the torches!' Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

"Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall. He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes, and relieved, but *they changed* his heart!

"'Enough, enough,' he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; 'I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish!—I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!'"

* * * * * *

"Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke—the wood crackled—the lead melted—with a crash fell the severed gates—the dreadful ingress was opened to all the multitude—the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time!—he passed the flaming door—the smouldering threshold;—he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. 'Plenty of pillage within,' he said to the by-standers, in the Roman patois, his face concealed by his load—'Suso suso a gliu traditore!' The mob rushed past him—he went on—he gained the last stair descending into the open streets—he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

"A soldier (one of his own) seized him. 'Pass not—where goest thou?'

"'Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!' cried a voice behind—it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

"'I *am* the Senator!' he said in a loud voice. 'Who dare touch the Representative of the People?'

"The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed—(that grim and solemn monument!)—as if itself of fire!

"There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the

thousands who gathered, gazing, round him. The whole Capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna, the Orsini, the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"'Die, tyrant!' cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the Senator's breast."

We said this was written by a liberal, almost a radical. We unsay our words, for the epithet now must be impossible. The very assassin that struck this cowardly, this ungrateful blow, was the most upright of all the democratical party. The moral is plain enough—any who run may read. In the hand that struck the blow, Mr. Bulwer is elucidating a principle, not detailing a fact. This stroke at democracy is gratuitous. The smith is a fiction of story, but an everlasting truth of principle.

Mr. Bulwer despairs of the human race—and so do we, for generations to come. They were not formed for self-government. The majority should, because as yet they are only fit for it, influence, not control, nor even elect their governors. Democratic liberty is the illusion of generous minds. How then could Mr. Bulwer have escaped it? Ourselves were carried away by it. We have been miserably undeceived. When reform was at first agitated, and the BILL promulgated, we hoped great things for the nation—we thought we saw a new light dawning upon mankind. What now has the country gained by it? What the world? The reins of government have passed into other hands, but they are held the more tightly, and the lash is applied the more incessantly. In mere form—in the babble of theory, the commonwealth appears to be more free; but actual oppression, in every present tyranny, gives proof to the contrary. These are not words of mere declamation. One half of the population, at least, cannot hold themselves secure of not being at some one time within the scope of the poor laws. Over the whole of these, Whig oppression grins horribly. Into how many circles have not the hateful commissioners of this government extended? They have already destroyed all local corporations. They are not a far distant, and almost an abstract grievance, that flourishes only near the person of a despot, or in the hotbed of a court; but it casts its withering shades over our very hearths. But we dare not trust ourselves to descant upon this very galling subject. We can only congratulate Mr. Bulwer upon this highly elaborated and conservative production, one that we trust will do as much good to mankind as it does honour to his refined, subtle, and powerful intellect.

As a literary composition, it would justify any, and even contradictory praises. It is at times sweet and solemn, severe and gay—eloquent always, poetical often. It leads away the heart a willing captive, while it appeals to the judgment with the force of logic, and leaves upon us the conviction that we have been inspecting the leaves of a book, the title of which should be, "An eternal truth."

## THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The leaves from the trees
  Are all dropping away,
Like the friends of my youth,
  That are gone to decay.
Vain world that I dwell in,
  My spirit is free
From thy spells, that once flung
  Their enchantment o'er me.

We dream away life
  From the mind's very birth,
And worship, as idols,
  The nothings of earth;
'Till Time wings the knell
  Of our youth's dying years,
And thought, like the sear leaf
  Of Autumn, appears.

Reflection comes late,
  But it tarries full long,
When Life's banquet is stript
  Of its garland and song:
Yet wisely doth God
  In his mercy decree,
That our feelings should change
  Like the leaves of the tree.

As the worm, that will turn
  To a butterfly gay,
Spins its own snowy shroud;
  So we creatures of clay
May weave such a garment
  Of light, for the tomb,
As will lay up the soul
  'Gainst a season of bloom.

The leaves from the trees
  Are all dropping away,
Like the friends of my youth,
  That are gone to decay:
But Hope points to me,
  As to nature, a spring,
When my spirit shall rise
  Like the bird on the wing.

## MR. WILLIS'S PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

THAT we intend to be severe, we acknowledge; but, at the same time, we will satisfactorily prove to our readers that Mr. Willis has, by his own conduct, provoked our indignation, and that he has been himself the attacking party; we are about to retaliate, and when we have said what we intend to say, Mr. Willis will perhaps have gained one useful lesson, and, in future, be careful how he ventures a blow at those who can hit much harder than himself.

Conscious of our own strength, we can afford to be generous, and we will, therefore, not assail Mr. Willis upon many points on which he could offer but a mere show of defence. On the contrary, we will ascribe much, which might be more seriously condemned, to inadvertence, and to want of tact and knowledge of the world.

We will not comment upon the work itself. It is one which will pass among the crowd with which the press now teems. There is originality in it; but it is not the originality of genius, rather that of unsophisticated and ignorant astonishment. It is evident that Mr. Willis has never, till lately, been in good society, either in England or America; for be it known, there is an aristocracy in America. Every body knows that there is nothing more amusing than the remarks of children, when they first behold what never entered into their philosophy. Mr. Willis's work, although full of errors, is amusing on that account. He opens wide his eyes, and, like a cockney Neophite, exclaims, "O crikey!" The work itself is very fairly written, and we will not quarrel with the author because he proves himself most intensely *green*. We do not blame Mr. Willis for sending over to his countrymen a police description of the features, height in inches, and peculiar marks, of celebrated personages. Those who have rendered themselves notorious either one way or the other become public property, and we have an undoubted right to describe personal appearance, whether it may be that of O'Connell or Fieschi, Lord Brougham or the Chimpanzee.

Neither do we blame him for his critiques upon the works of English authors, not even for his remarks upon the writings of our proprietor, Captain Marryat. Mr. Willis has as much right to give his opinion as any one else; and however offensive that opinion may be, it is what an author must be prepared to expect and to submit to. There is, however, a little drawback contingent upon this right, which Mr. Willis will probably admit before we have done with him, which is, that others can criticise as well as he, and that, if he commence a paper war, he must not only be prepared for retaliation, but may sometimes fall in with a dangerous opponent.

Now we will even be more liberal. Mr. Willis committed himself greatly by taking short-hand notes of what passed in the English society to which he *was* admitted. He repeated conversations and opinions which might have created much mischief, and which, had it

been supposed that they would ever have been published, would certainly have never reached his ears. This breach of confidence, for such it really was, has been severely handled by the "Quarterly Review;" and Mr. Willis is very much mistaken if he imagines that his own countrymen will side with him. If not immediately put a stop to, as we feel convinced that it has been, by the remarks of the "Quarterly," the consequence must have been that, in future, the doors of the English aristocracy would have been shut to all Americans. They would have been considered as spies, or if admitted, every one would have put a guard upon his tongue. The remarks of the "Quarterly Review" have pointed out to the countrymen of Mr. Willis, that such conduct will not be allowed; and, although we believe that few of them would have been so indiscreet as he has been, it will be received as a caution; and our aristocracy, satisfied with the impropriety having been pointed out, will trust to the good feelings of our Transatlantic brothers, and receive them with the same urbanity as before. The conduct, therefore, of the editor of the "Quarterly," so far from creating dissension between the two countries, will have the very opposite effect, for it has healed up at once, what might long have been an irritating and uncicatrized sore. And we may add, that we consider the conduct of the editor of the "Quarterly" towards Mr. Willis to have been marked by excessive leniency. The whole of the original letters were before him, and had he made further extracts, Mr. Willis would have appeared in a much less amiable light; but he confined himself to what he considered as important in a national point of view, and as necessary to *cement* the good feeling between the two countries. Content with having so done, he left the remainder of Mr. Willis's reputation unscathed. Now, although we agree with the editor of the "Quarterly" in the absolute necessity of such conduct as that of Mr. Willis being held up to general condemnation, we will admit that it was *an error of judgment* on his part, arising from want of tact, and a knowledge of good society. Few would admit so much; but we wish to be as generous as we can.

Mr. Willis will be inclined to say, what then are your charges against me, having made all these admissions? In few words, not for his writings in the "New York Mirror," but for what he has done since he wrote those papers. But we will not anticipate.

Although we are well acquainted with the birth, parentage, and history of Mr. Willis, previous to his making his continental tour, we will pass them over in silence; and we think that Mr. Willis will acknowledge that we are generous in so doing. Mr. Willis shall first make his appearance as an *attaché* to the American Legation at Paris. And here we must tell our friends in America, that they must be more circumspect on this point. Letters of recommendation are certainly necessary to procure admission into the best English society; for there is one inconvenience attending a democratic form of government, which is, that where all assume equality, it is not easy to know who people are; but the American government have committed a very great error in allowing the travelling part of their community to hoist, what in England would be considered as false colours. We presume that this mistake arises from their form of government, which very much

affects opinions upon certain points. In England, being attached to an embassy, implies that the parties so employed are of high connexion, or of acknowledged talent. The very circumstance, therefore, of presenting your card with *attaché* engraved on it, is sufficient, in England, to serve as a passport to the highest circles. Now, with the Americans, the case is very different, they have their real *attachés* who receive the salary and perform the duty. Washington Irving was one in this country, and every one who was acquainted with him, is ready to acknowledge that, in every point, no better selection could have been made. But the American government allows, what may be termed, *spurious attachés;* that is, the permission to their countrymen so to call themselves, for the "*convenience of travelling.*" This is the American phrase used, and to give the English reader some idea of the carelessness with which these passports to society have been granted, we are credibly informed that Mr. M'Lean, the former American ambassador at Paris, had granted not less than twenty-five to different persons. The French authorities took umbrage at this, and, as all the *attachés* of every description were considered as dismissed when the ambassador was recalled, his successor, Mr. Livingstone, has been much more particular. Mr. Willis, however, obtained a renewal of his, for the *convenience of travel.* But we again repeat, that this system is unfair. The old world is left to suppose that Mr. Willis, who presents his flourishing card, is a person selected by the American government for his abilities or consequence in their country, who is receiving their pay, and is entrusted with diplomatic secrets, when, in fact, he is only a traveller paying his own way by his "Pencillings on the Way" in the "New York Mirror."

Mr. Willis arrives in London—goes to Scotland—is everywhere admitted, and he pencils on his way. He commits a great indiscretion, which we have kindly attributed to an error in judgment; but now commence the real grounds of complaint which we make against Mr. Willis. He makes invidious, uncharitable, and ill-natured remarks upon authors and their works; all of which he dispatches for the benefit of the reading public of America, and, at the same time, that he has thus stabbed them behind their backs, he is requesting to be introduced to them—bowing, smiling, and simpering. This is our first serious charge against Mr. Willis. We know all about his exculpatory letters to those to whose table he had been invited, and we know the substance of the replies.

The next complaint we have against Mr. Willis is, the unfairness of his publication, of which we intend to review but the preface. He states, that he has been compelled to publish the work, in consequence of the severe attack in the "Quarterly." If so, and Mr. Willis considered himself unfairly treated, in submitting his writings to the ordeal and decision of the English public, it was his duty to have published the work as *it appeared* in America, and not with all the alterations and elisions with which it now comes out. All the unhandsome remarks have been omitted, all his criticism expunged, his observations softened down, and it is no longer the same work; in his preface Mr. Willis tells us, that he has in some *slight* measure corrected these "Pencillings by the Way."

The great excuse brought forward by Mr. Willis in extenuation of his conduct is, the distance of *three thousand miles*. Three thousand miles sound very magnificent to people of confined ideas; but we tell Mr. Willis, that now-a-days three thousand miles are little more than a *twopenny post*. But admitting that conversations may be repeated at a distance of three thousand miles, is there any known distance on the compass of the whole globe which can shield or do away with the sin of ingratitude? Is a man warranted to smile in your face in England and abuse you behind your back three thousand miles off? Perhaps Mr. Willis will inform us the precise number of degrees of latitude and longitude established in his peculiar moral code at which all honesty is to cease. The antipodes, we presume, will be the exact spot, for as those who reside there stand reversed, so may the printed opinions of Mr. Willis, which are so much the antipodes to his conduct and bearing in this country.

We have said before that, we care little what criticisms Mr. Willis may make. What he did say, he has omitted in the present publication; but we shall take the liberty of laying before the public what he said relative to the works of Captain Marryat. It commences as follows:—

"Marryat's works, although they can scarcely be dignified with the name of literature, sell considerably about Wapping."

Such is the opinion of Mr. Willis, and we do not quarrel with his opinion. If it is his opinion, he has an undoubted right to say so: what we find fault with is, his bows and his smiles to those he has maligned when introduced to them. Indeed, on the whole, Captain Marryat ought to take these remarks as a compliment and an acknowledgment of his superiority, for he has, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that his works sell *somewhere*, whereas it is well known that "Melanie" sells no where.

It does, however, appear, that Mr. Willis made a *great* mistake in printing these remarks, even in America. Notwithstanding the enormous distance of three thousand miles, we very soon afterwards received a letter from a distinguished literary character in that country, an extract from which we shall quote, to prove that Mr. Willis is no prophet in his own country.

"There are no writings more popular among all classes in the United States, than those of the author of 'Peter Simple' and 'Jacob Faithful.' There was a pleasing evidence of the truth of this lately. A Mr. Willis, a writer of pretty poetry, now in London, took occasion to say in one of his letters to the 'New York Mirror' newspaper, in speaking of British literature, that Marryat's works, though they could scarcely be dignified with the name of literature, sold considerably about Wapping, &c. &c. It seemed as if the admirers of 'Peter' and 'Jacob' rose at once from Maine to the Rocky Mountains to resent this remark, as if it had been a personal insult, and the city, the county, journals, the whitey-browns, seven-by-nines of the small villages, pounced upon the opinion as one 'most tolerable, and not to be endured."

After such a failure at the distance of three thousand miles, Capt. Marryat may safely forgive Mr. Willis every thing which he has said

about him, but *we* cannot forgive what we consider his greatest error of all, and to which we now arrive, which is the *presumption* he has shown in his preface.

When Mr. Willis came into this country, he may be said, as an author, to have sued *in formâ pauperis*. With "Melanie" in his hand, he solicited the favourable reviews of the English editors. He had to gain that which is most important to an American author, and to none, from various reasons, so important as to Mr. Willis, to wit, what is termed in America an *European reputation* to carry back with him as a passport into the best society upon his return. The English always foster Transatlantic literature; they are too generous to crush the plant which, if nursed and watered, may one day stretch forth magnificent branches, and that has indeed expanded, to a certain degree, already. Nothing would have been more favourable to Mr. Willis if he had only played his cards, but he *revoked*, and has lost the game. He was generally received, and his card of *attaché* was seen in halls where it will never be seen again. His poems, although they will not bear comparison with his American contemporaries, Bryant, poor Brainard, Percival, and one or two others, were kindly received, much more kindly than they would have been, had they not been of American origin, and Mr. Willis continued his course with studding sails below and aloft. His first error, we have called it an error in judgment, was his repeating private conversations; his next was, his trifling mistake as to distance affording security to unfair criticism. His last has been, in not receiving quietly the castigation of the "Quarterly," although he acknowledges that he had committed himself, and in supposing that every one will agree with him in his venomous remarks upon one, "the latchet of whose shoe he is not worthy to unloose." And what does Mr. Willis tell us?—that the editor of the "Quarterly" is the most *unprincipled writer* of the age, a *bravo in literature*, a *reptile of criticism*, upon which it is his (Willis's) duty to *put his heel*, and winds up by saying, that he has, thank God, escaped the *slime* of his approbation. Here is indeed a *puddle in a storm*.

In the first place, the proofs which Mr. Willis would bring forward of Mr. Lockhart's want of principle are, that he has always written down democratic principles, thereby "creating ill-will between England and America." We consider this *always*, and so also do all Englishmen who are opposed to him in opinions, as a proof of *consistency* and *principle*. We perfectly agree with Mr. Lockhart. The Americans may uphold their democracy as long as they can, but we know how much this country has always been, and how much she is now threatened by the present extension of democratic sentiments. We have no objection to democracy in America, if they like it; it is but a name after all, for there is no such thing,—but where once monarchy has been established, we know that a change to what is called democracy cannot take place without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of and which was fully exemplified in the French revolution. We know also that the system, if established, can never last; but, according to the cycle of history, must revert to despotism, and from despotism to monarchy again. Every one, therefore, who wishes well to this country will do as Mr. Lockhart has done, and be admired as

Mr. Lockhart is; and, so far from Mr. Willis finding, as he confidently expresses himself in his preface, that every one but the editor of the "Quarterly" will agree with him, we can tell him, that he will stand alone in his minority. The fact is, that every abusive term used against Mr. Lockhart recoils upon himself. It is Mr. Willis who is an *unprincipled* critic, for he has proved it in his "Pencillings," and such was his character in America: it is Mr. Willis who is a *bravo* in literature, for he has stabbed people behind their backs. It is Mr. Willis who is also a *reptile* of criticism, for his criticism is in itself contemptible, and we think it *our* duty, as Englishmen, to put *our heel* upon Mr. Willis. We have not said all that we could say, because we do not care to break a butterfly on the wheel. We know much more about America, and what is going on there, than Mr. Willis may imagine. Did Mr. Willis ever read a work called "*Truth, or a New Year's Gift for Scribblers,*" published in Boston about four years ago. If so, he must have seen a description, with which we will now conclude, as it shall be from an AMERICAN tomahawk that he receives his *coup de grace.* This will prove that Mr. Willis's character has long been well known in America, and that his countrymen have been more severe upon him than we are now; for out of charity, we shall leave out the major part.

"Then Natty filled the statesman's ribald page
With the rank breathings of his prurient age,
And told the world how many a half-bred Miss,
Like Shakspeare's fairy, gave an ass a kiss;
Long did he try the art of sinking on
The muddy pool he took for Helicon;
Long did he delve and grub with fins of lead
At its foul bottom, for precarious bread.

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*Dishonest critic* and *ungrateful friend,*
Still on a *woman** thy stale jokes expend.
Live—at thy meagre table still preside,
While foes commiserate and friends deride;
Yet live—thy wonted follies to repeat,
Live—till thy printer's ruin is complete;
Strut out thy fleeting hour upon the stage,
Amidst the hisses of the passing age."

* Mrs. Child.

## MY OWN EPITAPH!

STRANGER, who lingerest passing by,
To read this marble drear,
And ken who underneath doth lie,
To living friends once dear;
It little boots what name or state
The sleeper held on earth,—
Of humble or renowned fate,—
Of mean or noble birth:—

The soul's the thing; then seek not here
For what the soul put on,
While hous'd within its walls of care,
But mark—for time goes on—
The dust that lies beneath thy feet,
Once trod like thee on flowers,
And felt the impulse strong as sweet,
Of life and all its powers.

And linked in chain of sympathy,
To beings of its kind,
Felt human griefs, and joys like thee,
But all are now resigned;
And "dust to dust" again returned,
Doth call thee, from the tomb,
To learn that lore too rarely learned
From lips of mortal bloom.

Though love and friendship strew thy way,
With gems of living light,
They may not tarry: thou and they,
As dancers for a night,
Join hands and tread the flow'ry space,
Heart full of hope and glee,
Then part, and each unto his place,
The cold grave, cold like me.

Go, then, make peace with all the world,
And keep thy conscience free,
A bark with all her sails unfurl'd,
Bound for eternity.
Look not behind, but steer away,
To gain "the promised land,"
Led by that Star,* whose polar ray
Outshines Orion's band.

That Star that sentinels man's grave,
Watching till darkness cease
God's scattered flock, o'er land and wave,
To fold them up in peace,
'Till at the golden dawn of day,
To Paradisian bowers,
The Shepherd will his own convey,
'Mid living streams and flowers.

His own, alas! and who are they?
Of all the sleepers here,
Of all that tread the green earth, say,
Who claims that title dear?
Not wealth, not wisdom, not renown,
Not all that man controls,
But love for Him, who wore the crown
Of martyrdom for souls!

C.

* The blessed Redeemer.

# THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR;

## OR, A MIDSHIPMAN'S CRUISES.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

THE *soyez tranquille* of Monsieur Manuel had but a transient effect. It brought no consolation with it. What I had heard, seemed to clog the usual healthy beating of my heart; my respiration laboured, and I fell into a bitter reverie. The profoundest pity, the most impassioned admiration, and the most ardent desire to afford protection,—are not these the ingredients that make the most potent draught of love? Let universal humanity reply—I loved. But the feeling, generally so blissful, came upon my young heart and steeped it in the bitterness of apprehension. My bosom was swollen with big resolves, with the deepest affection for one, and hate for all the rest, of my species; and the thought came over me vividly, of flight with the young and pensive beauty into the inaccessible seclusion of the woods, and the unalloyed happiness, and the imaginary glories, of a savage life. In this sudden depression of spirits my mind looked not loathingly on mutual suicide. It was a black and a desponding hour, and fell upon me with the suddenness of a total eclipse on a noontide summer's day.

I sat with my clasped hands between my knees, and my head hanging upon my breast almost unconscious of the black servitors around me, who were re-ordering the room that I had so recently disarranged. I noted all this as something that did not belong to the world in which I had existence. Everything around me seemed the shadows of somebody's dream in which I had no part, and could take no interest. I had but two all-absorbing ideas; and these were—injustice and Josephine. So distraught was I with the vastness of the one and with the loveliness of the other, that, when the young and splendid reality stole into the apartment softly, and moved before my eyes in all the fascination of her gracefulness, yet was I scarcely conscious of the actual presence of her whose ideal existence was torturing my brain.

To the cold, the unimpassioned, or the unpoetical, this may seem impossible. I will not go into metaphysical reasonings on the subject. I only know, that it was true. Whilst I was conceiving her flying from oppression with me, her protector, into some grim solitude, she came and placed herself, almost unnoticed, by my side, took my unresisting hands between her own, and seeing how little I appeared to notice the endearment, she gradually sank on her knees before me, and placing her forehead upon my hands, remained for a space in silence. Feeling her hot tears trickling through my fingers called me back from my dark reverie, and as I became aware of the present, a sigh so deep and so long, burst forth, that it seemed to rend my bosom.

[1] Continued from vol. xiv. p. 432.

Those dark, lustrous, melancholy eyes, swimming in tears, were then lifted up to mine. Ages of eloquence were contained in that one look. In it, I read the whole story of her life, the depth of her love, the fealty of her faith, and the deep, the unspeakable prayer for sympathy, for love, and for protection. The mute appeal was unanswerable. It seemed to be conveyed to me by the voice of destiny; to my mind, louder and more awful than thunder. At that moment I pledged myself eternally to her, and gradually drawing up her yielding, light, and elastic form from my knees to my bosom, I sobbed out, "Whilst I breathe, dearest, thou shalt never writhe under the lash," and then, giving way to an uncontrollable passion of weeping, I mingled my tears with hers—and we were happy. Yes, our young love was baptized with tears—an ominous and a fitting rite. We cried in each other's arms like children, as we were, at first with anguish, then with hope and affection, and, at length, in all the luxury of a new-born bliss.

When this passion had a little subsided, and smiles, and murmuring ejaculations of happiness, had driven away the symbols of what is not always anguish, old Manuel approached, and appeared much pleased at the tokens of affection that we mutually lavished upon each other. And then with my arm encircling Josephine's slender waist, and her fair face upon my shoulder, he began his artful discourse. Gradually he led me to speak of myself, my friends, my views, and, ultimately, my strange and mysterious story was fully unfolded. Even in this prolonged relation, I was amply rewarded by the impassioned looks, at once so tender and so thrilling, of the beauteous listener by my side, by the ready tear at every passage that told of suffering; the fond creature creeping still more closely to me at every instance of danger, and, bright the beam of triumph would flash from her eye, responsive to every incident of my success.

When all was told, and half wondering, and faintly smiling, I finished by the rather silly expression of—"And here I am," I was immediately imprisoned in the arms of Josephine, as she pathetically exclaimed, "and for ever."

"Josephine speaks well," said Manuel, rising and placing patriarchally a hand on the head of each of us. "My children, would it were for ever! It appears, by the narrative that Monsieur has done us the great honour to relate, that he is a castaway—an unowned—and if my young friend makes use of all the wisdom he doubtless possesses in so high a degree, he will join us in blessing Providence, that has given the gallant young homeless one a home; for I need not tell him, that all he sees around is his, the land and the house, and to the hitherto unloved a young and tender heart that will cherish him, to the fatherless a father."

And thus the old *emigré* concluded his speech, with a tear glistening in his eye—and an unexceptionable bow. Had he flung himself into my arms, the effect would have been complete. I hate to record this sort of scenes; but, as I have imposed the task upon myself, I will go through it; and, though the temptation is great, seeing what I was then, the disciple as well as the offspring of romance, and what I now am, worldly in the world's most sordid worldliness, to do my penance

in self-mockery—for the sake of the young hearts still unseared, I will refrain.

I was exceedingly affected and agitated at this appeal, the purport of which I could not misunderstand. My emotions, at first, prevented me from speaking. I arose from the sofa, Josephine still hanging upon my shoulder, and taking her father's hand, led them both to the window. The sun was near the horizon, and mountain, sea, and green valley, and dark forest, were steeped in a roseate glory. About three miles distant and beneath us, my gallant frigate sate in the bosom of the gently rippling waters, like a sultana upon her embroidered divan, her ensign and her pennant streaming out fair and free to the evening breeze. I pointed to her, and with a voice scarcely articulate, for, at that period, the sob would rise too readily to my throat, and the tear start too freely to my eye, I exclaimed,

"Behold my home—my country claims the duty of a son!"

"Monsieur knows best," said Manuel, almost coldly. "His countrymen have conquered us: you are a gallant race, undoubtedly, but one of them has not shown much mercy to my daughter."

The passionate girl was at my feet—yes, kneeling at my feet, and her supplicating hands were clasped in that attitude of humility that is due only to God. Who taught her the infinite pathos of that beautiful posture? Taught her! She had no teachers save nature and love.

"Josephine," said I, lifting her gently up, and kissing her fair brow, "you are breaking my heart. I cannot stand this—I must rush out of the house. I have never said I loved you"—(mean subterfuge.)

"But you do, you do—it is my fate—it is yours—for three years I have been expecting you—disbelieve me not—ask the Obeah woman. It is true,"—and then hurrying out the words like the down-pouring of the mountain torrent, she continued, "Do you love me—do you love me—do you love me?"

"I do, Josephine—I do—distractedly!—but stern honour stands in the way."

"And what is this honour?" she exclaimed with genuine simplicity; for it was evident that if she had ever heard the word before, she had not the remotest idea of its meaning: "Et quelle est cette honneur-là?" and there was contempt in her tone.

I had no words to reply.

"Will this honour do that for you which my father—which I will do? What has this honour done for him?—tell me, father. Has it put that gay blue jacket on him, or that small sword by his side: show him, my dear father, the rich dresses that we have, and the beautiful arms. Will honour watch you in your hours of sickness—take you out in the noon-day heats, and show you the cool shady places, and the refreshing rippling springs? What is this honour, that seems to bid you to break my heart, and make me die of very grief?"

"Monsieur Manuel," said I, extremely confused, "have the kindness to explain to dear Josephine what honour is."

"A rule of conduct," he replied with severity, "that was never recorded, never understood, and which men construe just as suits

heir convenience. One honest impulse of the heart is worth all the honour I ever heard of."

This was a delicate helping of a friend in a dilemma. I turned for relief from the sarcastic father to the beautiful countenance of the daughter, and I there beheld an expression of intense sorrow that agonized me. Her sudden and, to me, totally unexpected animation had disappeared: melancholy seemed to have drooped her darkest wings over her. I thought that she must soon die under their noxious shadow. For one instant, my eyes caught hers: I could not stand the appeal.

"I will stay," said I gently, "until the ship sails."

I had then, for the first time, to witness the enthusiasm of the melancholy temperament—the eloquence of unschooled nature. The bending figure, that seemed to collapse in weakness upon my supporting arm, suddenly flung herself from me, her rounded and delicate figure swelled at once into sudden dignity, her muscles assumed the rigidity, yet all the softness of a highly-polished Grecian statue, and stood before me, as if by enchantment, half woman, half marble, beautiful inexpressibly. I was sorely tried. There was no action, no waving of the arms as she spoke. Her voice came forth musically, as if from some sacred oracle, that oracle having life only in words. Monsieur Manuel had very wisely departed.

"Not an hour,—not a minute,—not an instant, or—*for ever!* Young sir, you have already staid too long, if you stay not always. Leave me to dream of you, and to die. The thorn is in my heart: it may kill me gradually.—Go. Why, sir, have you looked upon me as man never before looked? Why, why have you mingled your false tears with mine that were so true—and, oh, so loving? But what am I, who thus speak so proudly to a being, whom if I did not know he was treacherous, I should think an angel? (*un des bons esprits.*) I, a poor, weak, ignorant girl of colour—born of a slave, to slavery—whose only ambition was to have been loved, loved for a short, short while—for know, that I am to die early—I should not have troubled you long. But you are too good for me—I was a presumptuous fool.—Go, and at once, and take with you all that I have to give—the blessing of a young born-bondswoman."

All this time she had stood firmly and nearly motionless, with her hands folded beneath her heaving bosom, at some distance from me. I approached her with extended arms, and had some such foolish rhapsody on my tongue, as "Beautiful daughter of the sun," for I had already contemplated her under a new character, when retreating and waving me from her, she continued—

"Already too much of this—let me die by cruelty rather than by caresses, which are the worst of cruelty. I feel a new spirit living within me. I am a child no more. Yesterday I should have crouched before you, as one degraded, as I ought to do. You have pressed me to your bosom—you have spoken to me as your equal—even your tears have bathed my brow. You have ennobled me. Oh! it is a happiness and a great glory. I, formerly so humble, command you to go—go, dear, dear, Edward. You will not kill me quite by going *now*, therefore be generous, and go."

I was already sufficiently in love, and began to feel ashamed of myself, for not having, as yet, caught a little of her enthusiasm.

"Josephine," said I, in a quiet, serious tone, "give me your hand." I took it—it was deadly cold. At that moment all her best blood was rallying round her heart. I led her to the open window, and showed her the noble frigate so hateful to her sight, and said, "Dear Josephine, in that ship there are more than three hundred gallant fellows, all of whom are my countrymen, and some of them my familiar friends. I have often shared with them danger, unto the very jaws of death. I have broken my bread with some of them, constantly, for nearly three years. These are all claims on me; you see that I am speaking to you calmly. I had no idea what a little impassioned orator you were—do not look so dejected and so humble. I love you for it the more. I only made the remark to convince you, that what I say, is not the mere prompting of a transient impulse. Now, Josephine, in my own far-away land, I have also a few friends; nor am I wholly a cast-away; there is a mystery about my origin which I wish to dissipate, yet that I cherish. If I conduct myself as I have hitherto done, in time I shall have the sole control and government of a vessel, as proud as the one before you, and of all the noble spirits it will contain. The mystery of which I have spoken I am most sanguine will be cleared up, and I may, peradventure, one day take my place among the nobles of my land, as it now is among the nobles of the sea. Weep not thus, my love, or you will infect me with emotions too painful to be borne. Let us be calm for a little space. The reign of passion will commence soon enough. Mark me, Josephine. For you—God forgive me if I commit sin!—for you, I cast off my associates—sever all my ties of friendship, let the mystery of my birth remain unravelled, renounce the land of my birth—for you, I encounter the peril of being hung for desertion. Josephine, you will incur a great debt—a heavy responsibility. My heart, my happiness is in your hands. Josephine, I stay!"

"For ever!"

"For ever!" A wild shriek of joy burst from her delighted lips, as she leaped to my bosom; and for the first time, our lips sealed the mysterious compact of love. After a moment, I gently released myself from the sweet bondage of her embrace, and said, "Dear Josephine, this cannot be to me a moment of unalloyed joy. You see the sun is half below the horizon; give me one moment of natural grief, for so surely as I stay here, so surely like that orb are all my hopes of glory setting, and for ever." And the tears came into my eyes as I exclaimed, "Farewell, my country—farewell, honour—Eos, my gallant frigate, fare thee well!" As if instinct with life, the beautiful vessel answered my apostrophe. The majestic thunder of her main-deck gun boomed awfully, and methought sorrowfully, over the waters, and then bounded among the echoes of the distant hills around and above me, slowly dying away in the distant mountains. It was the gun which, as commodore, was fired at sunset. "It is all over," I exclaimed. "I have made my election—leave me for a little while alone."

She bounded from me in a transport of joy, shouting, "He stays,

he stays!" and I heard the words repeated among the groups of negresses, who loved her; it seemed to be the burthen of a general song; the glad realization of some prophecy, for ere the night was an hour old, the old witch, who had had the tuition of Josephine, had already made a mongrel sort of hymn of the affair, whilst a circle of black chins were wagging to a chorus of

"Goramity good, buchra body stays!"

I saw no more of Josephine that night. The old gentleman her father joined me after I had been alone nearly two hours—two hours, I assure the reader, of misery. I contemplated a courtship of some decent duration, and a legal marriage at the altar. I tried to view my position on all sides, and thus to find out that which was the most favourable for my mind's eye to rest upon. It was but a disconsolate survey. Sometimes a dark suspicion, that I repelled from me as if it were a demon whispering murder in my ear, would hint to me the possibility that I was entrapped. However, the lights that came in with Monsieur Manuel, dissipated them and darkness together. He behaved extremely well. Gave me an exact account of all his possessions, and of his ready money, the latter of which was greatly beyond my expectations, and the former very considerable. He immediately gave me an undertaking, that he would, if I remained with him, adopt me as his son, allow me during his life a competency fit to support me and his daughter genteelly, and to make me his sole heir at his death. This undertaking bound him also to see the proper documents duly and legally drawn up by a notary, so as to render the conditions of our agreement binding on both parties. We then spoke, as father and son, of our future views. We were determined to leave the island immediately we could get any thing like its value for the plantation, and the large gang of negroes upon it. But where go to then? England?—my desertion. France?—yes, it was there that we were to spend our lives. And thus we speculated on future events, that the future never owned.

I have said before, that during the whole time that I was in the navy, I never was intoxicated—and never once swallowed spirituous liquors. Both assertions are strictly true. This memorable evening, over our light supper, I drank, perhaps, two glasses of claret more than was my wont at Captain Reud's table. I was excessively wearied, both in mind and body. I became so unaccountably and lethargically drowsy, that, in spite of every effort of mine to the contrary, I fell fast asleep in the midst of a most animated harangue of the good Manuel, upon the various perfections of his lovely daughter—a strange subject for a lover to sleep upon, but so it was. Had Josephine's nurse and Obeah woman any thing to do with it? perhaps. They are skilful druggers. If my life, and the lives of all those dearer to me than life itself, had depended upon my getting up and walking across the room, I could not have done it. How I got to bed I know not, but I awoke in the morning in luxuriant health, with a blushing bride upon my bosom.

And then ensued days of dreamy ecstasy; my happiness seemed too great, too full, too overflowing to be real. Every thing around me

started into poetry. I seemed to be under the direction of fairy spirits: all my wants were cared for as if by invisible hands. It appeared to me that I had but to wish, and gratification followed before the wish was half formed. I was passive, and carried away in a trance of happiness. I was beset with illusions, and so intense were my feelings of rapture, mingled with doubt, and my blissful distraction so great, that it was late in the day before I noticed the dress I had on. The light and broad-brimmed planter's hat, the snowy white jean jacket and trowsers, and the infinitely fine linen shirt, with its elaborately laced front, had all been donned without my noticing the change from my usual apparel. It was a dress, from its purity and its elegance, worthy of a bridegroom. I learnt afterwards, that Josephine's old negress-nurse, had, with many, and powerful incantations—at least, as powerful as incantations always are—buried under six feet of earth every article of clothing in which I had first entered the mansion.

Well, there we were, a very pretty version of Paul and Virginia—not perhaps quite so innocent, but infinitely more happy, roving hand in hand through orange bowers, and aromatic shades. Love is sweet, and a first love very, very delightful; but when we are not only loved, but almost worshipped, that, that is the incense that warms the heart, and intoxicates the brain. Wherever I turned I found greetings and smiles, and respectful observance hovered along my path. The household adored their young mistress, and me through her.

Old Manuel seemed serenely happy. He encouraged us to be alone with each other. I could write volumes upon the little incidents, and interesting ones too, of this singular honeymoon. I observed no more bursts of passion in Josephine; her soul had folded its wings upon my bosom, and there dreamed itself away in a tender and loving melancholy. How I now smile, and perhaps could weep, when I call to mind all her little artifices of love to prevent my ever casting my eyes upon the hated ship. As I have related before, our little squadron at anchor in this secluded bay, departed one by one, leaving only the Eos, with her sorely wounded captain; yet, though I saw them not, I knew by Josephine's triumphant looks, when a vessel had sailed. All the jalousies in front of the house were nailed up, so that, if by chance I wandered into one of the rooms in that quarter, I saw nothing.

I had been domesticated in this paradise—a fool's perhaps, but still a paradise—a month, and I was sitting alone in the shade, reading, behind the house, when Josephine flew along the avenue of lemon trees, and flung herself into my arms, and sobbing hysterically, exclaimed, "My dear, dear Edward, now you are almost wholly mine; there is only one left."

"And that one, my Josephine?"

"Speak not of it, think not of it, sweet; it is not yours. But swear, swear to me again, you will never look upon it again; do, dearest, and I will learn a whole column extra of words in two syllables."

And I repeated the often iterated oath, and she sate down tranquilly at my feet, like a good little girl, and began murmuring the task she was committing to memory.

And how did the schooling get on? Oh! beautifully; we had

such sweet, and so many, school-rooms, and interruptions still more sweet and numerous. Sometimes our hall of study was beneath the cool rock, down the sides of which, green with age, the sparkling rill so delightfully trickled, sometimes in the impervious, quiet, and flower-enamelled bower, amidst all the spicy fragrance of tropical shrubs, and sometimes in the solemn old wood beneath the boughs of trees, that had stood for uncounted ages. And the interruptions. Repeatedly the book and the slate would be cast away, and we would start up, as if actuated by a single spirit, and chase some singularly beautiful humming bird; sometimes the genius of frolic would seize us, and we would chase each other round and round the old mahogany trees, with no other object than to rid ourselves of our exuberance of happiness; but the most frequent interruptions were, when she would close her book, and bathing me in the lustre of her melancholy eyes, bid me tell her some tale that would make her weep; or, with a pious awe, request me to unfold some of the mysteries of the universe around her, and commune with her of the attributes of their great and beneficent Creator.

Was not this a state of the supremest happiness? Joy seemed to come down to me from heaven in floods of light—the earth to offer up her incense to me as I trod upon her beautiful and flower-encumbered bosom—the richly plumaged birds to hover about me as if sent to do me homage—even the boughs of the majestic trees as I passed them seemed to wave to me a welcome. Joy was in me and around me—there was no pause in my blissful feelings. I required no relaxation to enjoy them the more perfectly, for pleasure seemed to succeed pleasure in infinite variety. It was too glorious to last. The end was approaching, and that end was very bitter.

I had been living in the plantation nearly three months. My little wife, for such I held her to be, had made much progress in her education—more in my affection she could not. I had already put her into joining hand; and I began to be as proud of her dawning intellect, as I was of her person and of her love. I had renounced my country, and, in good faith, I had intended to have held by her for ever; and when I should find myself in a country where marriage with one born in slavery was looked upon as no opprobrium, I had determined that the marriage ceremony should be legally performed. To do all this I was in earnest; but events—or destiny—or by whatever high-sounding term we may call those occurrences which force us on in a path we wished not to tread—ruled it fearfully otherwise.

I religiously abstained from looking towards the ship, or even the sea; yet I plainly saw, by the alternations of hope, and joy, and fear, on Josephine's sweet countenance, that something of the most vital importance was about to take place. They could not conceal from me that parties of men had been searching for me, because, for a few days, I had been in actual hiding three or four miles with Josephine, up in the woody mountain. I must hurry over all this; for the recollection of it, even at this great lapse of time, is agonizing. The night before the Eos sailed she would not sleep—her incessant tears, the tremulous energy with which she clasped me, and held me for hours,

all told the secret that I wished not to know. All that night she watched, as a mother watches a departing and a first-born child—tearfully—anxiously—but overcome with fatigue, and the fierce contention of emotions, as the morning dawned, her face drooped away from mine, her clasping arms gradually relaxed, and murmuring my name with a blessing—she slept. Did she ever sleep again? May God pardon me, I know not.

I hung over her, and watched her, almost worshipping, until two hours after sunrise. I blessed her, as she lay there in all her tranquil beauty, fervently, and, instead of my prayers, I repeated over and over again my oath, that I would never desert her. But some devil, in order to spread the ashes of bitterness through the long path of my after life, suggested to me, that now, as the frigate had sailed for some time, there could be no danger in taking one last look at her; indeed, the thought of doing so, took the shape of a duty. I stole out of bed, and crept softly round to the front of the house. The place where the gallant ship had rode at anchor for so many weeks was vacant—all was still and lonely. I walked on to a higher spot, and far distant among the sinuosities of the romantic entrance to the harbour, my eye caught, for a moment, her receding pennant. I therefore concluded that every thing was safe—that I was cut off, and for ever, from my country. A little qualm of remorse passed through my bosom, and then I was exceeding glad. The morning was fresh, and the air invigorating, and I determined to walk down to the beautiful minutely sanded beech, and enjoy the refreshment of the sea breeze just sweeping gently over the bay. To do this I had to pass over a shoulder of land to my left. I gained the beach, and stood upon it, for some minutes, with folded arms. This particular walk had been so long debarred to me, that I now enjoyed it the more. I was upon the point of turning round and seeking the nest where I had left my dove sleeping in conscious security, when, to my horror, I beheld the Eos's pinnace full-manned and double-banked, the wave foaming up her cutwater, and roaring under her sixteen oars, rapidly round the rocky hummock that formed the eastern horn of the little bay. Her prow soon tore up the sand, and the third lieutenant, a master's mate, and the officer of marines, with four privates, leaped ashore immediately. For a few moments I was paralysed with terror, and then suddenly springing forward, I ran off at the top of my speed. I need not say, that my pursuers gave chase heartily. I had no other choice but to run on straight before me; and that unfortunately was up a rocky, rugged side of a steep hill, that rose directly from the beach, covered with that abominable vegetable, or shrub, the prickly pear. I was in full view, and being hailed, and told that I should be fired upon if I did not bring to, in the space of a short three minutes, before I was out of breath, I was in the hands of my captors—a prisoner.

I prayed—I knelt—I wept. It was useless. I have scarcely the courage to write what then took place, it was so fearful—it was so hideous. Bounding down the hill, in her night dress, her long black hair streaming like a meteor behind her, and her naked feet, usually so exquisitely white, covered with blood, came Josephine, shrieking, "Edward!" Her voice seemed to stab my bosom like an actual

knife. Behind her came running her father, and a number of negro men and women. Before she could reach me, they had flung me into the stern sheets of the boat.

"Shove off! shove off!" shouted the lieutenant, and the boat was immediately in motion. Like a convicted felon, or a murderer taken in the fact, I buried my craven head in my knees, and shut my eyes. I would not have looked back for kingdoms. But I could not, or did not, think of preventing myself from hearing. The boat had not pulled ten yards from the beach, when I heard a splash behind us, and simultaneous cries of horror from the boat's crew, and those on shore; among which the agonized voice of the heart-broken father rose shrilly, as he exclaimed, "Josephine, my child!" I looked up for a moment, but dared not look round; and I saw every man in the boat dashing away the tears from his eyes with one hand, as he reluctantly pulled his oar with the other.

"Give way! give way!" roared the lieutenant, stamping violently against the grating at his feet. "Give way! or by G—d she'll overtake us."

The poor girl was swimming after me.

"Percy," said Selby, stooping down and whispering in my ear, "Percy, I can't stand it; if it was not as much as my life was worth, I would put you on shore directly." I could answer him only by a long, convulsive shudder. The horrible torment of those moments!

Then ascended the loud howling curse of the negroes behind us. The seamen rose up upon their oars, and, with a few violent jerks, the pinnace shot round the next point of land, and the poor struggler in the water was seen no more. Tidings never after came to me of her. I left her struggling in the waters of the ocean. My first love and my last—my only one.

I was taken on board stupified. I was led up the side like a sick man. No one reproached me—no one spoke to me. I became physically, as well as mentally, ill. I went to my hammock with a stern feeling of joy, hoping soon to be lashed up in it, and find my grave in the deep, blue sea. At first, my only consolation was enacting over and over again all the happy scenes with Josephine; but as they invariably terminated in one dreadful point, this occupation became hateful. I then endeavoured to blot the whole transaction from my memory—to persuade myself that the events had not been real—that I had dreamed them—or read them, long ago, in some old book. But the mind is not so easily cheated—remorse not so soon blinded.

Notwithstanding my misery, I became convalescent. I went to my duty doggedly. Every body saw, and respected, my grief; and the affair was never mentioned to me by any, with one only exception, and that was six months after, by a heavy, brutal master's mate, who had been in the pinnace that brought me off.

He came close to me, and without preparation, he electrified me by drawling out, "I say, Percy, what a mess you made of it at Aniana, that girl of yours, to my thinking, burst a blood-vessel as she was giving you chase. I saw the blood bubble out of her mouth and nose."

"Liar!" I exclaimed, and seizing a heavy block that one of the afterguard was fitting, I felled him to the deck.

The base-hearted poltroon went and made his complaint to Captain Reud, who ordered him to leave the ship immediately he came into harbour.

We must now retrograde a little in the narrative, in order to show what events led to the disastrous catastrophe I have just related. Captain Reud, having been lying for many, many weeks, apparently unconscious of objects around him, one morning said, in a faint, low voice, when Dr. Thompson and Mr. Farmer, the first lieutenant, were standing near him, "Send Edward Percy to read the Bible to me."

Now, since my absence, some supposed I had been privately stabbed by one of the few ferocious and angry marauders still left in the town; but, as no traces of my body could be found, still more of my shipmates believed that I had deserted. In plain sincerity, these latter friends of mine were, as our trans-atlantic brethren say, pretty considerably, slap-dashically right. However, as the shock to the wounded captain would have been the greater to say, that I had been assassinated, they chose the milder alternative, and told him, that "they feared that I had deserted."

Captain Reud merely said, "I don't believe it;" turned his face to the bulkhead, and remained silent for three or four days more. Still, as he was proceeding towards convalescence, he began to be more active, or rather, ordered more active measures to be taken to clear up the mystery of my disappearance. Parties were consequently sent to scour the country for miles round; but I was too well concealed to permit them to be of any utility. The only two seamen that had seen me near Manuel's premises, belonged to the frigate which had sailed before my captain had recovered his faculties.

But I was not to be so easily given up; perhaps he remembered that what remained of life to him was preserved by me, and, notwithstanding his cruel usage, I well knew that he entertained for me a sincere affection. As the Eos got under weigh, after remaining so long at anchor in the port, that the men observed, she would shortly ground upon the beef-bones that their active masticators had denuded and which were thrown overboard: the wind was light, and the boats were all out towing, with the exception of the pinnace, which was ordered to sweep round the bay and look into all the inlets, in order to seek for some vestige of my important self. For good, or for evil, the heart-rending results ensued.

How short is the real romance of life! A shout of joy—a pulsation of ecstasy, and it is over! In the course of my eventful life, I have seen very fair faces and many very beautiful forms. To the fascinations of exterior loveliness, I have met with high intellect, unswerving principles, and virtuous emotions, awful from their very holiness. The fair possessors of many of these lofty attributes I have sometimes wooed, and strove to love; but though I now sighed and prayed for a return of that heart-whole and absorbing passion, there was no magic, no charm to call the dead embers into life. That young and beautiful savage swept from my bosom all the tenderer stuff: she collected the fresh flowers of passion, and left——it is of no consequence—Josephine—farewell.

Let us talk idly. It is a droll world:—let us mock each other, and call it mirth. There is my poor half-deranged captain cutting such antics, that even authority with the two-edged sword in his hand, cannot repress the out-bursting of ignoble derision. First of all, he takes a mania for apes and monkeys, disrates all his midshipmen, taking care, however, that they still do their duty, and makes the ship's tailor rig out their successors in uniform. The officers are aghast, for the maniac is so cunning, and the risk of putting a superior officer under an arrest so tremendous, that they knew not what to do. Besides, their captain is only mad on one subject at one time. Indeed, insanity seems to find a vent in a monomania, actually improving all the faculties on all other points. Well, the monkey midshipmen did not behave very correctly: so Captain Reud had them one forenoon all tied up to one of his guns in the cabin, and, one after the other, well flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails. It was highly ludicrous to see the poor fellows waiting each for his turn, well knowing what was to come: they never, than when under the impression of their fears, looked more human. That night they all stole into the cabin, by two and three, in the dead of the night, and nearly murdered their persecutor. This looked very like combination, and an exercise of faculties that may be nearly termed reasoning.

They were all thrown overboard. The next phantasy was the getting up of the forecastle carronades into the tops, thereby straining the ship, and nearly carrying away the masts. That folly wore out, and the guns came down to their proper places. Then a huge bear came on board—a very gentlemanly, dignified fellow; never in a hurry, and who always moved about with a gracious deliberation. Captain Reud amused himself by endeavouring to teach him to dance; and a worthless blackguard who could play on the pipe and tabor, and who probably had led a bear about the country, was taken into especial grace and was loaded with benefits, in order to assist his captain in his singular avocations.

"Come and see my bear dance,—do come and see him dance," was now the little Creole's continual cry. But the bear did not take his tuition kindly, and grew daily more ferocious; till at length, seizing his opportunity, he caught up the diminutive skipper and nearly hugged the breath out of his body, and almost rubbed his red nose off his yellow face, in endeavouring to bite him through his muzzle. The star of Ursa Major was no longer in the ascendant, and he was bartered away with the master of the first merchant vessel we met for a couple of game cocks, and the bear-leader turned back into the waist, and flogged the next day for impertinence, whilst, two days before, the vagabond was too proud to say "sir" to a middy.

But it would be impertinent to enumerate the long succession of these insane whimsicalities, each later one being more *bizarre* than the preceding.

Whether man be mad or not, Christmas will come round again. Now Jack, from time immemorial, thinks that he has aright undeniable to get drunk on that auspicious day. In harbour, that right is not discussed by his officers, but is usually exercised *sub silentio* under their eyes, with every thing but silence on the part of the exercisers.

Even at sea, without the ship be in sight of the enemy, or it blows hard enough to blow the ship's coppers overboard, our friends think it hard, very hard, to have their cups scored next morning upon their back; and, indeed, to keep all a frigate's crew from intoxication on a Christmas-day, would be something like undertaking the labour of Sysiphus, for as fast as one man could be frightened or flogged into sobriety another would become glorious.

It was for this very reason that Captain Reud, the Christmas-day after he had received his wound, undertook the task, and, as the weather was fine, he hoped to find it to be quite as hard as rolling a stone up a steep hill, and invariably seeing it bound down again before it attains the coveted summit. Immediately after breakfast, he had the word passed fore and aft that no man should be drunk that day, and that six dozen (not of wine) would be the reward of any who should dare, in the least, to infringe that order. What is drunkenness? What it is, we can readily pronounce, when we see a man under its revolting phases. What is not drunkenness, is more hard to say. Is it not difficult to ascertain the nice line that separates excitement from incipient delirium? Not at all, to a man like Captain Reud. To understand a disease thoroughly, a physician will tell you, that you will be much assisted by the having suffered from it yourself. Upon this self-evident principle, our Æsculapius with the epaulettes was the first man drunk in the ship. After dinner that day he had heightened his testing powers with an unusual, even to him, share of claret.

Well, at the usual time we beat to quarters; that is always done just before the hammocks are piped down; and it is then that the sobriety of the crew, as they stand to their guns, is narrowly looked into by the respective officers; for then the grog has been served out for the day, and it is supposed to have been all consumed. The captain, of course, came on the quarter-deck to quarters, making tack and half tack, till he fairly threw out his starboard grappling iron, and moored himself to one of the belaying-pins round the mizen mast.

"Mister Farmer," said he to the first luff," you see I know how to keep a ship in discipline—not (hiccup) a man drunk on board of her."

"I doubt it, sir," was the respectful answer. "I think, sir, I can see one now," said he, taking his eyes off his superior, after a searching glance, and looking carelessly around.

"Where is he?"

"Oh, sir, we must not forget that it is Christmas-day: so, if you please, sir, we will not scrutinize very particularly."

"But we will scru—scrutinize very particularly: remember me of scru—scrutinize, Mister Percy—a good word that scru—screws—trenails—tenpenny nails—hammers—iron-clamps, and dog-fastenings—what were we talking about, Mr. Farmer? Oh; sobriety!—we will—assuredly (hiccup) find out the drunken man."

So, with a large *cortége* of officers, the master-at-arms, and the ship's corporals, Captain Reud, leaning his right arm heavily upon my left shoulder, for he was cunning enough, just then, to find that the gout was getting into his foot, we proceeded round the ship on our voyage of discovery. Now, it is no joke for a man half drunk to be tried for drunkenness by one wholly so. It was a curious and a comic

sight, that examination for many of the examined were conscious of a cup too much. These invariably endeavoured to look the most sober. As we approached the various groups around each gun, the different artifices of the men to pass muster were most amusing. Some drew themselves stiffly up, and looked as rigid as iron-stanchions; others took the examination with an easy, *debonnair* air, as if to say, "Who so innocent as I?" Some again, not exactly liking the judge, quietly dodged round, shifting places with their shipmates, so that when the captain peered into the eyes of the last for the symptoms of ebriety, the mercurial rascals had quietly placed themselves first.

To the sharp, startling accusation, "You are drunk, sir," the answers were beautifully various. The indignant "No, sir!"—the well-acted surprise, "I, sir?"—the conciliatory "God bless your honour, no sir,"—the logical, "Bill Bowling was cook to day, sir,"—and the sarcastic "No more than your honour's honour," to witness, were, as we small wits say, better than a play.

The search was almost unavailing. The only fish that came to the net, was a poor idiotic young man, that, to my certain knowledge, had not tasted grog for months; for his messmates gave him a hiding whenever he asked for his allowance. To the sudden "You're drunk, sir," of Captain Reud, the simple youth, taken by surprise, and perhaps thinking it against the articles of war to contradict the captain, said, "Yes, sir; but I haven't tasted grog since——"

"You got drunk, sir; take him aft, master-at-arms, and put him in irons."

The scrutiny over, our temperate captain went aft himself, glorifying, that in all the ship's company, there was only one instance of intoxication on Christmas-day, and thus he delivered himself, hiccupping, on the gratifying occasion—

"I call that discipline, Mr. Farmer. The only drunken man in his Majesty's vessel under my command, aft on the poop in irons, and that fellow not worth his salt."

"I quite agree with you," said the sneering purser, "that the only fellow who has dared to get disgracefully drunk to day, is not worth his salt, and he is not in irons, aft on the poop."

"I am sure he is not," said the first lieutenant.

"That is as—astonishing," said the mystified extirpator of intemperance, as he staggered into his cabin, to console himself for, and to close his labours with the two other bottles.

The reader will perceive from these incidents, that it was time that Captain Reud retired to enjoy his laurels on his *solum natale*, in *otium cum*, as much *dignitate* as would conduce to the happiness of one of his mischief-loving temperament. The admiral on the station thought so too, when Reud took the ship into Port Royal. He superseded the black pilot, and took upon himself to con the ship; the consequence was, that she hugged the point so closely, that she went right upon the church steeple of old Port Royal, which is very quietly laying beside the new one, submerged by an earthquake, and a hole was knocked in the ship's fore foot, of that large and ruinous description, which may be aptly compared to the hole in a patriot's reputation, who has lately taken office with his quondam opponents. With all the

efforts of all the fleet, who sent relays of hands on board of us, to work the pumps, we could not keep her afloat, so we were obliged, first putting a thrummed sail under her bottom, to tow her alongside of the dock-yard wharf, lighten her, and lash her to it.

The same evening, by nine o'clock, she had an empty hull, and all the ship's company and officers were located in the dock-yard, and preparations were made, the next day, for heaving the frigate down. It was the opinion of every body, that had not our skipper been the nephew of the very high official of the Admiralty, he would have been tried by a court martial, for thus attempting to overturn sub-marine churches, and cracking the bottom of his majesty's beautiful frigate. As it was, we were only ordered to be repaired with all haste, and to go home, very much indeed to the satisfaction of every body but the captain himself. As I never intended this to be a mere journal of my life, I have omitted a multiplicity of occurrences, highly interesting in themselves, but which, if they were related, would swell the work to a small library; as they were not immediately personal to myself, I have omitted even to enumerate them.

However, I must retrograde. It may seem surprising that I have made so little mention of my messmates, for it would seem, that to a midshipman, the affairs and characters of midshipmen would be paramount. To me they were not so, for reasons that I have before stated. Besides, our berth was like an eastern caravansary, or the receiving-room of a pest-house. They all died, were promoted, or went into other ships, excepting two, and myself, who returned to England. It must not be supposed that we were without young gentlemen, sometimes we had our full complement, sometimes half. Fresh ones came, and they died, and so on. Before I had time to form friendships with them, or to study their characters, they took their long sleep beneath the palisades, or were thrown overboard in their hammocks. This was much the case with the wardroom officers. The first lieutenant, the doctor, and the purser, were the only original ones that returned to England with us. The mortality among the assistant-surgeons was dreadful; they messed with us. Indeed, I have no recollection of the names, or even the persons of the majority of those with whom I ate, and drank, and acted, they being so prone to prove this a transitory world.

We were tolerably healthy till the capture of St. Domingo, when, being obliged to convey a regiment of French soldiers to the prisons at Port Royal, they brought the fever in its worst form on board, and, notwithstanding every remedial measure, that the then state of science could suggest, we never could eradicate the germs of it. The men were sent on board of a hulk, the vessel throughly cleansed and fumigated, and finally, we were ordered as far north as New Providence; but all these means were ineffectual, for, at intervals, nearly regular, the fever would again appear, and men and officers die.

Hitherto I had escaped. The only attack to which I was subjected, took place in the capstan-house, for so the place was called where we were bivouacked during the heaving down of the ship. I record it, not that my conduct under the disease may be imitated, but on account of the singularity of the access, and the rapidity of the cure.

I had to tow from Port Royal up to Kingston a powder hoy, and

through some misconduct of the coxswain, the boat's awning had beenleft behind. Six or seven hours under a sun, vertical at noon, through the hotter part of the day, and among the swamps and morasses, so luxuriant in vegetable productions, that separate Port Royal from Kingston, is a good ordeal by which to try a European constitution. For the first time, my stamina seemed inclined to succumb before it. When I returned to Port Royal, at about four in the afternoon, the first peculiar sensation with which I was attacked, was a sort of slipping of the ground from under me as I trod, and a notion that I could skim along the surface of the earth if I chose, without using my legs. Then I was not, as is most natural to a fasting midshipman, excessively hungry, but excessively jocular. So, instead of seeking good things to put into my mouth, I went about dispensing them from out of it. I soon began to be sensible that I was talking much nonsense, and to like it. At length, the little sense that I had still left, was good enough to suggest to me that I might be distinguished, by my first interview, with that king of terrors, Saffron-crowned Jack. "Shall I go to the doctor?" said I. "No—I have the greatest opinion of Doctor Thompson—but it is a great pity that he cannot cure the yellow fever. No doubt he'll be offended, and we are the greatest of friends. But, I have always observed, that all those who go to the doctor, begin going indeed—for from the doctor they invariably go to their hammocks—from their hammocks to the hospital—and from the hospital to the palisades." So, while there was yet time, I decided to go in quite an opposite direction. I went out of the dock-yard gates, and to a nice, matronly, free mulatto, who was a mother to me—and something more. She was a woman of some property, and had a very strong gang of young negroes, that she used to hire out to his Majesty, to work in his Majesty's dock-yard, and permit, for certain considerations, to caulk the sides and bottoms of his Majesty's vessels of war.

Notwithstanding this intimate connexion between his Majesty and herself, she did not disdain to wash, or caused to be washed, the shirts and stockings of his Majesty's officers of the navy; that is, if she liked those officers. Now she was kind enough to like me exceedingly; and though very pretty, and not yet very old, all in a very proper and platonic manner. She was also a great giver of dignity balls, and when she was full dressed, Miss Belinda Bellorôsa was altogether a very seductive personage. A warrant officer was her abomination. She had refused the hands of many master's mates, and I knew, "for true," to use her own bewitching idiom, that several lieutenants had made her the most honourable overtures.

Well, to Miss Belinda I made the best of my way. I am choice in my phrases. I could hardly make my way at all, for a strange sort of delirium was supervening. Immediately she saw me, she exclaimed, "Ah Goramity! him catched for sure—it break my heart to see him. You know I lub Massa Percy, like my own piccaninny. S'elp me God, he very bad."

"My queen of countless Indians! dear duchess of doubloons! marry me to-night, and then you'll be a jolly widow to-morrow!"

"Hear him! him! how talk of marry me!"

"Oh! Bella dear, if you will not kill me with kindness, what shall I do? I cannot bear this raging pain in my head. You've been a kind soul to me. Pardon my nonsense, I could not help it. Let one of your servants help me to walk to the doctor."

"Nebber, nebber, doctor!" and she spat upon the floor with a sovereign contempt. "Ah, Massa Eddard, me lub you dearly—you sleep here to-night—me lose my reputation—nebber mind you dat. What for you no run, Dorcas, a get me from Massa Jackson's store, bottle good port? Tell him for me, Missy Bellorosa. You Phœbe, you oder woman of colour there, why you no take Massa Edward, and put him in best bed? Him bad, for certainly—make haste, or poor Buckra boy die."

So, with the assistance of my two dingy handmaidens, I was popped into bed, and, according to the directions of my kind hostess, a suffocating number of blankets heaped upon me. Shortly afterwards, and when my reeling senses were barely sane enough to enable me to recognise objects, my dear doctress, with two more negresses to witness to her reputation, entered, and putting the bottle of port, with a white powder floating at the top of it, into a china bowl, compelled me to drink off the whole of it. Then, with a look of great and truly motherly affection, she took her leave of me, telling the two nurses to put another blanket on me, and to hold me down in the bed if I attempted to get out.

Then began the raging agony of fever. I felt as one mass of sentient fire. I had a foretaste of that state which, I hope, we shall all escape, save one, of ever burning and never consuming, but though moments of such suffering tell upon the wretch with the duration of ages, this did not last more than half an hour, when they became exchanged for a dream, the most singular, and that will never be forgotten whilst memory can offer me one single idea.

Methought that I was suddenly whisked out of bed, and placed in the centre of an interminable plain of sand. It bounded the horizon like a level sea: nothing was to be seen but this white and glowing sand, the intense blue and cloudless sky, and directly above me the eternal sun, like the eye of an angry god, pouring down intolerable fires upon my unprotected head. At length my skull opened, and from the interior of my head a splendid temple seemed to arise. Rows of columns supported rows of columns, order was piled upon order, and as it rose, Babel-like, to the skies, it extended in width as it increased in height, and there in this strange edifice, I saw the lofty, the winding, the interminable staircase, the wide and marble-paved courts, nor was there wanting the majestic and splashing fountain, whose cool waters were mocking my scorched-up lips; and there were also the long range of beautiful statues. The structure continued multiplying itself until all the heavens were full of it, extending nearly to the horizon all around.

Under this superincumbent weight I long struggled to stand. It kept bearing down more and more heavily upon the root of my brain: the anguish became insufferable, but I still nobly essayed to keep my footing, with a defiance and a pride that savoured of impious presumption. At length, I felt completely overcome, and exclaimed,

"God of mercy relieve me, the burden is more than I can bear." Then commenced the havoc in this temple, that was my head, and was not; there were the toppling down of the vast columns, the crashing of the severed architraves, the grinding together of the rich entablatures; the breaking up, with noise louder than ever thunder was heard by man, of the marble pavements, the ruins crushed together in one awful confusion above me;—nature could do no more, and my dream slept.

The sun was at its meridian height when I awoke the next day in health, with every sensation renewed, that is, in so sweet a feeling that makes the mere act of living delightful. I found nothing remarkable, but that I had been subjected to a profuse perspiration.

Miss Bellorosa met me at breakfast all triumph, and I was all gratitude. I was very hungry, and as playful as a school-boy who had just procured a holiday.

"Eh! Massa Eddard, suppose no marry me to-day—what for you no say yes to that?"

"Because, dear Bella, you wouldn't have me."

"Try,—you ask me," said she, looking at me with a fondness not quite so maternal as I could wish.

"Bella, dearest, will you marry me?"

"For true?"

"For true."

"Tanky, Massa Percy, dear, tanky; you make me very happy; but, for true, no. Were you older more fifteen year, or me more fifteen year younger, perhaps—but tank ye much for the comblement. Now go, and tell buckra doctor."

So, as I could not reward my kind physician with my hand, which, by-the-by, I should not have offered, had I not been certain of refusal, I was obliged to force upon her as splendid a trinket as I could purchase for a keepsake, and gave my sable nurses a handful of bits each. Bits of what? say the uninitiated.

I don't know whether I have described this fever case very nosologically, but very truly, I know I have.

During all the time that these West Indian events had been occurring, nearly three years, I had had no other communication with England than regularly and repeatedly sending there various pieces of paper, thus headed, "This, my first of exchange, my second and third not paid;" or, for variety's sake, "This, my second of exchange, my first and third," &c.; or to be more various still, "This, my third, my first and second,"—all of which received more attention than their strange phraseology seemed to entitle them to.

But I must now introduce a new character; one that attended me for years like an evil shadow, nor left me until the "beginning of the end."

The ship had been hove down, the wound in her forefoot healed; that is to say, the huge rent stopped up, and we were beginning to get water and stores on board, and I was walking on the quay of the dockyard, when I was civilly accosted by a man having the appearance of a captain's steward. He was pale and handsome, with small white hands, and, if not actually genteel in his deportment, had that metropolitan refinement of look that indicated contact with gen-

teel society. Though dressed in the blue jacket and white duck trowsers of the sailor's Sunday best, at a glance, you would pronounce him to be no seaman. Before he spoke to me, he had looked attentively at several other midshipmen, some belonging to my own ship, others, young gentlemen who were on shore on dock-yard duty. At length, after a scrutiny sufficient to make me rather angry, he took off his hat very respectfully, and said,

"Have I the honour of speaking to Mr. Edward Percy?"

"You have: well, my man?"

"Ah, sir, you forget me, and no wonder. My name, sir, is Daunton. Joshua Daunton."

"Never heard the name before in my life."

"Oh, yes you have, sir, begging your pardon, very often indeed. Why, you used to call me Jossey; little Jossey, come here, you little vagabond, and let me ride you a pick-a-back."

"The devil I did!"

"Why, Mr. Percy, I was your fag at Mr. Root's school."

Now I knew this to be a lie, for under that very respectable pedagogue, and in that very respectable seminary, as the reader well knows, I was the *fagged*, and not the fagger.

"Now really, Joshua Daunton," said I, "I am inclined to think that you may be Joshua the little vagabond still; for, upon my honour, I remember nothing about you. Seeing there were so many hundred boys under Mr. Roots, my schoolfellow you might have been, but may I be vexed, if ever I fagged you or any one else. Now, my good man, prove to me that you have been my schoolfellow first, and then let me know what I can do for you afterwards, for I suppose that you have some favour to ask, or some motive in seeking me."

"I have, indeed," he replied, with a peculiar intonation of his voice, that might have been construed in many ways. He then proceeded to give me many details of the school at Islington, which convinced me, if there he had never been, he had conversed with some one who had. Still, he very skilfully evaded all my attempts at cross-examination, with a skill which gave me a much higher opinion of his intellect, than of his honesty. With the utmost efforts of my recollection, I could not recall him to mind, and I bluntly told him so. I then bade him tell me who he was, and what he wanted.

"I am the only son of an honest pawnbroker of Shoreditch. He was tolerably rich, and determined to give me a good education. He sent me to Mr. Roots' school. It was there that I had the happiness of being honoured by your friendship. Now, sir, you perceive, that though I am not so tall as you, by some inches, I am at least seven or eight years older. Shortly after you left school, to go to another at Stickenham, I also left, with my education, as my father fondly supposed, finished. Sir, I turned out bad. I confess it with shame—I was a rascal. My father turned me out of doors. I have had several ups and downs in the world since, and I am now steward on board of the London, the West Indiaman that arrived here the day before yesterday."

"Very well, Joshua, but how came you to know that I went to school at Stickenham?"

"Because, in my tramping about the country I saw you, with the other young gentlemen, in the play-ground on the common."

"Hum! but how in the name of all that is curious, came you to know that I was here at Port Royal dock-yard, and a young gentleman belonging to the Eos?"

"Oh! very naturally, sir. About two years ago I passed again over the same common with my associates. I could not resist the wish to see if you were still in the play-ground. I did not see you among the rest, and I made bold to inquire of one of the elder boys where you were. He told me the name of the ship, and of your captain. The first thing on coming into the harbour that struck my eye, was your very frigate alongside the dock-yard. I got leave to come on shore, and I knew you directly that I saw you."

"But why examine so many before you spoke to me? However, I have no reason to be suspicious, for time makes great changes. Now, what shall I do for you?"

"Give me your protection, and as much of your friendliness as is compatible with our different stations."

"But, Daunton, according to your own words, you have been a sad fellow. Before I extend to you what you require, I ought to know what you really have done. You spoke of tramping—have you been tramper—a gipsy?"

"I have."

"Have you ever committed theft?"

"Only in a small way."

"Ah! and swindled—only in a small way of course?"

"The temptations were great."

"Where will this fellow stop," thought I: "let us see, however, how far he will go," and then giving utterance to my thoughts, I continued, "The step between swindling and forgery is but very short," and I paused—for even I had not the confidence to ask him, "are you a forger?"

"Very," was the short, dry answer. I was astonished. Perhaps he will confess to the commission of murder.

"Oh! as you were just saying to yourself, we are the mere passive tools of fate—we are drawn on, in spite of ourselves. If a man comes in our way, why you know, in self-defence,—hey?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"A little prick under the ribs in a quiet way. The wanderings and jerkings of the angry hand will happen. You understand me?"

"Too well, I am afraid, sir; I have never yet shed man's blood. I never will. Perhaps, sir, you would not depend upon my virtue for this—you may upon my cowardice—I tremble—I sicken at the sight of blood. I have endeavoured to win your confidence by candour—I have not succeeded. May I be permitted to bid you good-day?"

"Stop, Daunton, this is a singular encounter, and a still more singular conference. As an old school-fellow, you ask me to give you my protection. The protection of a reefer, is, in itself, something laughable: and then, as an inducement, you confess to me that you are a villain, only just in guilt, short of murder. Perhaps, by this bravado sort of confession, you have endeavoured to give me a worse impres-

sion of your character than it really deserves, that you might give me the better opinion of your sincerity. Is it not so?"

"In a great measure it is."

"I thought so. Now let me tell you, Daunton, that that very circumstance makes me afraid of you. But still, I will not cast aside the appeal of an old school-fellow. What can I do for you?"

"Give me the protection afforded me by a man-of-war, by taking me as your servant."

"Utterly impossible! I can press you directly, or give the hint to any of the many men-of-war here to do so. But the rules of the service do not permit a midshipman to have a separate servant. Do you wish to enter?"

"Only on board of your ship, and with the privilege of waiting upon you, and being constantly near your person."

"Thank you; but what prevents my impressing you, even as you stand there?"

"These very ample protections." And he produced them.

"Yes! I see that you are well provided. But why give up your good berth on board the London?"

"Mr. Percy, I have my reasons. Permit them, as yet, to remain secret. There is no guilt attached to them. May I sail with you in the capacity of your servant?"

"I have told you before, that you cannot be my servant solely. You must be the servant of the midshipmen's berth."

"Yes, with all my heart, provided you pledge me your honour that I shall never be put to any other duty."

I was astonished at this perseverance, and very honestly told him all the miseries of the situation for which he seemed so ambitious. They did not shake his resolution. I then left him, and spoke to Mr. Farmer. "Let the fool enter," was the laconic reply.

"But he will not enter but on the conditions I have mentioned, and his protections are too good to be violated."

"Then I authorize you to make them. We are short of men."

But Joshua would not enter: he required to be pressed; so I went on board his own merchant ship, according to previous arrangement, and pressed him. He made no resistance, and produced no documents: he only called the master of the ship and the first and second officer to witness that he was a pressed man, and then, taking his kit with him, he even cheerfully tripped down the side into the boat, and, thus, for three eventful years I was the instrument of placing my evil genius near me.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

But to return to my narration of events. During the first two or three years I took office, I neglected to take notes of what transpired, but after having executed about one hundred and fifty malefactors in town and country, and having seen many of my former acquaintance upon the scaffold, I thought I might as well keep a book and put down circumstances as they happened. After I had made this resolution, the first person who was brought out was Richard H——, who had been found guilty of forging the ace of spades, in order to avoid the duty upon playing cards. He was, at the time of his detection, in a very respectable way of business, and much looked up to among his neighbours. The man who first persuaded him to sell these cards, informed against him at the stamp-office, and occasioned a trap to be laid to procure evidence for his conviction. He had a host of respectable men to give him a good character, but all would not avail: forgery of every description was at that period punished with death, and this man, after taking a last farewell of a wife and children, submitted himself, with great fortitude, to his fate, although, while he was in the cells he never ceased to reprobate the law which inflicted death upon man for such a crime. Thirty years have wrought a wonderful revolution in the minds of legislators; now, no government would dare to put a man to death for such an offence.

The same year John B——, aged twenty-eight, was executed for the same crime, or rather for cheating the revenue; his practice was to make seven or eight impressions of the ace of spades out of one, which he got stamped at the government office. He used a peculiar kind of cardboard, which took the impression all through, then split them and pasted them upon other cards: this being discovered, he was condemned and executed. When brought out, he said, "I have been guilty of no offence, and the time will come when the country will be ashamed of these acts of cruelty: it is a disgrace to it; but I must submit."

The number of young persons the government thought proper to execute about this period, surprised every person with whom I conversed upon the subject. One for forgery, (passing a note,) aged sixteen years; two young women, ages eighteen and nineteen, for shop-lifting; also a woman for coining, and a young man, under twenty, for a burglary not by any means of an aggravated nature.

The two most remarkable cases which occurred this year was one for forgery, and the other for extortion, threatening to accuse publicly a gen-

[1] Continued from vol. xiv. p. 448.

tleman under government of an unnatural offence. John Rogers Turner was executed for forging a transfer of stock, amounting to 4,070*l*. This man was a clerk in a mercantile house: with an intention of going to America, he had the audacity to personate the holder of the stock, and but for his being accidentally met by a person who knew him, at the house of the gentlemen who had been induced by some means to introduce him to a stockbroker as the actual person to whom the stock belonged, he would have obtained the money. Some efforts were made to save this man upon the grounds, that as he had not obtained the money, he should be reprieved; for my part, I have ever thought that a distinction should be made between the attempt to rob and the actual stealing the property. I am aware that is not a general opinion; but no one can tell what compunctions may come over the mind between the intention and the act. By way of illustration, I will relate a case of compunction after the act of stealing, but before the profits were realized, which occurred so recently as the year 1829.

A butler in a gentleman's family, residing in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square, packed up all his master's most portable plate in one parcel, having a confederate who was to receive and melt it down immediately. As the man expected, at a certain hour in the evening, his master sent him out to deliver a letter at some distance off; availing himself of this, he took with him the ready-packed plate, leaving the door ajar, that it might be supposed some person during his absence had got in and robbed the pantry where the plate was kept. When the butler came out of the house, he met his confederate, who was anxious to be off with the booty. "Stop," said the thief, "I feel that I am doing wrong, and must take time to consider of the matter." "But you cannot now carry it back without a certainty of detection," replied the other. "Ah!" rejoined the butler, "but I can place it in more security than by handing it to you;" and he immediately went to the Green Man and Still coach-office in Oxford Street, and there deposited it as a parcel to be left until called for, taking a check, so that no other person should obtain it besides himself; he then went and delivered his letter, and returned home with all possible speed, just in time to witness the family in consternation at the discovery of the robbery. Nobody accused the butler; he, however, spent a sleepless night in planning how he should restore the property, while his master was, at the same time, making up his mind that he was the actual thief.

This occasioned his apprehension in the morning, and subsequent committal to Newgate for trial. When the period arrived, and he was placed at the bar, he defended himself with great ingenuity, proving that, from the expedition he had used upon his message, that there was no time, even if he had stolen the plate, to dispose of it. After a long trial he was acquitted and discharged; all this time the plate was lying at the Green Man and Still. When, however, he was released, he went and restored the property to his master, confessing the crime, but assuring him that he had no sooner taken it than he resolved to make restitution as speedily as possible, with security to himself.

Upon the notion of *intent* was Lord Ellenborough's act framed for cutting and maiming. And a very salutary law it is, where grievous bodily injury is intended; but I have seen too many men executed under this act, wherein the law has been wrested contrary to its primitive intention. Suppose a man steals to the value of a shilling, and is in the act of escaping with the property, but is pursued, it certainly must be admitted that it is as natural for a man to defend himself and struggle for escape, as it is to steal; yet, if in these hasty proceedings a bruise or a scratch is given to an officer, or any other person, it comes under the law of cutting and maiming. The act is too loose and undefined. Many shocking cases

having transpired, in my time, wherein the culprits have been hung most unjustly; and I may affirm, had not the policy of modern government relaxed the hand of the executioner in these matters, that all thieves would, in a very short time, have carried daggers for their defence, seeing that so little distinction was made in their conduct while committing petty offences. Happily these things have, in a great measure, passed away. One case, however, grieved me much. A young man suffered for stealing a pillow, value five shillings: he was indicted under the above act, having endeavoured to defend himself when detected: for this he was hung, not for the robbery. The officer who took him, had long had a pique against him, and had vowed revenge whenever he should have him in custody. It seems that, upon a former occasion, when an associate had been taken up upon some charge, the malefactor in question had, by his exertions and evidence, prevented three Bow Street officers from sharing some considerable plunder which came into their hands. This circumstance cost the young man (aged twenty-four years) his life, although only guilty of stealing to the value of five shillings. As the system of runners is now altered, I will not enlarge upon this subject; but a viler system, I must say, never was tolerated in any country. Many faults as there are in the present police system, it is purity itself compared with the former. I have seen two or three Bow Street officers come into a room full of thieves, and say, after looking round, "Gentlemen, we don't say there's any body here we want, but some of you have been in rare luck, and are well up in your stirrups; it's damned hard that we can't enjoy ourselves as well as you." Then after receiving four or five guineas from those who had money, walkedaway to some other house, and repeated their contributions upon other portions of the family community, as it was their custom to call the body of public thieves. The offenders, under an impression that they conciliated the runners, and bribed them to silence when taken up and called upon to speak in court as to their general character, never failed, when in cash, to be liberal, and fee them well.

This act, like most of the British penal statutes, produces the effect it was meant to prevent, viz. to lessen personal violence on the part of the robber, either towards the person he robbed, or against the officer who might go to apprehend him for the offence Every man who goes out to commit an unlawful act, runs an immediate risk of being interfered with, either by the owner of the property or the emissaries of the law; it is therefore a foolish policy which makes it the interest of the thief, if he is once tempted to resistance, and a first blow is struck, to follow it up and slay his opponent. Yet this is the tendency of the law; a blow renders him liable to come under the charge of cutting and maiming, and to be executed for it; when it is once given, he therefore says, "I must follow it up, it is now a struggle for life—I must destroy the evidence." This generates murder, and tends to make the mere thief a more desperate character. I have read that human laws proceed from human necessities; but human tribunals should always be so constituted as to be able to avail themselves of the moral code. It is singular enough that all those who have speculated most upon the improvement of penal laws, have so far forgotten the end of all laws, (which is happiness,) as to banish the moral code and render the legal code all in all. Lord Ellenborough was a terrorist in the strictest sense of the word: he was what is called a stern man, and like most of his profession, was hard of heart and unbending to reason when in power. Such characters as he was, may be likened to a figure cut in stone, but hollowed so as to contain the statutes, both ancient and modern: when they were wanted, there they might be found; but to use any argument of reason with one, where the place which should contain the cerebrum and cerebellum was crammed with dry

musty parchment, was like talking to the statue of King Charles at Charing Cross.

I remember going to the Parliament House to hear the debate upon Sir Samuel Romilly's motion for repealing so much of the statute of 12th Anne, as made the stealing to the amount of forty shillings in a dwelling felony, without benefit of clergy. Upon that occasion I shall never forget the words of Mr. Frankland; it was in the year 1811, sometime in the month of March, and I never afterwards performed my business with any satisfaction to myself. He said—"There may be, indeed there must be, cases, in which human necessities must compel the moral code to depart from the human tribunal, and the dread sanction of the law must be enforced on him who, as a moral agent, may little deserve punishment." This sentence went home to my heart, for I well knew that I never had a wish either to steal, or to be an executioner, yet there I stood a guilty man, and could, in no way, justify myself, but by adopting the fortune-teller's system of fatalism. He went on to say—"These are fearful contemplations which oblige us to harden our hearts. Our reason approves, but our eyes weep. I have deep and trembling sensations on these subjects, but I cannot express them. No image to my mind is so awful as that of man sitting in judgment upon man." Ah! at that moment how I did long for the old Recorder who sentenced me to death to be there. "Though imperious necessity stares me in the face, and commands the dreadful duty to be performed, I still exclaim, 'Who are we that we should judge one another?' I feel beat down and overcome by the sense of human infirmity, of human ignorance, and of our miserable, narrow, and imperfect views. Nothing supports me, nothing consoles me, but to trust in the other and mightier principles, in the other and mightier wisdom, in the other and mightier means which govern the affairs of men." This is language which goes straight to the heart, and carries with it the strong evidence of good sense, not the result of opinions imbibed in a cold-hearted lawyer's office by reading the statute law.

"Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind leading of the blind;
* * * * *
And no breasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, opinion.
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the *posion* to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator."

*Butler's MSS.*

May, 1807.—This month, a circumstance occurred at Jersey, which, although not precisely within the range of my own experience, was the means of my afterwards being called to that island to officiate at several executions. A soldier, named Hales, of the thirty-fourth regiment of foot, having been sentenced to death for felony, was turned off, and he had hung about a minute and a half when the executioner suspended himself to his body; by this additional weight the rope extended in such a manner that the feet of the criminal touched the ground. The executioner then pulled him sideways in order to strangle him, but being unable to

effect this, got upon his shoulders; when, to the no small suprise of the spectators, the criminal rose upright on his feet with the hangman upon his shoulders, and loosened the rope from his throat with his fingers. The sheriff now ordered another rope to be prepared, but the spectators interfered, and, at length, it was agreed that it should be deferred until the will of the magistrates should be known, and subsequently the case was sent to his Majesty, who pardoned the man. He is, I believe, now alive, at least, he was a few years since, and generally known by the cognomen of *half-hung Hales*. He, after the circumstance, married a wife and had a large family.

The year before this, on the 11th of January, 1806, a man was hung at Dublin for cow-stealing; when the rope broke, and the man fell against some paling. He was dreadfully bruised, but another rope being procured, he was again hanged. Both these circumstances, remarkable as they are, were excelled in singularity by an occurrence which transpired at Botany Bay in September, 1804. A man, named Samuels, was thrice hung in one morning, the rope breaking each time. The fourth attempt was about to be made, when the *prévôt* ordered the execution to be suspended, and the man ultimately obtained a pardon through the governor. In all these cases, there must have been most shameful neglect in not proving the ropes before they were used, but under all the circumstances it was proper they should be pardoned. The people every year have felt an increasing repugnance to these scenes; such accidents therefore only add to their disgust and hastens the period when they shall cease altogether. A great deal has been said about the effects of executions; several books have been handed to me upon the subject, but, I believe, few understand what they write upon this question. Most persons think it operates as a great terror upon mankind: this is a palpable error. Death is, at all times, awful, more particularly when it is violent: judging from my own feelings when I was in crime, and that of some five hundred others with whom I have been acquainted, I am quite sure the thoughts of hanging never restrained one man in his course. Many, when things went cross with them, would court it, especially if low in pocket and hypped, saying, "D—n it, what's the use of living such a humbug life as this? I'll do something to be topped and get out of it." In such a temper I have known scores of my old associates absolutely rush upon the laws in the character of suicides; when, however, it comes to the last moment they wish themselves out of it again; but this does not deter others. If I were to give my opinion upon executions as regards the body of the people, I should say, they feel horror and disgust; and yet upon every repetition of such scenes are, in a great degree, brutalized. In some persons it excites a pleasurable sensation which is unaccountable; such generally attend every execution. I have noticed the same faces at the Old Bailey in the crowd nearest the scaffold for years together, particularly one family of females, who hired a first-floor opposite the place of execution upon every occasion, and, as the daughters got married and became mothers, they brought their children. Some time after my appointment in the year 1806, a young lad, sixteen years of age, attended to witness several executions, and became so excited and curious upon the subject, that he called upon me to gratify his propensity by conversing about it. His name was Matthew Mark Watson: and one day after seeing several men hung, he went home and tied himself up to ascertain the sensations, and thereby deprived himself of every feeling, for it occasioned his death.

In this same year there was another instance that the witnessing of executions does not deter men, from the fear of death. At April Lancaster assizes, Edward Barlow, aged sixty-nine, who had been executioner for the county twenty years, during which time he had officiated upon forty-

eight criminals, was tried and convicted for horse-stealing, when he was sentenced to death, sharing the fate of Perillus, who was roasted in his own brazen bull; and a few years subsequently to this occurrence, two men who had witnessed an execution in the morning, in the evening of the same day tossed each other which should hang the other; the losing party then submitted to be tied up to a lamp-iron in the Hampstead Road, but the watchman seeing him, immediately afterwards cut him down, when the man struck him several blows for his interference, saying, as he had lost the toss it was all fair, and then went back to his companion to be again suspended, but this, the guardian of the night prevented by taking them both into custody.

I have before said, that when I was a boy, I attended with the other young sneaks to witness all the executions at Newgate: this we did more as a mark of respect, and with a view of remembering the character who suffered and becoming acquainted with the biography and history of those we considered as belonging to our own much ill-used and persecuted class. The theme of our conversation was, what the malefactor had done, how many times he had been tried, and, more particularly, whether he behaved game, and was talked about as an out-and-out swell in the fancy world. I never came away at that period, nor did any of my companions, from an execution, with any melancholy feelings or dread of the same fate; it was more an amusement—a kind of real play—a tragedy, to be sure, but then we were only the spectators, not the actors; but the familiarity of the scene made us each time better prepared to die game when it came to our turn, and consequently made us more careless regarding the time. One general impression, among many others, which executions produce is, I believe, a sense of great injustice on the part of the government, overturning in all minds the most settled notions of right and wrong. This is a very injurious effect; the offender justifies himself under a notion that the laws are defective, while society in general are induced to show a commiseration which seems to countenance crime. I am of an opinion that when more were hung than in the present day, that the thieves were better satisfied with the law, because, although more severe, it had the semblance of justice with it; not that it then deterred them from crime. Now when, as happened in the year 1819, one thousand two hundred and fifty-four are condemned, and only ninety-seven are executed out of that number, and knowing, as they do, that the ninety-seven are not selected because of their greater crimes, but by lottery, merely to keep up the system of hanging, they cannot but consider every particular case a species of legalized murder, and express themselves so accordingly.

The number of executions in the metropolis have much decreased of late years compared to the country, taking into consideration the convictions in each; this difference is the result of opinion, so loudly expressed in London against the punishment of death under any circumstances, excepting only murder. But even in cases of murder, distinctions should be made; many who have, in my time, been executed for this crime were comparatively innocent, to desperate housebreakers and some other kind of offenders.

Deliberate murder is unquestionably the heaviest crime of man, but in the hatred we feel against the homicide, we jumble all shades of criminality, from the midnight assassin, to the man who, when inebriated and aggravated to desperation by a scolding wife, in an unguarded moment of irritation, gives a blow which causes death. All punishments should be adequate: a murder committed with the sword of justice is the most horrible event which can occur in any country, and in all well-regulated states the maxim, "Better ten guilty escape than that one innocent be punished," has been unquestioned. A distinction should be made between

"But, sir," said I, interrupting him, "what mode of killing do you patronize?"

"None," he replied; "but I am come to consult you upon that which you think the easiest and most expeditious, not that I am about to commit suicide."

This last expression made me think that he was a monomaniac, who really did contemplate self-destruction. I then told him, that for public example, probably suspension by the neck was the best, and could in no way be improved but by putting a cloak on the malefactor, which would give a more decent appearance to the exhibition, than allowing the arms, legs, and body of a man to hang dangling in the air for an hour, in the heart of a populous and highly-civilized city."

"What do you say to the bow-string?" inquired he.

I answered, "It is precisely the same kind of death as hanging; as to the sufferance, it is death in both cases by strangulation. But as I said before, hanging is done more for example than for any other consideration."

"Example!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Pooh! don't you know, the more you hang, the more there always come to be hanged? Look at your forgeries of small bank-notes: it is not the hanging which deters them; crime will always be committed where there are great facilities held out to the wrong doer.* But do you know," continued he, "that I never see a man hung but I am always for a whole month afterwards, thinking of the sensation, and have a disagreeable inclination to try the experiment upon myself; and then all the ills of this life come like a torrent rushing in upon my mind; this you may conceive is very unpleasant, and there's no knowing how it may end; especially as a friend of mine always had the same feeling, and he at last one day hung himself in his own stable—and what is more singular, he never could stay away from an execution. It is my belief that he went to harden himself to it, and that the frequency of the sight at last rendered him callous to the suffering, careless about death, and dissatisfied with his state of existence. Yet have men fallen into the fatal error, that public executions are useful in preserving the morals of the people. Nothing that man has ever done is so preposterous, so absurd, or less founded upon principles of reason. If we were without prisons, or any means of otherwise punishing the wicked, and protecting the industrious portions of the community against depredators, there might be some excuse for putting men to death. As, however, we have all these means, there is no way in which the advocates for the punishment of death can justify themselves. I wish, Mr. Ketch, you would throw up your office, and set the authorities an example worthy of their imitation, by publishing your reasons, and showing the world the utter uselessness of executions."

I rejoined, "But, sir, how am I to live? I may as well hang myself, as starve to death; besides, if I were out of office to-morrow, some other person would be found to fill it, and the work of killing go on just the same."

"True, true! I forgot," said my visitor; "but now tell me what you think is the most easy way of finding death."

"Perhaps," I answered, "Lord Castlereagh found it when he pierced the carotid artery with a pen-knife; and I heard a surgeon say, if he had used an instrument pointed like a heart, with blunt edges at the base,

* This opinion experience has since proved to be correct. The government might have executed one half the population of London, and not have stopped the circulation of forged notes—they at length took the only method which could succeed, namely, to withdraw them altogether, and issue a good and wholesome currency.

similar to what the cutlers sell for erasers, that he might have drawn it out again, and the wound remained undiscovered, as the bleeding would have been wholly internal—the lips of the puncture closing externally: be this as it may, it is a speedy death. It comes, however, soon enough upon us all, without seeking for it," added I.

"But I have a most particular reason," said my interrogator, "for making the inquiry; and beg you will tell me all you know upon the subject."

"Well, then," I replied, "puncturing the spine is unquestionably the readiest way of taking the leap from life to death—from light into utter darkness. I saw a curious case of this kind once, which I will relate to you:—A drunken coalheaver fell from a wagon going up Ludgate Hill. He was covered with mud, and appeared to be hurt; I and two others laid him upon a shutter, and took him to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was stripped, and the surgeon examined him, but no injury could be discovered; still he said he could not rise up in the bed. Mr. Abernethy happened to come in shortly afterwards, when the case was shown to him, but he could make nothing of it. 'Let him,' said this great surgeon, 'be washed thoroughly clean, and send for the barber, and have that beard taken off, which appears to be of a month's growth.' About an hour after this, as I was relating to the surgeons the manner in which he fell from the wagon, a message was brought that the man had instantaneously, while he was undergoing the operation of shaving, given up the ghost. We all immediately repaired to the spot, where laid the man half shaved, but quite dead. The barber said he appeared to be well, and was talking to him one instant, and the next was a dead man. 'I had hold of him,' said he, 'by the nose, and I did but turn his head very gently to use the razor, when he, without breathing or a sigh, went off.' Abernethy turned to the young students, and told them this was a case for study, saying, 'There was a cause for the man's death: that the following morning he would open the body, and find it out. But,' added he, 'think of the case, and before I make the examination, tell me in the morning, each of you, your opinion, what it is that has so suddenly deprived him of his life. One of the students said, 'I think a vertebral bone is fractured, and that, as the barber turned his head to shave him, a splinter penetrated the spinal chord.' 'You have it,' cried Abernethy, 'turn him up, and we will see.' They immediately cut down the back, and discovered a small piece of a fractured bone, not bigger than the half a pin, which had penetrated the spine; then taking the corpse by the nose, they observed, as they turned the head one way, the splint came out, and as they turned it the contrary, it entered the vital chord. The problem of his death was now at once solved, and I learnt how little it took to stop the great machine of life in man.

"There is also another mode of losing life in a very simple way, which I became acquainted with in consequence of an accident. A man was found in a field quite dead, with a hay-fork or prong by the side of him; he was opened, but no probable cause of his sudden death could be discovered. At length, one of the surgeons sent for the fork, in consequence of a witness saying, that it was only a few minutes before his death that he saw the deceased leaning upon it with the points upwards, as he was standing in the field. On the point of one prong of the fork was discovered something like a small speck, but no wound could be found upon the corpse. The surgeon now pushed back the corner of the eye next the nose, and then declared he had discovered the manner of the man's death; namely, that while leaning on the fork he had slipped, and the point of it had entered the corner of the eye under the nose, and produced instant death. 'For,' added he, 'we all know in this manner we may be killed with a pin or needle, without having any external

wound so as to indicate the cause. He (the surgeon) then explained to the persons present, that this peculiarly vulnerable part could not be reached, excepting only by the means above described; that is, putting the instrument used sideways into the corner of the eye, and then immediately direct it in a straightforward manner, so as to penetrate in a direction towards the brain, under the upward part of the nasal bone. 'Such an operation,' he said, 'performed with the smallest needle, produced instantaneous death.'"

I observed that these two anecdotes had a peculiar effect upon my inquisitor; he fell into a reverie, and spoke not for ten minutes; then taking out his pocket-book, wrote down the cases at more length than I have related them in this place. "What think you," said I, "of the old English mode of execution by the maiden death? an invention, in error, attributed to the French, in consequence of their free use of the guillotine during the revolution. The maiden instrument, which severed the head from the body as expeditiously as that celebrated machine, although constructed somewhat differently, is of English origin, many of our old works, which have been put into my hands, describing it most minutely. No death can be more speedy than decapitation; but then it spills blood, which should upon these occasions, if possible, be avoided."

"It is very singular that I should not have heard of these modes of dying before, considering how much pains I have been at to ascertain all kinds of death. See," continued he, "I have written them down—my list is now complete—give me your opinion. I have incurred them all, as well as suffered every kind of punishment——"

"Good God!" said I, "what do you mean?"

*(To be continued.)*

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We pledge to the public our editorial word that the following document was received, within the last fortnight, *verbatim et literatim*, by a gallant admiral.

## TO ADMIRAL ——.

Admiral —— *Deadford curch lan* 12.

I am varey glad to hear that you are so well as you bee and how to thank you a nuf i do not no, but the lord noes i shall have six pound the 10 of febaruy and thank god i am a gittin beatter and admiral if you have a hold hat and a par of shues. pray send me them i sold myn to by food for my children and aney old things i shall for ever thank you and you always you did lick mee well sir and if you will send me one pound moor i will thank you and pay you lick a man and god send i cud com my sevelf you wod not deny me for well you no me and sand & pray send it by my Daurter and dont bee afeard sir and i hope i shall bee able in a weeck or too to com and see you, and pray send i am in wants of franel so no moor from a well wisher for ever and god bless you and well you licked me in the prince of wales.

John Corck.

## THE ENSUING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

The pure Whig, (we use the words pure Whig in contradistinction to the Conservative one,)—the pure Whig is, at bottom, a very respectable sort of a person. It is true, that he has all the tyrannizing vices of the ultra Tory; but, these he betrays only in his actions—in all his private ones, in his public, whenever he dares. In his professions you will find none of these vices, and, as he has much more profession than principle, he passes for a very liberal animal. He is a deceptor; but, as he sets up for a politician, and, as policy is nearly allied to, if not absolutely identical with deception, he is, in his own estimation, not only entitled to no blame for this, but actually to the praise of sagacity. He is a waverer—not sufficiently inclined towards the good, from his obtusiveness of intellect; and equally withheld from the atrocious, by the good moral sense of Englishmen in general, and his own pusillanimity in particular. The Radical is a fiercer and a nobler animal, but infinitely more dangerous, and, therefore, should be chained up, whilst the Whig should be merely kicked out of those high places he is so prone to defile, and where alone he can be mischievous; and then suffered to run innoxiously at large.

The reader will perceive that we have a very good sort of feeling towards these Whigs; though we have a horrible distaste for their government. We would willingly come to their relief. They, poor creatures, are in a dilemma, and they know it—the best of them have climbed the ladder of promotion and of office, and, now they are at the very top of it, have a good view of their situation, and looking round, they perceive how disconsolate is their prospect. At this summit there is no landing-place, hardly a standing for them. They see that they cannot there build their nests, or take up a permanent habitation. They find on this level, too high for them, neither the platform of popularity, nor the marble courts of royalty. Their elevation is dangerous to their safety; but how to descend with dignity? Aye, there's the rub—for every step of the ladder beneath them is so slippery, and so befouled with the slime of the tail, that the descent is absolutely as dangerous as it would be disgusting.

This is exactly their predicament, and we are sorry for them. Let us see if we can assist them, for they have still respectability enough left to make an orderly, decent opposition; but they must not wait too long, for the poison of the tail is fast inoculating the body, and they must free themselves from this corruption with all despatch. Let them remember the story of the clumsy blacksmith, who spoiled his iron, and could finally make of his horse-shoe only a hiss. If there is not good metal enough left in Whiggery to make a handsome bracket whereon to hang the constitution, there is still enough of it to be beaten up into a respectable and wide-mouthed knocker, with which "any robusteous periwigged-pated fellow" may make a reasonable noise enough; let it not be so corroded by the filth sticking to it, that

at length it will be only fit to create a hiss. There is yet time. Now we will give them our advice.

On the first general question after parliament has assembled, the very first question that is started upon which the strength of parties may be ascertained, all the honest and respectable Whigs must divide against the Radical tail. When Conservatism put forth all its strength, the ministerial majority did not exceed a score—in the recess they have lost some half dozen. Surely there may be found twenty just men among the patriotic Whigs. In refusing to act with O'Connell and his joints, they will be guilty of no inconsistency; they will not betray their party; they may still proclaim their principles—and, what is more, not only will the country owe them a deep debt of gratitude for their manliness, but their own partisans will, at first silently, and afterwards loudly, thank them for it. Well, let us suppose, that at the very opening of the sessions, the ministry find themselves in a small minority. We do not think that, under all the circumstances of their position, they would immediately resign. The question would be again tried; and, most assuredly, on every fresh trial, the courage of honesty would increase, and the majority against the present government multiply. It only requires some twenty real and thorough-bred English gentlemen to make the commencement, not of apostasy, not even of tergiversation, but of a determination of not acting in a body with the Radical tail. But the Conservatives should do their utmost, not, on this occasion, to compromise the principles of the true lovers of the country on the side of the house opposed to themselves; by so wording the amendment to the address, as to give every Conservative Whig who wished to throw off the O'Connell manacles, the opportunity of voting with them. It should be so expressed, as to strike only at the domination assumed by the most unworthy part of the representation. It should intimate, that his Majesty's faithful Commons viewed with distrust the undue influence exercised by a party in the state, who avowed their intention of compassing ends little short of treasonable, by the most demoralizing process, that of agitation. To an amendment worded in this view, we could name, at least, fifteen, upright, conscientious Whigs, who would most joyfully accede, and not one of them would, or could feel, that he had compromised either his principles, or, in a moral point, his party, by this act of genuine patriotism. They would only express their real feelings; and in that honourable expression three-fourths of the country would enthusiastically join.

Yes, the present ministry is easily overthrown. It requires but a fraction of manliness, in a fraction of the independent party, and the loose fabric will be immediately dissolved into its component elements —and what are they? we shall see presently.

Upon what ground do the men at present holding office stand? Upon the favour of their sovereign? Can they boast of more than his constrained sanction? Upon the good opinion of the aristocracy, whether that aristocracy be of birth, of talent, or of wealth? Upon the respect paid to their government abroad, or their popularity with the middle classes at home? Upon the wisdom of their measures? the great estimation of their talents as individuals, or the solid wisdom of

their councils as a body? We would ask these questions, not of their enemies; not even of those who are neutral; we ask them of their advocates and friends, and we know that the answers will be, almost unanimously, in the negative. Upon what basis are they then supported in their places? Simply this—their friends confess that they are bad, but the king and the country are compelled to that least difficult of all choosings, "Hobson's choice," that or none.

If this really were so, grieved and dispirited as it would make us, we should be the very last to agitate the question of their removal. The health, moral and political, of the empire is bound up in the firmness of the government, and in the respect paid to legally-constituted authority. If there were no redemption to our thraldom, rather than let revolution show its sinister head, or anarchy lift its blood-desiring fangs, imbecile as we think the Whigs to be, we would stand by them, and all that they still permit to us of our incomparable institutions, even to the death.

But we are not yet reduced to these straits—they may be removed from their usurpation, not only without convulsion, but without regret, perhaps, even, without exciting a really national notice. They are installed upon our fears, they reign like the nightmare upon our terrors; we have but to awake and throw off our lethargy, and they exist no more. Were they out of office to-morrow, we would immediately show how easily an efficient, a wise, and a stable government might be formed—a government equally popular in the kingly palace, the lordly mansion, the corporation hall, and the peasant's cottage.

The parties that at present exist, may be thus shadowed down in a scale, consisting of twenty units: of these the fiery and red-hot Ultra-Tory may be estimated at one—the honest Conservative Tory, seven—the honest Conservative Whig, seven—the Whig waverer, three—the Papistico-Radical tail, two. There is another party, the Anythingarians, who veer round with that wind which always points to power; who fight not the battle, but who are always found in the field after the victory, begging to share the spoil. These, of course, we shall not count, as they are always most willingly chained to the cars of the victors.

That the Ultra-Tory, whose influence we have estimated at one, will amalgamate with no other party cordially, though it will always support the upper against the lower factions, we have enumerated, we are aware. That party, though it could not keep a Conservative ministry in office, would in all crisises give it support; it may be looked upon, therefore, in a friendly point of view. In the Conservative Tories we find almost all the talent, the weight, and the vigour. To this party we should look principally for our ministers. Peel, Wellington, Lyndhurst, rank among it; but they should not monopolize all the places of power and trust; coalescing with the Conservative Whigs, they should share with them the offices and the influence of government. Each of these two powerful parties, so nearly blending into each other, should make some sacrifices. Events, those inexorable taskmasters, have liberalized the conscientious Tory almost into the high-minded Whig; the conscientious Whig, in his turn, seeing the rapid march of revolutionary principles, has been sublimated nearly into the liberal Tory.

Neither the Peel nor the Wellington of 1835 is the Peel or the Wellington of 1828. The Ultra-Tory will attest this with a groan. Nor is the Burdett of the present year the Burdett of the Tower and the mob processions. The Radical will swear to this with a curse.

The difference, then, between these two parties, whose strength we have estimated at fourteen, is nearly nominal. If they were united, they would conciliate the Ultra-Tory, despise the Whig waverer, and crush into indignant helplessness the blatant-papistico-Radical.

It is not for persons, humble as ourselves, to presume to arrange a prospective ministry. But we, in common with every lover of our country, are both disgusted and disheartened, at seeing the union now formed between the respectable and the disreputable, which union, carrying only a bare majority, arrogates to itself the direction of the destinies of this vast empire.

It may be urged that, the calm Tories, and the sensible Whigs, having, each as an adherent to his respective party, pronounced definite and opposing opinions upon certain measures, cannot, without a dereliction of principle, either on the one part or the other, combine to forward such measures effectually. But this difficulty would be found to be one in appearance only. Time has removed many of these subjects of contention. The Reform Bill has passed, and can we but rid ourselves of the present Whig-Radical government, that affair is settled, and we trust for ever. We should hear no more prating of that famous Bill being only the means to an end. The means, God knows, were exasperating enough, and it is time we now saw the end of it. Surely the Catholics will not be permitted farther encroachments upon the establishment of our liberal and Protestant church. On this subject no difference could arise. Mr. Peel has already offered the Dissenters more than they chose to accept. The *questio vexata* of the Municipal Corporations has been disposed of—unjustly enough we think—but we never wish to revive disputations.

Indeed, when we come to examine the matter closely, we see no grounds, not even a prospect of disunion between these two parties. Perhaps, when they came to act together, it would be found that the liberal Tory was inclined to grant much more to popular clamour than the Conservative Whig.

There is, however, another delicate point as to this hypothetical coalition. Which of the parties shall make the first overtures towards a reconciliation. We will not debate the question, whether the carrying of the olive branch to an adversary be, or be not, a tacit admission of inferiority. We must regard how things are managed in this mortal world of ours. The Melbourne ministry is ousted—as ousted it surely will be—we will allow the country two days for congratulation, and his Majesty will occupy that period, perhaps, in consulting with the elders of the land, as to whom to entrust the details of the government of his mighty kingdom. After his royal mind had been fully made up, ought he, in order to propitiate the scarcely adverse parties, of moderate Whigs and moderate Tories, to send for a Tory and lay his commands upon him to form a government, includ-

ing some of the sensible Whigs, such as Graham and Stanley, or send for a Whig, to act in a similar manner towards the Tories?

We can only say, however the monarch may decide, it is the duty of the subject to obey, be that subject Whig or Tory; and no real lover of his country, whatever may be his party, ought to refuse to obey the royal intentions, not only in appearance, but in a truly loyal spirit.

Under such a government as we have anticipated would O'Connell dare to agitate? We think that he would not. He is a shrewd individual, with no disposition to be hanged: no man living knows better than himself how to conform to circumstances. If the senate in its wisdom should pronounce the exciting of an ignorant peasantry to resist the laws, to plunder property, and to perpetrate murder, to be a capital crime, that crime, we are assured, O'Connell would be too wary to commit. He is not so all-powerful either as his friends or his enemies suppose: he is the creature of circumstances—the mushroom springing from the hot and fetid dung-heap of poverty. Ireland produces agitators as naturally as rottenness creates fungi. Where discontent is universal, complaint will be bred, and ignorance being always reckless, the natural results of violence must ensue. It is this ebullition that has thrown O'Connell to the surface: had he not have been the object some other most certainly would: had that object been less crafty than the present agitator he would, ere this, have died on the gibbet; had he been more greatly ambitious, he might, *pro tempore*, have been the crowned sovereign of Ireland; had he been wise and good, he might have been almost the saviour of his country. But O'Connell being neither great nor good, but only crafty, he is just what he might be expected to be—a pestilent agitator, an inconsistent radical, a temporizing Catholic, a foe to his own country, and a scourge to society.

But he is all this only by sufferance. He is not of importance in spite of obstacles, but through the weakness and incapacity of all those who have hitherto come in contact with him. Therefore, in any new ministerial arrangement that may be made, neither he nor his sycophants should be regarded for a moment.

We humbly conceive that we have shown that we possess the elements of forming a good, a wise, and a popular government; that the first blow to be struck against the present personification of misrule should come from the patriotic votes of a few of the conscientious Whigs, and that the blow, instead of being looked upon as dishonourable to themselves, would clothe them in a bright garment of glory. But no time is to be lost: the Whigs are fast acquiring the low wisdom of this generation: they have learned how to burrow in the earth, so as to undermine the popular fortifications opposed to them, and to extend over the land the hateful ramifications of their interest, and thus cover the healthy soil with their weeds of selfishness.

For every commissioner created, they create some score of needy adherents. For every jobbing expectation gratified (and corruption knows how numerous these jobs have been) they have called into their ranks fifty unflinching expectants. Though the plant of Whiggery is a very nettle, neither lofty nor fragrant, bearing no wholesome

fruit, and adorned with no beautiful flowers, yet it prospers wonderfully in the ground; its roots spread in darkness and in dirt, and the sordid weed that may be easily eradicated to-day, may, to-morrow, be too firmly settled in the earth to be destroyed without injuring that which is graceful and good around it.

It is one of the contingencies of the present state of affairs that Parliament may be dissolved. The Radical-Whigs, even if goaded to despair by an adverse majority, may make, trusting to their newly-created corporative influence, a stand upon the issue of a general election. We hope that this will not ensue at the present juncture, for many reasons which we have not here space to enumerate. If they do this mad act, we trust to the energies and the good sense of our countrymen to make it the consummation of their eternal disgrace. Let us remember, that we have yet a great deal left worth preserving.

At no period in our history was a wise, a firm, and a strong government so necessary to the well-being, perhaps the salvation, of our country, than it is at this present juncture. Here, at home, we have our constitution honeycombed, not by time, but by wild experiments, and thus weakened, as it is, to the very core; unable to bear that pressure of national disaster or foreign combination against it, which it formerly did in a manner so glorious. Ireland is fast verging to rebellion—our stupendous commerce drags itself wearily along—men's minds are unsettled—the poor hoping to acquire riches by convulsion, the rich trembling at the doctrines the poor are too rapidly imbibing. All these, and many more evils and dangers we find fermenting wildly within the seas that girt our two islands.

Is the present that wise, that firm, that strong government, that will, or that can, offer remedies to all this? No, for its very existence depends upon the perpetuation of some of the evils that it is its duty to repress with the strong hand of power.

In our foreign relations, though the prospect is now sufficiently quiescent, the ground swell, that foretells the approaching storm, is beginning to heave. The next European war will be a war of principle; and consequently universal. The various powers are silently preparing for it—and, when the shock shall come, as come it must, and how soon none can tell—if we have not a vigorous and united government, we fear that this noble empire will reel under it. Succumb to any attacks, we believe she never will. But we would spare the blood of her gallant sons in the onset.

Let us then, preparing for the foreign combat, or the domestic struggle, "shuffle off," with all speed, "this mortal coil" of Radical-whiggery, with its tinsel trappings, and its new-fangled ornaments, and, putting on the good old iron armour of Conservatism, that has stood the sword and spear for so many ages, bid defiance to all aggressors, preserve peace at home, and our character for power, dignity, and moderation over the rest of the world.

# SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER IV.

In which there is a desperate combat.

EVEN at this period of the English history, it was the custom to put a few soldiers on board of the vessels of war, and the Yungfrau cutter had been supplied with a corporal and six men, all of whom were belonging to the Dutch marine. To a person who was so unpopular as Mr. Vanslyperken, this little force was a great protection, and both Corporal Van Spitter and his corps were well treated by him. The corporal was his purser and purveyor, and had a very good berth of it, for he could cheat as well as his commandant. He was, moreover, his prime minister, and an obedient executor of all his tyranny, for Corporal Van Spitter was without a shadow of feeling—on the contrary, he had pleasure in administering punishment; and if Vanslyperken had told him to blow any man's brains out belonging to the vessel, Van Spitter would have immediately obeyed the order without the change of a muscle in his fat, florid countenance. The corporal was an enormous man, tall, and so corpulent, that he weighed nearly twenty stone. Jansen was the only one who could rival him; he was quite as tall as the corporal, and as powerful, but he had not the extra weight of his carcase.

About five minutes after the summons, the huge form of Corporal Van Spitter was seen to emerge slowly from the hatchway, which appeared barely wide enough to admit the egress of his broad shoulders. He had a flat foraging cap on his head, which was as large as a buffalo's, and his person was clothed in blue pantaloons, tight at the ankle, rapidly increasing in width as they ascended, until they diverged at the hips to an expanse which was something between the sublime and the ridiculous. The upper part of his body was cased in a blue jacket, with leaden buttons, stamped with the rampant lion, with a little tail behind, which was shoved up in the air by the protuberance of the parts. Having gained the deck, he walked to Vanslyperken, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead.

"Corporal Van Spitter, get your cats up for punishment, and when you are ready fetch up Smallbones."

Whereupon, without reply, Corporal Van Spitter put his left foot behind the heel of his right, and by this manœuvre turned his body round like a capstern, so as to bring his face forward, and then walked off in that direction. He soon reappeared with all the necessary implements of torture, laid them down on one of the lee guns, and again departed to seek out his victim.

After a short time, a scuffle was heard below, but it was soon over, and once more appeared the corporal with the spare, tall body of

[1] Continued from p. 39.

Smallbones under his arm. He held him, grasped by the middle part, about where Smallbones' stomach ought to have been, and the head and heels of the poor wretch both hung down perpendicularly, and knocked together as the corporal proceeded aft.

As soon as Van Spitter had arrived at the gun he laid down his charge, who neither moved nor spoke. He appeared to have resigned himself to the fate which awaited him, and made no resistance when he was stripped by one of the marines, and stretched over the gun. The men who were on deck, said nothing; they looked at each other expressively as the preparations were made. Flogging a lad like Smallbones was too usual an occurrence to excite surprise, and to show their disgust would have been dangerous. Smallbones' back was now bared, and miserable was the spectacle; the shoulder-blades protruded so that you might put your hand sideways under the scapula, and every bone of the vertebræ, and every process was clearly defined through the skin of the poor skeleton. The punishment commenced, and the lad received his three dozen without a murmur, the measured sound of the lash only being broken in upon by the baying of Snarleyyow, who occasionally would have flown at the victim, had he not been kept off by one of the marines. During the punishment Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck, and turned and turned again as before.

Smallbones was then cast loose by the corporal, who was twirling up his cat, when Snarleyyow, whom the marines had not watched, ran up to the lad, and inflicted a severe bite. Smallbones, who appeared at the moment to be faint and listless—not having risen from his knees after the marine had thrown his shirt over him, roused by this new attack, appeared to spring into life and energy; he jumped up, uttered a savage yell, and, to the astonishment of every body, threw himself upon the dog as he retreated, and holding him fast with his naked arms, met the animal with his own weapons, attacking him with a phrenzied resolution with his teeth. Every body started back at this unusual conflict, and no one interfered.

Long was the struggle, and such was the savage energy of the lad, that he bit and held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, tearing the lips of the animal, his ears, and burying his face in the dog's throat, as his teeth were firmly fixed on his windpipe. The dog could not escape, for Smallbones held him like a vice. At last, the dog appeared to have the advantage, for as they rolled over and over, he caught the lad by the side of the neck, but Smallbones recovered himself, and getting the foot of Snarleyyow between his teeth, the dog threw up his head and howled for succour. Mr. Vanslyperken rushed to his assistance, and struck Smallbones a heavy blow on the head with his speaking trumpet, which stunned him, and he let go his hold.

Short, who had come on deck, perceiving this, and that the dog was about to resume the attack, saluted Snarleyyow with a kick on his side, which threw him down the hatchway, which was about three yards off from where the dog was at the time.

"How dare you strike my dog, Mr. Short?" cried Vanslyperken.

Short did not condescend to answer, but went to Smallbones and raised his head. The lad revived. He was terribly bitten about the

face and neck, and what with the wounds in front, and the lashing from the cat, presented a melancholy spectacle.

Short called some of the men to take Smallbones below, in which act they readily assisted; they washed him all over with salt water, and the smarting from his various wounds brought him to his senses. He was then put in his hammock.

Vanslyperken and the corporal looked at each other during the time that Short was giving his directions—neither interfered. The lieutenant was afraid, and the corporal waited for orders. As soon as the men had carried the lad below, Corporal Van Spitter put his hand up to his foraging cap, and with his cat and seizings under his arm, went down below. As for Vanslyperken, his wrath was even greater than before, and with hands thrust even farther down in his pockets than ever, and the speaking trumpet now battered flat with the blow which he had administered to Smallbones, he walked up and down, muttering every two minutes, "I'll keel-haul the scoundrel, by heavens! I'll teach him to bite my dog."

Snarleyyow did not re-appear on deck; he had received such punishment as he did not expect. He licked the wounds where he could get at them, and then remained in the cabin in a sort of perturbed slumber, growling every minute as if he were fighting the battle over again in his sleep.

## CHAPTER V.

### A consultation in which there is much mutiny.

This consultation was held upon the forecastle of his Majesty's cutter Yungfrau, on the evening after the punishment of Smallbones. The major part of the crew attended; all but the Corporal Van Spitter, who, on these points, was known to split with the crew, and his six marines, who formed the corporal's tail, at which they were always to be found. The principal personage was not the most eloquent speaker, for it was Dick Short, who was supported by Obadiah Coble, Yack Jansen, and another personage, whom we must introduce, the boatswain or boatswain's mate of the cutter, for although he received the title of the former, he only received the pay of the latter. This person's real name was James Salisbury, but for reasons which will be explained he was invariably addressed or spoken of as Jemmy Ducks. He was indeed a very singular variety of human discrepancy as to form: he was handsome in face, with a manly countenance, fierce whiskers and long pigtail, which on him appeared more than usually long, as it descended to within a foot of the deck. His shoulders were square, chest expanded, and, as far as half way down, that is, to where the legs are inserted into the human frame, he was a fine, well-made, handsome, well-proportioned man. But what a falling off was there—for some reason, some accident, it is supposed, in his infancy, his legs had never grown in length since he was three years old: they were stout as well as his body, but not more than eighteen inches from the hip to the heel; and he consequently waddled about a very ridiculous figure, for he was like a man *razeed* or cut down. Put him on an eminence of a couple of

feet and not see his legs, and you would say at a distance, "What a fine looking sailor!" but let him get down and walk up to you, and you would find that nature had not finished what she had so well begun, and that you are exactly half mistaken. This malconformation below did not, however, affect his strength, it rather added to it, and there were but few men in the ship who would venture a wrestle with the boatswain, who was very appropriately distinguished by the cognomen of Jemmy Ducks. Jemmy was a sensible, merry fellow, and a good seaman; you could not affront him by any jokes on his figure, for he would joke with you. He was indeed the fiddle of the ship's company, and he always played the fiddle to them when they danced, on which instrument he was no mean performer, and, moreover, accompanied his voice with his instrument when he sang to them after they were tired of dancing. We shall only observe, that Jemmy was a married man, and he had selected one of the tallest of the other sex: of her beauty the less that is said the better—Jemmy did not look to that, or perhaps at such a height, her face did not appear so plain to him as it did to those who were more on a level with it. The effect of perspective is well known, and even children now have as playthings castles, &c. laid down on card, which, when looked at in a proper direction, appear just as correct as they do preposterous when lying flat before you.

Now it happened that from the level that Jemmy looked up from to his wife's face, her inharmonious features were all in harmony, and thus did she appear what is very advantageous in the marriage state—perfection to her husband, without sufficient charms in the eyes of others to induce them to seduce her from her liege lord. Moreover, let it be recollected, that what Jemmy *wanted* was *height*, and he had gained, what he required in his wife, if not in his own person; his wife was passionately fond of him and very jealous, which was not to be wondered at, for, as she said, "there never was such a husband before or since."

We must now return to the conference, observing that all these parties were sitting down on the deck, and that Jemmy Ducks had his fiddle in his hand, holding it with the body downwards like a bass viol, for he always played it in that way, and that he occasionally fingered the strings, pinching them like you do a guitar, so as to send the sound of it aft, that Mr. Vanslyperken might suppose that they were all met for mirth. Two or three had their eyes directed aft, that the appearance of Corporal Van Spitter or the marines might be immediately perceived, for although the corporal was not a figure to slide into a conference unperceived, it was well known that he was an eaves dropper.

"One thing's sartain," observed Coble, "that a dog's not an officer."

"No," replied Dick Short.

"He's not on the ship's books, so I can't see how it can be mutiny."

"No," rejoined Short.

"Mein Got—he is not a tog, he is de tyfel," observed Jansen.

"Who knows how he came into the cutter?"

"There's a queer story about that," said one of the men.

Tum tum, tumty tum—said the fiddle of Jemmy Ducks, as if it took part in the conference.

"That poor boy will be killed if things go on this way: the skipper will never be content till he has driven his soul out of his body—poor creature! only look at him as he lies in his hammock."

"I never seed a Christian such an object," said one of the sailors.

"If the dog aint killed, Bones will be, that's sartain," observed Coble; "and I don't see why the preference should be given to a human individual, although the dog is the skipper's dog—now then, what d'ye say, my lads?"

Tum tum, tum tum, tumty tumty tum, replied the fiddle.

"Let's hang him at once."

"No," replied Short.

Jansen took out his snickerree, looked at Short, and made a motion with the knife as if passing it across the dog's throat.

"No," replied Short.

"Let's launch him overboard at night," said one of the men.

"But how is one to get the brute out of the cabin?" said Coble; "if it's done at all, it must be done by day."

Short nodded his head.

"I will give him a launch the first opportunity," observed Jemmy Ducks, "only—(continued he in a measured and lower tone)—I should first like to know whether he really *is* a dog or *not*."

"A tog is a tog," observed Jansen.

"Yes," replied one of the forecastle men, "we all know a dog is a dog, but the question is—is *this* dog a dog?"

Here there was a pause, which Jemmy Ducks filled up by again touching the strings of his fiddle.

The fact was, that, although, every one of the sailors wished that the dog was overboard, there was not one who wished to commit the deed, not on account of the fear of its being discovered who was the party by Mr. Vanslyperken, but because there was a great deal of superstition among them. It was considered unlucky to throw any dog or animal overboard, but the strange stories told about the way in which Snarleyyow first made his appearance in the vessel, added to the peculiarly diabolical temper of the animal, had often been the theme of midnight conversation, and many of them were convinced that it was an imp of Satan lent to Vanslyperken, and that, to injure or to attempt to destroy it would infallibly be followed up with terrible consequences to the party, if not to the vessel and all the crew. Even Short, Coble, and Jansen, who were the boldest and leading men, although when their sympathies were roused by the sufferings of poor Smallbones they were anxious to revenge him, had their own misgivings, and, on consideration, did not like to have anything to do with the business. But each of them kept their reflections to themselves, for, if they could not combat, they were too proud to acknowledge them.

The reader will observe that all their plans were immediately put an end to until this important question, and not a little difficult one, was decided—Was the dog a dog?

Now, although the story had often been told, yet, as the crew of the cutter had been paid off since the animal had been brought on board, there was no man in the ship who could positively detail, from his own knowledge, the facts connected with his first appearance—there was only tradition, and, to solve this question, to tradition they were obliged to repair.

"Now, Bill Spurey," said Coble, "you know more about this matter than any one, so just spin us the yarn, and then we shall be able to talk the matter over soberly."

"Well," replied Bill Spurey, "you shall have it just as I got it word for word, as near as I can recollect. You know I wasn't in the craft when the thing came on board, but Joe Geary was, and it was one night when we were boozing over a stiff glass at the new shop there, the Orange Boven, as they call it, at the Pint at Portsmouth—and so you see, falling in with him, I wished to learn something about my new skipper and what sort of a chap I should have to deal with; when I learnt all about *him*, I'd half a dozen minds to shove off again, but then I was adrift, and so I thought better of it. It won't do to be nice in peace times you know, my lads, when all the big ships are rotting in Southampton and Cinque Port muds. Well, then, what he told me I recollect as well—ay, every word of it—as if he had whispered it into my ear but this minute. It was a blustering night, with a dirty southwester, and the chafing of the harbour waves was thrown up in foams, which the winds swept up the street, they chasing one another as if they were boys at play. It was about two bells in the middle watch, and after our fifth glass, that Joe Geary said as this:

"It was one dark winter's night when we were off the Texel, blowing terribly, with the coast under our lee, clawing off under storm canvass, and fighting with the elements for every inch of ground, a hand in the chains, for we had nothing but the lead to trust to, and the vessel so flogged by the waves, that he was lashed to the rigging, that he might not be washed away; all of a sudden the wind came with a blast loud enough for the last trump, and the waves roared till they were hoarser than ever; away went the vessel's mast, although there was no more canvass on it than a jib pocket-handkerchief, and the craft rolled and tossed in the deep troughs for all the world like a wicked man dying in despair; and then she was a wreck, with nothing to help us but God Almighty, fast borne down upon the sands which the waters had disturbed, and were dashing about until they themselves were weary of the load; and all the seamen cried unto the Lord, as well they might.

"Now, they say, that *he* did not cry as they did, like men and Christians, to Him who made them and the waters which surrounded and threatened them; for Death was then in all his glory, and the foaming crests of the waves were as plumes of feathers to his skeleton head beneath them; but he cried like a child—and swore terribly as well as cried—talking about his money, his dear money, and not caring about his more precious soul.

"And the cutter was borne down, every wave pushing her with giant force nearer and nearer to destruction, when the man at the

chains shrieked out—'Mark three, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!' and all the crew, when they heard this, cried out—'Lord, save us, or we perish.' But still they thought that their time was come, for the breaking waves wore under their lee, and the yellow waters told them that, in a few minutes, the vessel, and all who were on board, would be shivered in fragments; and some wept and some prayed as they clung to the bulwarks of the unguided vessel, and others in a few minutes thought over their whole life, and waited for death in silence. But *he*, he did all; he cried, and he prayed, and he swore, and he was silent, and at last he became furious and frantic; and when the men said again and again, 'The Lord save us!' he roared out at last, 'Will the *devil* help us, for——' In a moment, before these first words were out of his mouth, there was a flash of lightning, that appeared to strike the vessel, but it harmed her not, neither did any thunder follow the flash; but a ball of blue flame pitched upon the knight heads, and then came bounding and dancing aft to the taffrail, where *he* stood alone, for the men had left him to blaspheme by himself. Some say he was heard to speak, as if in conversation, but no one knows what passed. Be it as it may, on a sudden he walked forward as brave as could be, and was followed by this creature, who carried his head and tail slouching as he does now.

"And the dog looked up and gave one deep bark, and as soon as he had barked the wind appeared to lull—he barked again twice, and there was a dead calm—he barked again thrice, and the seas went down—and *he* patted the dog on the head, and the animal then bayed loud for a minute or two, and then, to the astonishment and fear of all, instead of the vessel being within a cable's length of the Texel sands in a heavy gale, and without hope, the Foreland lights were but two miles on our beam with a clear sky and smooth water."

The seaman finished his legend, and there was a dead silence for a minute or two, broken first by Jansen, who, in a low voice, said, "Then te tog is not a tog."

"No," replied Coble, "an imp sent by the devil to his follower in distress."

"Yes," said Short.

"Well, but," said Jemmy Ducks, who for some time had left off touching the strings of his fiddle, "it would be the work of a good Christian to kill the brute."

"It's not a mortal animal, Jemmy."

"True, I forgot that."

"Gifen by de tyfel," observed Jansen.

"Ay, and christened by him too," continued Coble. "Who ever heard any Christian brute with such a damnable name?"

"Well, what's to be done?"

"Why," replied Jemmy Ducks, "at all events, imp o' Satan or not, that 'ere Smallbones fought him to-day with his own weapons."

"And beat him too," said Coble.

"Yes," said Short.

"Now, it's my opinion, that Smallbones ar'n't afraid of him," continued Jemmy Ducks, "and devil or no devil, he'll kill him if he can."

"He's the proper person to do it," replied Coble; "the more so, as you may say, that he's his *natural* enemy."

"Yes, mein Got, de poy is the man," said Jansen.

"We'll put him up to it, at all events, as soon as he is out of his hammock," rejoined Jemmy Ducks.

A little more conversation took place, and then it was carried unanimously that Smallbones should destroy the animal, if it was possible to destroy it.

The only party who was not consulted was Smallbones himself, who lay fast asleep in his hammock. The consultation then broke up, and they all went below.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE SISTER TO HER BROTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My brother, when in life's first years
I stood an infant by thy side,
Lisping to thee my hopes and fears,
I loved thee as a friend and guide.

And when in girlhood's opening hours,
I shared thy mind's extensive store,
Improved by thy superior powers,
Each day I learned to love thee more.

Those joys have withered in their bloom,
Those hopes exist no more for me,
Our home is now a home of gloom,
Brother, that gloom is caused by thee.

A world with snares and dangers fraught,
Has lured thee on to deeds of ill,
Yet midst each trouble thou hast brought,
Brother, I feel I love thee still!

Perchance these words thou may'st not brook
From thy fond sister's feeble tongue,
And thou may'st scoff at the rebuke
Of one unskilled, and weak, and young.

Yet I was early taught to dwell
On that blest book of gospel light,
By which a very child may tell
The principles of wrong and right.

And scenes of lawless, wild excess,
Companions versed in ways of sin,
Brother, can Heaven such revels bless?
Can ties like these, his sanction win?

Perchance this warm and strong appeal
  Might better with my parents suit,
But sometimes those who deepest feel,
  Are from intense affliction mute.

Thou deem'st our father harsh and stern,
  Thou would'st not long that thought retain,
Could'st thou his frequent tear discern,
  And catch his smothered sigh of pain.

Thou would'st not think our mother dear,
  Beheld thee with less tender care,
Could'st thou the fervent blessings hear,
  Breathed for thy sake by her in prayer.

And I—my youthful glee has fled,
  A change has come my spirit o'er,
I, who thy absence used to dread,
  Now seem to dread thy presence more;

Because thy speech a tale conveys
  Even to girlhood's artless ken,
Of freedom with the world's loose ways,
  And intercourse with godless men.

But would'st thou from their counsels flee,
  And strive their precepts to unlearn,
Oh! with what thankful ecstasy,
  My heart would welcome thy return!

Have we not both in Scripture read,
  What ills the prodigal befell,
Who from his father's mansion fled,
  Amid the base and vile to dwell?

Yet when he homeward bent his way,
  His father blessed the youth forlorn,
And nought disturbed the feast that day,
  Save a cold brother's envious scorn.

Such feast, I know thy parents dear
  With lavish hand would spread for thee,
And taunt of mine thou need'st not fear,
  To damp the glad festivity.

Hopes, brother, both of mortal birth,
  And source divine, to thee are given;
Thou hast forgiving friends on earth,
  Thou hast a pitying God in heaven:

And should'st thou come to mercy's gate,
  And break the glittering bonds of sin,
Thou would'st not long be told to wait,
  None would forbid thy entrance in.

My speech may boast but little worth,
  Yet none its plainness should despise,
Oft God, the foolish things of earth
  Hath chosen, to confound the wise;

And God a blessing may impart
  On my untaught, unpractised phrase,
And bid it turn my brother's heart,
  To holier thoughts, and better ways.

## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.—No. I.

Γνῶθι Σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*20th January,* 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

IN reply to your letter, wherein you complain that you cannot gather any clear notion of the nature of your malady, because you cannot attach, in your own mind, any distinct idea to the terms which your medical attendants are obliged to use in their endeavours to explain it to you, I am about to give you, in a series of letters, a plain and familiar description of the mechanism of your *internal man;* together with a brief history of those internal motions and actions which constitute animal life, and any disturbance in the harmony of which constitutes disease. Thus, I think, I shall easily enable you to surmount the difficulty of which you complain. There is another benefit which I intend should result from these letters. They will, I hope, enable you to understand what *diet* is most proper for man both in sickness and in health; and what are the *habits of life* which are most likely to conduce to a sound mind and a sound body. For, if I were requested to teach a man how to regulate his watch so as to make it *keep true time,* I should think the best way to teach him to do this, would be to make him acquainted with the internal mechanism of a watch—showing him the uses of the several wheels and springs which keep his *watch a-going.* So, I believe, the best plan to teach men how to regulate their *diet* and *habits of life,* so as to make their *health keep true time,* is to make them acquainted with the mechanism of their internal selves—showing them the uses of the several organs and fluids which *keep* LIFE *a-going.*

But before we descend to particulars, it will be as well to take a rapid and brief, but general, survey of the several parts which go to the composition of the animal, man. I say, the *animal,* because *here* we have nothing whatever to do with the *higher* attributes of his nature—attributes which have no connexion with physical structure, and the phenomena of which are wholly independent of all physical laws—we are here wholly and solely concerned simply with the *physical animal.*

The *method* which I shall adopt in order to exhibit some of the principal systems of which the whole scheme of man is made up, and to show the relation which exists between them, and the dependance of one upon another, may be considered as *fanciful.* Perhaps it is so. But it struck me as one well calculated to render what I wish to say, *easily comprehensible;* and that circumstance alone is a high recommendation. For I am not ambitious of fine writing, either as it regards accurate arrangement, philosophical speculation, or learned and elegant diction—I am only anxious to be *understood.*

If man had been the work of any being *less than Omniscient,* the

several single ideas, composing the one complex idea of man, must have occurred in succession; and the *first* must have been the idea of his figure. The first idea could only have been, as I shall prove presently, merely that of an image or statue of the *particular form and appearance* which man presents. I am, of course, for the present, *supposing* man to have been the first animal produced, and that his artificer was some being of inferior wisdom to that of Him who is, in truth, his *real* Author.

Having conceived the idea of a particular figure, and determined to construct one, the next point to be settled, would be the *kind of materials* of which to fashion it. Having chosen bone, and shaped his image according to his preconceived idea, the first of the series of single ideas forming the one complex idea of man would be realized; and a solid statue of bone would be the result—a mere framework of the human form.

Contemplating the work of his hands, the desire of endowing it with powers of locomotion might then occur to him. In order to accomplish this, the artificer would find it necessary first to divide the statue into parts, (reuniting these parts by means of joints,) and *then* to contrive a number of *motive instruments*, which being attached to the jointed statue, might enable it to move; as the mechanic who wishes to move a heavy weight must first construct *his instruments of motion*, such as wheels, pulleys, levers, &c. Having effected this contrivance, the second idea of the series would be realized—the idea of the muscular system.

But when he had contrived and attached his muscles, he would find that the particular shape and general appearance which he had predetermined his work should bear was quite destroyed; and that these same muscles attached to the outside of the statue were a terrible disfigurement to its external beauty and symmetry. To remedy this evil it would be necessary to scoop and pare down and hollow out different parts of the image, and then fill up these hollows, and restore those parts to their original size which had been pared down, *with his muscles;* so as again to bring his image to its former shape and dimensions. But still he would find, notwithstanding his muscles, that his statue could not yet move, any more than a steam-engine can move, *merely because it has wheels*, unless there be some *power* to set those wheels in motion. Hence would arise the *third* idea of the series—that of a *brain and nerves*, whose office it is to afford motive *power* to the muscles which are of themselves only motive *instruments*. This motive power is to the muscles—which are, in fact, only so many levers—what the mechanic's hand is to the pulleys, wheels, &c.: it sets them in motion, and keeps them moving. And here again he would be obliged to hollow out another portion of the bone—the head—to make room for the brain, so as that its attachment might not disfigure the symmetry of his image. The nerves, which arise from the brain, like fibres from a bulbous root, and whose duty it is to carry the motive power from the brain to the muscles, he would of course distribute and conceal among the numberless little bundles of fibres, of which the muscles are composed.

Again contemplating his production, it would occur to him that

the materials of which he had found it necessary to construct it were liable to decomposition and decay—putrefaction. To surmount this new difficulty, it would be incumbent upon him to contrive a *conservative system*—and hence he would arrive at the *fourth* idea—that of a system of *nutrition*. As the organs of this system are large and numerous, he would be compelled to hollow out the whole body of the statue in order to make room for them, and put them out of sight, leaving no more of the solid image than just sufficient to support and give attachment to the several new contrivances which, in improving upon his original idea, he had found it necessary to add.

Once more contemplating his work, he would now be delighted to see his new, animated, and improved statue, moving about from place to place without assistance. His satisfaction, however, would be somewhat disturbed by observing the grotesque, awkward, and uncertain manner in which it proceeded, or rather zigzagged; and very soon all his joy would be suddenly turned into consternation, by beholding his unhappy image, all at once, break its head against a post, or hop into a river and vanish beneath the waters.

Having fished him up from the stream, or mended his broken head, it would now be tolerably clear to him that his image was not quite perfect. He would see that it was absolutely necessary to the safety of his image that it should know when a tree stood in its way, in order that it might avoid it. This would suggest the idea of the organs of the senses; being the *fifth* idea, and completing that series of which the complex one, represented by the words "*animal man*," is composed. By the organs of the senses his object would be to establish a certain relation between his image and the rest of the world—to enable it to acquire ideas (by means of the *experiences* of these senses) of whatever was likely to inflict injury, or afford pleasure; that it might seek the one and avoid the other.

In considering what senses were necessary, he would find that five were required. Having scooped away another portion of what little of the bony statue yet remained, and so introduced the eye and ear; and having found proper places for the addition of the organs of taste and smell; and thus having disposed of *four* out of the five senses required, he might be supposed to pause, having suddenly observed that there was yet an imperfection which had escaped his notice; for he would see that the external surface of his image was very unequal from the many scoopings and hollowings which it had undergone—that though these had been filled up by muscles, &c. they did not fit with sufficient accuracy to make all level—that some parts were soft and others hard—that some were of one colour and some another—whereas the image, according to his first conceived idea of it, should have been, as to its external appearance, everywhere smooth, homogeneous, and soft to the touch. How was this imperfection to be rectified? Having still the fifth sense to add, he resolved, it may be supposed, to make use of this sense to restore the image to its originally predetermined external appearance of homogeneous beauty. Instead, therefore, of making the sense of *touch* reside in *a single organ*, he spread it out all over the surface of a most delicate and beautiful membrane (the skin), and wrapping the image in it, and seeing that

it fitted it with perfect accuracy, he would rejoice to find that he had killed two birds with one stone—that he had given his image the desired appearance—and, at the same time, found the means of attaching the fifth sense without any more hollowing and scooping.

But these organs of sense or feeling being of themselves only *instruments* of feeling, as the muscles of themselves are only *instruments* of motion, could be of no use unless they were supplied by some other organ with the *power* of feeling, i. e. the ability to feel. But he could find no room for any more organs, nor were more necessary, for he had only to take care that certain of the nerves arising from the brain should be distributed to them, and his organs of sense were thus at once supplied with the power of perfectly fulfilling their respective offices. So again the organs of nutrition would have been useless unless he had taken care that they also were properly supplied by means of the nerves with motive power from the brain. But here a little careful management was necessary; for the brain is the seat of the *will*. And if the organs of nutrition, say the heart for instance, had been subjected to the influence of the *will*; and if his image, in a fit of the sulks, should take it into his head to *will* to die, he would have nothing more to do but *will* his heart to stop. Besides, there must have been a constant and painful exercise of the will kept up in order to keep the heart moving; and whenever our image fell asleep, that sleep must have been eternal; for the will being asleep too, the heart would stand still, and the image would be dead before he had half finished his nap.

Dreading this fatal mishap, our Prometheus would find himself compelled to introduce among the organs of nutrition several little separate brains: from these he would cause to arise nerves which he would distribute to the organs of nutrition, and he would unite these nerves to others, coming from the brain, making this point of union a sort of barrier beyond which the influence of the will *could not pass*.

Having contrived all this to his satisfaction, he once again, it may be supposed, carefully reviewed his work; and having tipped the fingers and toes with nails, ornamented and protected the head and chin with hair, pencilled the eye-brows, and fringed their lids; and having furnished his jaws with teeth, and taught him how to use them, he would be glad that he had finished his work, for, I think, he must have found it a very troublesome affair.

I do not pretend to say that the several ideas composing the series would have occurred in the particular *order* in which I have arranged them. I only say they must have arisen one after another; and that of the mere image must have been the first: for surely it seems absurd to suppose that the idea of a *peculiar* set of instruments of motion could occur *before* the idea of something *peculiar* to be moved by them! That the idea of a *peculiar* system of nutrition should present itself *before* the idea of a *peculiar* something to be nourished! The idea of a peculiar source of motive power *before* the idea of a something to be put in motion! or that the idea of a peculiar system of organs of sense, which may justly be termed organs for the admission of pleasure and avoidance of pain, should precede the idea of something to be pained or pleased.

Besides, all the other parts of the body are subservient to the mere image; and we can assign a distinct purpose to every part of the body except the bony skeleton. Thus, if one is asked why the muscular system exists, the answer is ready: to move the bones. Why the nutritive system?—to enable the bony edifice, together with its motive appendages, to resist decay. And so of all the other systems. But if it be asked, why was the osseous structure created, who shall answer the question? Its purpose cannot be simply to support the other soft parts—this is only its secondary and adventitious use—for there are animals who have no bony structure.

To the divine Artificer, however—the source of all wisdom, and fountain of all that is good, and all that is beautiful, and to whom nothing is impossible, nothing difficult—to him the whole complex idea was present at the same instant of time: and, therefore, foreseeing in his omniscience all that which could only occur to a finite mind, step by step, and little by little, he, from the first, provided against all exigencies, and fashioned man at once as he is.

Thus then we see that the body may be conveniently (at least for our present purpose) divided into five principal systems. *First* come the bones—*secondly* the muscles moving these—*thirdly* the nutritive organs nourishing and sustaining life in both these—*fourthly*, that of the brain and nerves from which the motive power of the muscles—whether those moving the bones, or those other hollow muscles which move the fluids, such as the heart, the arteries, &c. is derived—and *fifthly*, the organs of the senses, by which the being thus endowed, discriminates between that which is conducive, and that which is detrimental to his welfare—enabling him to seek the former, and shun the latter, and establishing a due connexion between him and the objects which surround him.

I have spoken of the motive power of the muscles, both the solid muscles, moving bones, and the hollow muscles, as the heart and arteries, moving the fluids—and I have said that all these muscles derive their motive power from the brain.

The functions of the brain are not well understood: but I believe it to be a gland which elaborates out of the blood, sent to it by the heart, a fluid somewhat analogous, perhaps, in its *physical* nature to the fluid called electric; and that this fluid is carried out of the brain and distributed where it is wanted by the nerves. But the brain is itself derived from the blood, which is circulated through it by the heart. Whence then does the heart derive its *power of propelling* the blood through the brain? We have just seen from whence—*from the brain.* But this is a paradox! It is so.

Yet it is true. The heart cannot send blood to the brain till it has been stimulated to do so by the brain; and yet the brain cannot elaborate the fluid by which it stimulates the heart to motion, until it has already received blood from the heart from which to elaborate it, and by which it is itself nourished and supported. The fact is, that the heart and brain act on "the reciprocity system." Neither can do without the other. Their reciprocal influence moves in a circle. Neither can begin—both must exist simultaneously; and the instant one dies, the life of the other is extinguished. It is in vain to seek

the origin of this motion by tracing it backward. We only get from the heart of the embryo to the heart of the parent—from the brain of the embryo to the brain of the parent. Where then are we to look for the origin of this motion. There is but one source, my dear John, of all motion and all emotion. The motions in our physical organs, as well as those which sustain the planetary system, those which constitute chemical phenomena, together with the emotions of the mind, can only derive their origin from the great "*primum mobile of all*—the inscrutable FIRST CAUSE. Τις ἡ τῆς κινήσεως ἀρχὴ ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ; Δῆλον δε, ὥσπερ ἐν τω ὑλω, θεος, και παν ἐκείνω· κινεῖ γαρ, πῶς παντα, το ἐν 'HMIN θειον." "*What is the beginning of motion in the soul? It is clear that it is, as in the universe, the* DEITY *himself, and all in him; for the Divinity moves in us, as it moves all things.*" Thus spoke the son of the old heathen Greek physician of Stagira. It is a sentiment which would not misbecome the lips of any Christian of the present day.

We have now taken a view in the gross, of the several parts of which man is made up. But in contemplating the new being as we have seen him turned out of the hands of our imaginary Prometheus, has it not struck you that something extremely necessary to his safety had been forgotten? Let us suppose that the first living thing he meets after his creation is a lean wolf, gaunt with hunger. He cannot flee from him, for the wolf is swifter than he; he cannot resist him, for the wolf is stronger than he—he must perish for want of *weapons of defence.* In vain do his organs of the senses warn him of the approach of danger; he can neither shun it nor resist it. What he still wants, then, to secure him in his existence, are *weapons of offence and defence.*

Here, then, is a new difficulty. How is it to be overcome? Man was originally designed not only *not to become* the prey of the rest of the animal creation, but to hold every other animal under his own dominion—within his own power—under his own control, and at his own service. Nothing short of omnipotence could effect it, and I know of no better proof of the divine origin of man, than the solution of the following problem: the beast of prey (every way man's superior in strength) and man, (formed as we have just seen him formed,) being given, to give the *weaker* dominion over the *stronger.* How beautifully, perfectly, yet simply has the almighty Ruler surmounted this difficulty! Man SPEAKS, and the problem is solved! By virtue of that miraculous system of little organs—the organs of speech—what an immeasurable distance is, at one instant, interposed between the reasoning powers of the brute and his own! These enable him to add to the stock of knowledge resulting from his own experience, the whole stock acquired by the experience of his fellow-man. Thus he obtains innumerable ideas, which could never have been collected by the senses of one individual. These he combines, analyses, recombines, compares, arranges. New ideas give rise to new pursuits, and new pursuits to new ideas. Thus his stock of knowledge is continually augmented, as his sources of ideas are multiplied—till his power, resulting from his knowledge, is only inferior to that of his Creator. The lion is lord of the forest, but man is lord of the lion.

The stag and the antelope outstrip the wind, but man outstrips the antelope and stag. The most powerful of the brute creation become his obedient slaves. The tiger is hunted and slain, or entrapped and imprisoned, and his savage ferocity made subservient to his master's amusement and profit. Man's superior reason, therefore—*which he owes to his faculty of speech*—constitutes *his weapon of offence and defence.*

And here again I have been forestalled by another old heathen Greek—the old wine-bibbing goat of Teios—a vastly different personage, to be sure, from Alexander's tutor, to whom I have already been indebted for a similar favour, but nevertheless one whose authority must not be "sneezed at." Hear what he says, for 'tis pat to the point:—

"Φυσις κερατα ταυροις,
Οπλας δ'εδωκεν ἱπποις,
Ποδωκιην λαγωοις,
Λεουσι χασμ' οδοντων,
Τοις ιχθυσιν το νηκτον,
Τοις ορνεοις πετασθαι,
Τοις ανδρασι φρονημα."

"*Nature hath given (for their weapons of offence and defence) horns to bulls, hoofs to horses, swiftness to hares, a cavern of teeth to lions; to fishes the power of swimming, to birds the power of flying—to man she has given wisdom..*"*

I find Geoffrey Crayon supporting the same opinion. "Man is naturally more prone to subtilty than open valour, owing to his physical weakness, in comparison with other animals. They are endowed with natural weapons of defence; with horns, with tusks, with hoofs and talons; but man has to depend on his superior sagacity."—*Traits of Indian Character.*

I hope it is not necessary to tell *you*, who know me so well, that I consider the reasoning faculty as quite distinct from the soul, which I believe to be a portion of the divine essence, "divinam particulam auræ," inhabiting the body, but not subservient to any of its functions. "Λογου δ'αρχη ου λογος αλλα τι κρειττον." "*The beginning of reason is not reason, but something better.* I have mentioned the *reasoning powers of* brutes. No one, I think, of the present day, who is accustomed to read, and think, and take note of the habits of animals, will deny their possession of this faculty. Every thing which *remembers* and regulates its conduct by this remembrance, performs an act of reason. Why should they *not* reason? And that man owes his superiority of reasoning power to his faculty of speech is most strikingly and irresistibly proved by the effect of the press. What is printing *but an extension of the powers of speaking?* Enabling a man,

* I cannot resist the temptation to quote the two next lines, as they afford a specimen of perhaps the first *bull* on record. The old sinner was most likely drunk when he wrote them.

"Γυναιξιν ουκ ετ ειχεν
Τι ουν διδωσι; καλλος."

"For woman, she had nothing left. What then did she give her? Beauty." Is beauty nothing? He afterwards tells us that this same *beauty* is more terrible in its effects than fire and steel united.

without moving from his native soil, to put his antipodes in possession of every new idea he acquires, so that what one acquires is acquired by all—thus multiplying the still newer ideas to which this newly acquired *one* may give rise, by nearly the whole number of the reading inhabitants of the world: for almost every man will probably derive, from the combination of this new idea with one which he already possesses, *another* new idea—and this other new idea is again *told* to the world, through the press, and its results again multiplied as before. The first *possession* of the faculty of speech did not elevate man to a greater distance above the brute, than this *extension* of it has lifted him above his former self.

It may be objected, that man has a *larger brain* than other animals, and that his superior ratiocinative powers may be owing to *this* circumstance. This objection may be answered in two ways. I shall first answer it as though it were true; for, if it be true, it does not invalidate my argument: for if man possesses a larger brain, it is only *in consequence* of his possessing the organs of speech. Because, *that man should speak* was a part of his original design; and the Creator foreknowing (as he foreknew, and provided for every other exigency) that the faculty of speech would render a larger brain *necessary* for the reception of that multitudinous host of ideas which his vocal organs would enable him to muster—and in order that he might reap the full advantage which his gift of speech was calculated to confer on him—has given him a magnitude of brain corresponding to his necessity. If he had not done so, he would have defeated his own purpose. He would have given him the means of *acquiring* ideas without the means of turning them to account—and man, as it regards his reason, would still have been but one remove above his neighbour the brute. His superior magnitude of brain, therefore, (if he possessed it,) and his superior ratiocinative faculties, are both alike the consequence of his vocal organs. But it is *not true* that he has a larger brain than other animals. The ox has a larger than he. I know it will be said, that the brain of the ox, although *absolutely* larger, is yet *relatively* smaller—that is, *relatively* to their respective bulk. But this is futile. If a larger brain has a capacity for acquiring more knowledge than a smaller one, I see no reason why its attachment to a larger body should hinder it from doing so. He (the ox) would, indeed, be *relatively* where he was, in respect to sagacity —that is, *relatively* to his bulk—but he would be *absolutely* wiser. The larger any animal was, the wiser he would be. But this is not true. My lady's poodle is as wise as my lord's coach-horse.

There *is a difference*, I conceive, nevertheless, between the brute and human brain. If an ox were endowed with the faculty of speech, although it would lift his ratiocinative powers to an elevation nearly equal to the grandeur of man's, it would not *quite* equal it. But this difference is to be sought for, not in superior magnitude, but in superior *delicacy, elaborateness, and intricacy of structure.* As this superior *quality*, like the supposed superior magnitude of man's brain, is only the *consequence* of his possessing articulating organs, my assertion still holds that his enunciatory apparatus is the sole cause of his superior ratiocinative capabilities.

Now, my dear John, begging pardon for this long digression about the talking organs, and with a devout hope that your amiable wife, when she learns how much she owes to these little instruments, will be particularly careful never, by overtasking, to put them out of tune, I will descend from generals to particulars.

Many years ago it was believed by physicians that our food was operated on by the stomach, pretty much in the same way as shins of beef and ox-cheeks are dealt with by a Papin's digester. It was supposed to be digested—that is, simmered, concocted, or stewed. When a man, therefore, felt himself strong and active, not oppressed after meals, and altogether in excellent health and spirits, this fine state of things was thought to be all owing to the circumstance of the stewing and simmering in the stomach having been carried on merrily and well, till it was *done enough*; and then, it was thought, the stomach handed over the stew to the bowels, thoroughly and properly cooked. But when a man, without any one very painful symptom in particular, felt himself generally indisposed, weakly, disinclined to action, low spirited, and oppressed afterwards, it was then said that his food was not properly *digested*—in plain English, that it was not properly *stewed* by the stomach; but that it was left by that organ very much in the same state in which the shins of beef would be found after having been stewed over a bad fire, and in a cracked digester, which let the steam out. He was said to be afflicted with *indigestion*, which signifies *the unequal distribution of particles by stewing*, or simply *imperfect stewing*. Or if his physician chanced to be somewhat of a pedant, the more learned word *dyspepsia* was used, which signifies *difficult boiling*.

You see, therefore, that when these queer words *digestion*, *indigestion*, *dyspepsia*, *digestive*, &c. &c. were first introduced, viz. when physicians looked upon the stomach as little more than a living stewpan, they had each a very distinct and definite meaning, and were used with perfect propriety. I mention this merely to account to you for the introduction of these strange words into medical language. That these words are still used by medical men is of no consequence, because, although they retain the *old words*, they attach to them *new meanings*; meanings which by no means belong to the words, but which are perfectly understood among themselves. But with the rest of mankind the case is very different: for, as they retain the *old words* they must also retain the *old meanings*, or else *no meaning at all*, which is by far the most frequently the case; because they cannot be aware of the several great changes and improvements which medical philosophy has undergone. When these words, therefore, were first introduced they were proper enough, but now that physicians have discarded the "Papin's Digester," and refuse to recognise any similarity between the uses of the stomach and those of the stewpan; now that we know that "*the stomach is neither a mill, nor a stewpan, nor a fermenting vat—but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach;*" *now*, I say, the whole of these words, as applied to any condition or action of any part of the body are perfectly *senseless*, and *worse* than absurd, because they are only productive of confusion, they ought, therefore, to be expelled from medical language, or if retained, they must,

and indeed *can*, only be understood in senses which do not properly belong to them. But we had better get rid of them altogether, for it is impossible to use them with the slightest shadow of propriety, and we shall have no difficulty in finding substitutes for them, which will carry with them each its own definite and obvious signification.

From what I have said of the manner and reason of the introduction of these words which we have just expelled from our vocabulary, you will easily understand how it came to pass that all those disorders to which the term indigestion is applied were supposed to exist in the *stomach only;* because, you will have observed, that it was in the *stomach*, according to the creed of our good forefathers, that all the stewing and digesting were carried on; and if the stew was not properly stewed, they never thought of looking to the fire or to the cookmaid for the cause, they only looked to the stewpan, which they learnedly denominated the digestive or stewing organ.

Now for our substitutes. For the phrase "*sound digestion*," substitute *perfect assimilation;* for indigestion, substitute *imperfect assimilation; assimilating organs*, for digestive organs; *assimilation of food*, instead of digestion of food, &c. &c. The word *assimilation* is generally used by authors to designate that process by which the food, after having undergone all the necessary previous changes, ceases to be food and becomes part and parcel of the living body; when that which was flesh of the dead ox becomes flesh of the living man, or bone, or hair, or skin, &c. &c. according to the nature of the different parts of the body to which it is distributed for the purpose of being assimilated. But, in fact, *all* the changes which the food undergoes are *assimilating* changes, all tending to that *ultimate assimilation* which converts the fluid food into the solid body—in one word, its solidification. Thus the conversion of food in the stomach into chyme (learnedly called chymification) is its *assimilation to the nature of chyme;* its conversion into chyle (chylification) is its *assimilation to the nature of chyle;* its conversion into blood (sanguification) is its *assimilation to the nature of blood;* and if we wish to particularize any one of these changes we have only to name the organ in which it takes place. Thus if we wish to designate those particular changes which take place in the stomach, commonly called digestion, we have only to speak of them as "*assimilation in the stomach.*"

Now that we have got rid of the word *digestion*, with all its stewing derivatives, and banished it from our own to the cook's vocabulary, to which alone it properly belongs, you will not be surprised when I tell you, that the stomach and bowels are by no means the only assimilating organs we possess. You would have been startled had I told you that the heart and arteries are *digestive* organs; yet they are as much so as the stomach; for as it is the office of the stomach to operate *one* of the assimilating changes, so it is the office of the heart and arteries to operate another;—nay, the stomach itself could do nothing but for the arteries which supply it with its juices; but you will have no difficulty in understanding how the heart and arteries can be assimilating organs, because assimilation is not the result of one action but of many, of which the circulation of the blood is certainly not the least important. Every organ, therefore, which is concerned in the nu-

trition of the body, and without a healthy state of which organ nutrition cannot be properly performed, has a right to be called an assimilating or nutritive organ. I need not tell you that nutrition and assimilation are the same thing. Assimilation completed *is* nutrition completed; and the several assimilating changes in the food are only so many nutritive steps towards the completion of the process of nutrition.

I shall presently take a meal of food and trace it, or, rather, follow it through all its changes until it has become assimilated, that is, until it has become part of the living body. In doing this, you will learn what *are* the assimilating or nutritive organs, what is the office of each, what the changes which these organs severally effect in the food, and in what manner they accomplish these changes.

It will be convenient to state here that there are contained in the body two kinds of blood, differing from each other as much as any two things *can* well differ. The one is of a beautiful, bright, vermilion colour, teeming with the living principle, pregnant with all those elements from which the whole of the body and all its fluids, except one, are elaborated, and in a condition readily and instantly to part with those elements, each at the proper moment and in the proper place, accordingly as the nutrition of the several parts of the body requires them. This vermilion blood is, as it were, in a state of *excitement*, being *surcharged*, not with the principles of electricity, but with the principles of *living matter;* and as it circulates through the minute vessels, parts with those living elements with the readiness and freedom with which a highly excited body parts with its electricity. This blood is conveyed in vessels called *arteries*. The other kind of blood is a nasty, thick, purplish, blackish, inky puddle, unendowed with any good quality, endowed with many pernicious ones, productive of much mischief, but guiltless of any one good with which I am acquainted, save only that from it the bile is formed. This blood is contained in vessels called *veins*. Some of the principal differences between *arteries* and veins are the following:—The *arteries* carry the living blood *from* the heart *to* every point of the body. The *veins*, like so many waste pipes, carry the deteriorated, dirty, and, if I may so speak, dead and useless blood *from every point* of the body back *to the heart*. The arteries, arising by one large trunk from the heart, become *smaller and smaller* as they pursue their course towards their termination. The veins, arising from the innumerable terminations of arteries, become *larger and larger* as they proceed. The arteries, therefore, in the neighbourhood of the heart, from which, as I have just said, they all arise by one common root, (*the aorta,*) are large and few; but from the sides of these there are perpetually given off smaller and smaller *branches*, while, from these smaller, others, still smaller than they, continue to arise, and so on until the whole are finally lost in indistinguishable minuteness.

While the arteries are in this state of wonderful attenuation, their course is exceedingly tortuous; they recoil upon themselves, and are circumflexed hither and thither until there is scarcely a point in the body which is not occupied by one of these little vessels. After having thus permeated the universal body, they lose the characteristics of

*arteries* and assume the structure of *veins*. The *terminations* of arteries, therefore, are the *beginning* of veins. This termination of arteries in veins can be seen, by the aid of the microscope, in the frog and salamander. In some fishes it can be seen with the naked eye. The arteries near their termination and the veins near their beginning are many times smaller than the finest hairs, and this hair-like state of minuteness constitutes the *ultimate tissue* of the arteries and veins—and so the tissue, formed by the nerves and absorbent vessels, while in their last state of minuteness, constitutes *the ultimate tissue* of the nerves and absorbents, and that beautiful network formed by the interlacing of *all these* delicate and hair-like threads, viz. arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents in their minutest condition, constitutes the *ultimate tissue* of the body, and this *ultimate tissue* constitutes, in fact, nearly the whole of the body. For all that which appears to our eyes so firm and solid (not even excepting the bones) is almost entirely consisting of this astonishing network of minute vessels and nerves. This network, or ultimate tissue of the body, owes its compactness to its being firmly compressed and interwoven, to its being well and accurately filled with fluid, (principally blood,) and to the circumstance of its being everywhere supported, held together, contained, and, as it were, closely stowed away in the *cells* of the *cellular substance*.

In order to obtain a clear notion of the cellular substance, its universality and appearance, just fancy it possible for an anatomist, with a finely-pointed instrument, to pick away every part of your body which *is not cellular substance;* what remained would be, of course, cellular substance *only*, and you would present exactly the appearance of a man *made* of *honey-comb* or *sponge*. But if this spongy *relique* of you were perfectly dried, it would be so light that the sigh of a butterfly in love would be sufficient to scatter it to the four winds of heaven. Notwithstanding it pervades, therefore, the whole body, its actual quantity or weight is exceedingly small. If you doubt the existence of this universal cellular substance, and would like to see it proved by actual experiment on your own person, only let me know, and I will come prepared with a proper instrument, and begin to pick away whenever you please. Only, my dear John, when I have done picking, I will by no means undertake to *put you together again*. I trust you have now a tolerably accurate idea of the *ultimate tissue*. If you have not, I pray you to refer back and read again; and every now and then shut your eyes, and so endeavour to ascertain whether you clearly understand what you have just read or not, and by no means proceed to a second sentence before you have fully understood the first. Pardon this earnestness; and if I have been somewhat tedious or tautological, you must pardon that too, for I am extremely anxious that you should obtain a distinct conception of the nature of the ultimate tissue; otherwise I shall have lost both my time and labour, and it will be impossible for you to understand me when I come to speak of *diet*, the conduct of life as it relates to the preservation of health, the origin of disease, &c. &c. all of which have a direct reference to this same ultimate tissue. It is besides the most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most important structure in the human fabric, magnificent in its very simplicity, stupendous in its very mi-

nuteness, and it is the secret chamber in which nature conducts all her hidden operations. Hither are brought and dealt with by that subtle and mysterious Operator all the elements necessary to the production of a Newton, a Milton, a Plato, or a Montaigne, a Rabelais, a Democritus; a Howard, or a Robespierre; a Richard the First of England, or a Louis the Eleventh of France; a Napoleon, a Peter, a Lear, a Goneril, a Falstaff; a genius or a dunce; a martyr for religion or a murderer for pelf; a fanatic or a fool. The *physical* is the father of the *moral* man: and it is quite true, "*Quod animi mores temperamenta sequantur;*" and no less true is it that "*Philosophy has been in the wrong not to descend more deeply into physical man;—there it is that the moral man lies concealed; the outward man is only the shell of the man within.*" To alter a man's moral character, you need only alter his physical condition. Take the brave and hardy mountaineer from his hills—lap him in luxury—let him be fed on dainties and couched on down—let his lullaby be sounded by the "soft breathing of the lascivious lute," instead of the wild music of the whistling wind,—you will soon reduce him first physically and then morally, to the rotund but helpless condition of the turtle-fed yet imbecile alderman. In a few years replace him on his mountain-top—set him beside his former companions—show him the aggressor against his rights, the oppressor of his race—bid him meet and repel the common enemy. Behold! his courage has fled, the love of liberty and independence is dead within him, the spirit of freedom sleeps; he trembles and yields, preferring the indolence of slavery to the toil necessary to preserve him free. It may be said that courage is but *one* of the moral qualities: true—but it is one on which many others depend. Courage results from a consciousness of physical strength, and cowardice from a consciousness of physical weakness. The strong will not shun danger, because he feels himself competent to resist and repel it. The weak man, knowing himself unable to surmount danger by an exercise of strength which he does not possess, will resort to other means of preservation—to petty cunning, wily stratagem, mean subterfuge, lying, and circumvention. Thus the virtues which are directly opposed to these vices all depend upon courage, at least, to a considerable extent; and courage depends on physical strength, the size of the heart and lungs, the firmness of the heart's structural fibre, and the liveliness and energy with which circulation and animalization is performed. The fortitude with which the Indian savage endures torture at the stake, I shall endeavour to show by and by is clearly the result of his physical condition. It may be objected, that we have numerous instances of undoubted courage in men possessing but little physical strength: but this objection will not hold. When the noble scion of a noble house, the nursling of luxurious ease from his cradle, goes out to fight a duel, is it because he loves danger for the sake of the pleasurable excitement it affords? No. Is it because he is indifferent to danger? No. What is it then which urges him on? It is the *fear* of disgrace; it is the dread of being hooted from that sphere of society in which he moves; it is *his fear* of the finger of scorn which impels him: this, therefore, is not *courage!* this is *fear!* If he refuse to fight he *knows* that he will be

degraded from his caste—his views, whether of love or ambition, will be destroyed. If he fight he has a chance of escape, and if he escape his character as a man of courage is established. His, therefore, is a choice of two evils, and he chooses to fight as being the less evil of the two. If he could avoid *both* evils, assuredly he would do so. But this is not courage! The *mere act* of fighting does not constitute bravery. It is the feeling, the inward feeling which he carries with him to the field, it is *this* which constitutes true valour. The rankest coward that ever lived will fight if he knows that instant death attends his refusal, or that there is more danger in running away than in going forward. True courage loves danger for the sake of the excitement it affords—loves it for the same reason that men love wine: loves it, too, for the glory consequent on overcoming it. Had Richard the First *not* been the *giant* he was, would he have been the *hero* he was? Would he have courted danger as he did, alone and single-handed? I have said that many virtues depend on this single quality of courage. Richard possessed the *ne plus ultra* of courage, and he was high-minded and generous to a fault. He sought to accomplish all his ends openly, avowedly, and honourably, *because* he felt himself *able* to do so. His brother John was a coward, and how did *he* seek to accomplish *his* objects? Why, by every species of low and cunning villany, not stopping even at murder. Had John been physically constituted as Richard, and Richard as John, John had been called the lion-hearted, and Richard the craven coward. Again, it may be urged that on the field of battle men *not physically strong* have frequently performed feats of gratuitous and uncalled-for daring. But neither will this objection hold, for *at the time* of performing these deeds of valour their physical constitution is *actually altered*. The brain, powerfully excited by the scenes, the trumpet clang, the panoply of war, the martial music, the stir, the life, the uproar all around, pours into the heart *a resistless tide*, as it were, of nervous energy, and the heart, obedient to the impulse, propels the blood in a stream of triple force along the arteries, until every organ of the body is in a state of the highest excitement, swollen and distended with the living current. Thus for a time the weak become *actually strong*, and hence these instances of courage in the weak. The same thing occurs in anger. A man under the influence of rage not only *appears* but *really does possess* treble the physical power which he can command when calm.

Madness in all its grades, from mere eccentricity, through all the devious wanderings, wild imaginings, and musing moodiness of the poet's mind up to the furious raving of incurable insanity, has its seat in the physical structure or physical disorganization of the brain. And what are all these varying shades of insanity but so many peculiarities of character, taking the name of *eccentricity* while they are but slightly marked and harmless; of *insanity* when deeply marked and dangerous; and of patriotism when the effect of the ruling passion is to benefit the state, though that benefit be purchased at the small cost of self-destruction? Was not the Roman *mad* who, in order to show his enemy how little he cared for his threats of punishment, thrust his own hand into the fire and held it there till it was con-

sumed? Codrus, the last king of Athens, allowed himself purposely to be killed by one of his enemies, the Heraclidæ, because the oracle had declared that the victory should be won by that nation whose king should be slain in battle. Codrus, therefore, was a patriot. Had he done the same thing from sadness of heart, weariness of the world, or simply to please himself, he would have been a suicide and a madman.

The moral qualities are therefore, at least, to a great extent, the offspring of physical structure. I know that moral causes may, and often do, produce physical disease: but this does not weaken the argument, for a child may destroy its parent. The qualities of the mind, also, may be modified, improved, trained, and properly directed by religion and education. But so, also, may the child of one parent be nurtured and educated by another.

One of the most familiar instances of the influence of physical conformation on moral character is to be found in the fact, that all the most courageous and ferocious animals have a heart remarkably large and strong in proportion to their size, while the weak and timid have hearts proportionally small. It is as impossible for an animal with a small, flabby heart to be bold and strong as for two and two to equal five.

I am glad to perceive, by some late publications, that the truth of this doctrine is beginning to be admitted, and I trust it will not be long before parents can be made to understand that the only certain method of assuring to children a vigorous and healthy *mind* is, first of all, to allow them the opportunity of acquiring a vigorous and healthy *body*. Let them be assured, too, that those who begin by cramming a child's *memory* (for judgment is out of the question) with a quantity of bad French and worse Latin, together with the terms and problems of the abstruse sciences, which, after all, they *can* only learn to repeat as the parrot does, by rote without understanding; let them, I say, be assured that those who thus begin, by seeking to make a child so very, *very* wise, will end, in all human probability, by making him a fool. I have been seduced by this bewitching subject into a long digression:—but let us return to the arteries and veins.

The arteries, ramifying in every direction, like the branches of a tree from their common root in the heart, and having shot their minute and hair-like terminations into every part of the body, so that you cannot insert the point of the finest needle without wounding one or more of them, cease to be arteries and take the structure of veins. These hair-like veins (which are merely a continuation of hair-like arteries with an alteration in the structure of their coats) soon begin to unite two into one, to form larger veins. These larger veins again presently unite two or more into one, to form larger still; and so on, until all the veins of the body have united together, and so formed two very large ones which empty themselves into the heart. One of the grand distinctions then between veins and arteries is, that while the arteries arising *from* the heart are *multiplied in number* and *diminished in size*, until they have reached and distributed their blood *to the* ultimate tissue, the veins arising *from* the ultimate tissue are constantly becoming *diminished in numbers* and *increased in size*, until they have reached and carried their blood *to* the heart.

Another general distinction between arteries and veins is, that arteries possess *contractility*. That is, they possess the power of contracting upon (and so propelling) their blood, and then of recovering their size, and contracting again; and so on. This alternate contraction and expansion constitutes the pulse. The veins are simply and but slightly elastic. A simply elastic body can only contract after having been previously expanded. The arteries can contract *without* previous expansion. This power they owe to what is called *contractility*. The veins, therefore, have no pulse, and consequently little or no power to propel their blood. The blood in the veins is driven on by various extrinsic circumstances, such as the contraction of muscles around them, the pulsation of arteries in their neighbourhood, a dependent position, &c. The veins, therefore, have valves which, when the blood has been squeezed onward towards the heart by the adventitious causes just mentioned, prevent its regurgitation or gravitation backward.

I have said that there is scarcely any point in the body which is not occupied by vessels and nerves. It follows, therefore, that there is scarcely any point of it which does not *consist* of vessels and nerves. And this is true. When you look at a piece of red raw flesh, that which appears to you a solid mass, is, in fact, little else than a wonderful and compact tissue of nerves and hollow tubes firmly compressed and matted together. The only solid parts are the nervous threads, a little cellular substance, and the delicate membranes forming the coats of those hollow tubes—that is, the blood-vessels and absorbents—and even these are porous—at least the blood-vessels. Even that which anatomists call the muscular fibre, and which you call the *grain* of the meat, has been asserted by Ruysch to be no more than little bundles of vessels—minute tubes, like the hairs of your head, every one of which you, of course, know is hollow. Ruysch's opinion is very high authority, for he possessed a secret which enabled him to carry the art of injecting minute vessels to a degree of nicety which has never since been equalled, nor even approached. But he died, and, like a miser, refused to divulge his secret, though large sums of money were offered him. If any man deserved to have confession extorted from him by the rack, it was Ruysch.

What I have said of the red raw flesh is also true of the bones—especially of young animals. For the internal structure of the bones is *honey-combed*, and highly *spongoid*, and their cells everywhere are filled with vessels and nerves. From all this there results another consequence, which is this: that nearly the whole of the body, consisting of tubes, and these tubes being filled with fluid, a very large proportion of the whole body must consist of *fluid*. This, too, is true. If you take a piece of human muscle (that is, what you call, in meat, the lean part) of the size and thickness of an ordinary beef steak, and dry it perfectly, it will become no thicker than a sheet of paper. In fact, fully five-sixths of the body are fluid. The next large proportion consists of the solid matter composing the nerves and the coats of vessels. What remains is too trifling for consideration. *Au revoir—adieu.*

E. JOHNSON.

# THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WHAT is it that has raised woman in the scale of being?—Christianity. Who was her first great champion and liberator?—Christ! And can she who owes her freedom to a divine master become the slave of man? Can she quit his service, which is indeed perfect freedom, for the thraldom of the world? Let us take a brief review of the state of woman as it was, in order that we may the more justly estimate what it now is. Look at the situation of the sex in the barbarous ages of the world: mere objects of a gross sensuality and abject obedience to their rude and selfish possessors. As the nations became more enlightened, and men's habits less savage and lawless, the state of women was somewhat improved. Yet, even amongst the far-famed Greeks and Romans, where the arts flourished, and the minds of men were illuminated with the rays of genius and the light of philosophy, what was woman? Still but a mere object of the senses. Or, if she rose to any higher consideration, it was only by throwing aside the graces of her feminine nature, and arraying herself like Bellona. When a new era dawned upon the world, and chivalry made woman its seeming idol, wearing her colours on its mailed arm, and her *faveurs joyaux*, or *emprises d'amour*, on its crested helm, going forth in her name alone to the combat "la guerre des amoureux," what then was woman? Nothing. Still but the mere object of sense; her charms, her youth, the only ties that bound man to her. Poets are fond of singing the praises of love, as it existed in chivalrous times; let us hear what the philosopher says upon the subject.

"Among all the ages of chivalry, there was none in which it flourished to such a degree, at least in France, or that produced so many Chevaliers des Dames, as the fourteenth. Yet in this very century so great was the libertinism of the nobles, that scarcely a day passed but that complaints were made at court by ladies, both married and unmarried, who had been carried off, and seduced by their powerful neighbours. The Marshal de Boncicant, with twelve other knights, at whose head was a cousin of the king, therefore resolved to found an order for the protection of the fair sex, to which they gave the appellation of 'De la Dame Blanche à l'Escu Verd.' The insignia of this order consisted of a golden shield enamelled with green, containing the figure of a white lady." Thus we see, that in the age most distinguished for a chivalrous devotion to woman, a few brave men were obliged to unite in the defence of innocence and beauty, and teach men decency and decorum towards that sex, whose charms (despite the boast of chivalry) inspired any thing, rather than a delicate and tender passion. And such, some will say, perhaps, is the case now even in this reformed age of the world. Too frequently, we admit, but with many rare exceptions. That beauty will always

be a lovely flower in the path of man, that youth will steal upon his senses, like the first breath of spring, cannot be denied: but what we would maintain is, not that woman, as relates to personal appearance, is no longer an object of sense; but that the Christian lover and husband of this age are bound to woman by stronger and more lasting feelings than those of mere passion,—feelings of companionship, which hallow the domestic hearth,—feelings of loving consideration, which sweeten the social board—and, above all, feelings of tender sympathy in sickness, which smooth the wedded couch. Yes, such are the fruits of Christianity; such the feelings of the Christian husband, often (for I have seen it) surviving both the youth and the beauty of the wife. Let woman, then, with the book of salvation open to her, learn to estimate her high and glorious prerogative, that heir-loom of God's grace, which the mothers and daughters of Judea have transmitted to her, and which can never be lost, or sequestered, but by her own act. He, the Saviour of souls, the Regenerator of hearts—He, the sinless one! who told the accused adultress to "go and sin no more" —who permitted the polluted Magdalen to touch his immaculate feet— He has left lasting and triumphant testimonials of the regard in which He held woman: woman by him so honoured, as to bear in her bosom the incarnate God, the long-predicted Paraclete; the only Saviour of souls!—woman his last care when dying, and his first chosen herald when risen again from the dead; and who still, if she watches like the two loving Marys at his tomb, will see him one day in the garden o eternity! Regret not then, ye young and fair romancers, the days of chivalry; nor sigh for the loves of those by-gone days. Trust to the voice of Truth. Woman never rose so high in the scale of being as now, when her mind makes her the companion and not the puppet of man; who, in this happy age, is not ashamed to honour in woman, both the tender parent that bore him, and the blessed mother of the God that redeemed him. And who is more tenderly than ever bound to the partner of his fortunes and earthly fate, by their common hopes of a joyful re-union, and a glorious immortality hereafter.

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*To the Editor of the Metropolitan.*

*Nottingham, Jan. 6,* 1836.

Sir,

After contributing to some of the most respectable periodical and other literary works of the age, and after the public commendations of "Blackwood's," "the Athenæum," &c., and privately of such persons as Wordsworth, Montgomery, Miss Mitford, and Miss Bowles, &c. I find my name yet liable to the malignity and dandyism of criticism.* I should be

* We know not to whom the malignity and dandyism of criticism allude. Surely not to "Fraser's Magazine," as our correspondent supposes: be it as it may, we have not seen the attack. We will do our best, however, to revivify Mr. Howitt.—Ed.

deficient in manliness and spirit were I to resign the least spark of literary existence by any thing they could inflict; I allude to "Fraser's Magazine," where my brother, the author of "Pantika," assures me my name is classed with "the immortals of 1835." I wish to give public proof that I belong yet to "mortal poets,"—that I am, as Shakspeare says, "a man of this world."

As a reader of the "Metropolitan," and one who has derived much pleasure from your own pen, I turn naturally to that work, and to you as Editor of it, with the request that if you find *the poetry* in the lines attending this, *of the quality I believe it to be*, you will, by giving it a place in your very respectable Magazine, assist me in making public the best answer to the malice of any reviewer.

Your's, very respectfully, &c.

R. Howitt.

## FANCY.

My wings are light as gossamer—my way
Is with the sunbeam of the summer's day:
My pleasant car among the stars I drive,
And moonlight is the food whereon I thrive.
With a light sail I skim the azure deep,
The sea, the sky, and have a world in sleep.
Sometimes I clasp me in a girl's pure zone,
And feel all beauty like a flower full-blown,
Rest in her lap, or bask within her eyes,
As in the only real paradise.
The poet feels me kindling in his eye,
And in his brain, both which I glorify:
I make the poet's glance a glorious thing,
Which, like the primrose-footstep of the Spring,
Leaves light where'er it rests. But who can tell
My palace-home, the region where I dwell,
My airy habitation? Is't where rise
Quick-spreading smiles round infant lips and eyes;
Or on the breezy forehead of the dawn,
Pale-orange tinted, dappled like the fawn:
Or is't where leaps and flashes the free stream,
Or in the rainbow's skiey-tinctured beam;
Or in the diamond dew-drop? Is it found
Still stretching on through space's blue profound,
Till, wearied with the vastness of the dome,
In a small flower I make my restful home?
These do I visit glad, with frequent wing,
But dwell not in them, to them do not cling.
Mine is a temple anciently divine,
The heart of man, God's dwelling once, as mine;
Fairies my ministers—who to me bring,
In dewy censors, all the sweets of Spring;
Crown me with liquid brilliants from the thorn,
And make me regal as the spicy morn.
I too sport round God's throne—but draw not near,
Awed by Imagination's eye severe—
Imagination, Wisdom's holy-one—
Dark as the night, majestic as the sun,
Might dwell in her fair locks,—her piercing eye
Sees at a glance whichever way I fly,—
Imagination's playful sister I.

# THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR;

## OR, A MIDSHIPMAN'S CRUISES.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

AND, so filling our cabins with invalided officers, we sailed for England. We took home with us a convoy: and a miserable voyage we made of it. I had none of those exhilarating feelings so usual to every one who is about, after a long period of absence, to revisit his native land. I grew dull and irritable, a mixture of qualities as unpleasant as they are contradictory. I began to cast up accounts with that stern old reckoner Time, and I found the balance dreadfully in my disfavour. What had I, in exchange, for the loss of the three most sunshiny years of life, comprised between the ages of fifteen and eighteen? To look back upon that period, it seemed a dreary waste, with only one small bright spot blooming upon it. Indeed, the contemplation of that oasis was so dazzling? that, when my mental eye was no longer rivetted upon it, like a gaze upon the sun, it made all else seem dark and indistinct.

The indomitable pride natural to every bosom, and perhaps too plentiful in mine, had, also, its share in filling my mind with an unceasing and cankering disgust. I began to feel the bitterness of being unowned. What was country to me? The chain that binds a man to it, is formed of innumerable small, yet precious links, almost all of which were wanting in my case. Father, mother, family, a heritage, a holding, something to claim as one's own—these are what bind a man's affections to a particular spot of earth, and these were not mine; —the fact was, I wanted, just at that time, excitement of good or of evil, and I was soon supplied with that aliment of life, *ad nauseam*.

In taking my *soi-disant* school-fellow on board the Eos, I had shipped with me my Mephistophiles. The former servant to the mishipmen's berth was promoted to the mizen top, and Joshua Daunton inducted, with due solemnities, to all the honours of waiting upon about half a dozen fierce, unruly midshipmen, and as many sick supernumeraries, and he formally took charge of all the mess-plate and munitions *de bouche* of this submarine establishment. There was no temptation to embezzlement. Our little society was a commonwealth of the most democratic description—and, as usually happens in these sorts of experiments, there was a community of goods that were good for nothing to the community.

I will give an inventory of all the moveables of this republic, for the edification of the curious. Among these I must first of all enumerate the *salle à manger* itself, a hot, little hole in the cock-pit, of about eight feet by six, which was never still. This dining-parlour and breakfast-room also contained our cellars, which contained nothing,

[1] Continued from p. 101.

and on which cellars we lay down when there was room—your true midshipman is a recumbent animal—and sat when we could not lie. For the same reason that the Romans called a grove *lucus*, these cellarets were called lockers, because there was nothing to lock in them, and no locks to lock in, that nothing withall. In the midst stood an oak table, carved with more names than ever Rosalind accused Orlando of spoiling good trees with, besides the outline of a ship, and a number of squares, which served for an immovable draught-board. One battered, spoutless, handless, japanned-tin jug, that did not contain water, for it leaked, some tin mugs, seven, or perhaps eight pewter plates, an excellent old iron tureen, the best friend which we had, and which had stood by us through storm and calm, and the spiteful kick of a reefer, and the contemptuous "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" in the galley, which contained our cocoa in the morning, our peasoup at noon, and, after these multiplied duties, performed the character of wash-hand basin, whenever the midshipman's fag condescended to cleanse his hands. It is a fact, that when we sailed for England, of crockeryware we had not a single article. There was a calabash or so, and two or three sections of cocoa-nut shells.

We had no other provisions than barely the ship's allowance, and even these were of the worst description. Bread, it is well remarked, is the staff of life; but it is not quite pleasant to find it so replete with life, as to have the power of locomotion. Every other description of food was in the same state of transition into vivification. There is no exaggeration in all this. From the continual coming and going, and the state of constant disunion in which we lived, it was every man for himself, and God, I am sorry to say, seemed to have very little to do with any of us. So complete was our disorganization, and so great our destitution as a mess, that, after the first week, the supernumerary sick young gentlemen were relieved from this candle-light den of starvation and of dirt, and distributed among the warrant officers.

It was to wait upon our persons, to administer to our wants, and to take care of our culinary comforts, that Joshua Daunton was duly installed. It was very ludicrous to see our late servant giving up his charge to our present one. The solemnity with which the iron tureen, and the one knife, and the three forks, that were not furcated, seeing that they had but one prong each, were given up. Joshua's contempt at the sordid poverty of the republic to which he was to administer, was quite as undisguised as his surprise. I again and again requested him to do his duty in some capacity in the ship, but he steadily refused.

The silky, soft-spoken, cockney-dialected Josh, got me into continual hot water. He seemed to consider himself as my servant only: consequently, he got continually thrashed, and I, on his appeal, taking his part, had to endeavour to thrash the thrasher. Now this could not always conveniently be done. The more I suffered for this Daunton, the more ardently he seemed to attach himself to me. But there appeared to be much more malice than affection in this fidelity. Nothing prospered either with me or my messmates. He contrived, in the most plausible manner possible, to spoil our

almost unspoilable meals. He always contrived to draw for us the very worst rations, and to lay the blame on the purser's steward. In bringing aft our miserable dinners his foot would slip, or a man would run against him—or somebody had taken it off the galley fire, and thrown it in the manger. Salt water would miraculously intrude into my messmates' rum bottle, and my daily pint of wine was either sour, or muddy, or sandy, or afflicted with something that made it undrinkable. In one word, under the care of the good Joshua, Messieurs the midshipmen ran a most imminent risk of being actually starved.

Many a time, after we had gone through the motions of dining, without eating, and as we sate in our dark hot hole, over our undrinkable potations, and our inedible eatables, each of us resting his hungry head upon his aching elbows, watching the progress of some animated piece of biscuit, would Master Daunton, the slave of our lamp, which, by-the-by, was a bottle bearing a miserably consumptive purser's dip, beside which a farthing rushlight would look quite aldermanic—I say, this slave of our lamp would perch himself down on the combings of the cable-tier hatchway, in the midst of the flood of Heaven's blessed daylight, that came pouring from aloft into this abyss, and very deliberately take out his private store of viands, and there insultingly wag his jaws, with the most complacent satisfaction, in the faces of his masters. The contrast was too bad—the malice of it too tormenting. Whilst he was masticating his beautifully white American crackers, and smacking his lips over his savoury German sausage, we were grumbling over putrid bones, and weavilly biscuit, that we could not swallow, and yet hunger would not permit us to desert. It was a floating repetition of the horrors of Tantalus.

Well, to myself this rascal was most submissive—most eager in forcing upon me his services. He relieved my hammock-man of his duty; but, somehow, nothing prospered to which he put his hand. The third night the nails of the cleet that fastened my head-clews up to the deck above me, drew, and I came down by the run, head foremost, and immediately where my head ought to have alighted on the deck, was found the carpenter's pitch kettle, with the blade of an axe in the centre of it, and the edge uppermost. No one knew how it came there, and, had I shot out as young gentlemen usually do on such occasions, I should, if I had not been quite decapitated, at least have died by the axe. Not being asleep when the descent took place, I grappled with my neighbour, the old fat assistant surgeon, and he with the next, and the three came down on deck with a lunge that actually started the marine officer—who every body knows is the best sleeper on board. Happily for myself, I fell from my hammock sideways. Next, the accommodating Joshua got the sole charge of my chest, and though nothing was missed, in a short time every thing was ruined. The cockroaches ate the most unaccountable holes in my best uniforms, my shoes burst in putting them on, my boots cracked all across the upper leathers, and the feet of my stockings came off when I attempted to draw them on.

The obsequious Joshua was equally assiduous with his other six masters, and even more successful; so that, in addition to being starved, there was every probability of our being reduced to naked-

ness. This was no pleasant prospect, running out of tropical latitudes towards England, in the month of January. In the course of six weeks, such a ragged, woe-begone, gaunt, and famished gang of reefers, was never before huddled together in one of his Majesty's vessels of war. The shifts that we were obliged to have recourse to were quite amusing, to all but the shiftmakers. The only good hat, and wearable uniform coat, went round and round; it was a happy thing for this disconsolate seven that we were all nearly of a size. To aggravate our misfortunes, we could no longer get an occasional dinner, either in the captain's cabin or the ward-room, for our clothes were all in rags.

In the meanwhile, Joshua Daunton grew more and more sleek, and pale, and fat. He throve upon our miseries. He played his part at length so well, as to avoid thrashings. He possessed, in perfection, that which in classic cockpit is called "the gift of the gab." He was never in the wrong. Indeed, he began to get a favourite with each of the individuals over whom he was so mercilessly tyrannyzing, while each thought himself the tyrant. All this may seem improbable to well-nurtured, shore-bred, young gentlemen and ladies: but midshipmen were always reckless and idle—that is, personally. On actual service they have ever been equally reckless, but commensurably active. This kindness of Joshua, in taking all trouble off our hands, soon left us almost nothing wherewith to trouble ourselves.

This imp—this Flibbertygibbet, was killing us by inches. At length, one of the master's mates, no longer being able to starve quietly and philosophically, as became a man of courage, was again determined, by one last effort, to dine, and breakfast, and sup in the captain's cabin and ward-room as often as he could. So, finding that there was enough new blue cloth on board, with buttons, &c., to make him a complete suit, he purchased them, at an enormous price, *on credit*; and set the ship's tailors to work incontinently. By this time, we were, with our homeward bound convoy, on the banks of Newfoundland. It was misty and cold—and we were chilly and ragged. In such a conjuncture of circumstances, even the well-clothed may understand what a blessing a new suit of warm blue must be—that suit bearing in its suite a long line of substantial breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. All this was about to be Mr. Pigtop's, our kind messmate, and respectable mate of the orlop deck. He had already begun to protest upon the unreasonableness of rotatory coats, or of having a quarter-deck pair of trowsers, like the wives of the Ancient Britons, common to the sept. The ungrateful rogue! He had on, at the very time, the only quarter-deck-going coat among us, which was mine, and which he had just borrowed to enable him to go on deck, and report every thing right below.

"Captain Reud's compliments to Mr. Pigtop, and would be glad of his company to dinner."

Angelic words, when the invited reefer has a clean shirt, or collar, and a decent uniform.

"'Mr. Pigtop's compliments to Captain Reud,' and will be most happy to wait on him.' There, you dogs," said the elated Pigtop, "I say, no more lending of clothes. Here, you Josh, jump forward, and tell the tailor I must have my uniform by four bells."

Josh jumped forward with a very intelligent grin upon his tallow-complexioned, but handsome countenance.

Now, the captain and the ward-room officers, all knew very well of the unaccountable destruction of our clothes, which, they affected to believe, was not unaccountable to them. They said it arose from very natural causes; a little of which was to be ascribed to dampness, a little to the cockroaches, and a great, a very great deal to our proverbial carelessness. Well. A midshipman careless! But some people *may* libel with impunity. Whatever they thought, they enjoyed our dilemmas both of food and clothing.

An hour before the captain's dinner was ready, the much-envied suit was brought aft, and duly displayed on Mr. Pigtop's chest. The ward-room officers, or at least some of them with whom he could take that liberty, were invited out to view it. It was pronounced, for ship-tailoring, excellent.

Pigtop's elation was great. So was Josh Daunton's; but all in a quiet, submissive way. Our envy was proportionate. Josh was an excellent barber, and he volunteered to shave the happy diner out—the offer was accepted. Then came the turn of fate—then commenced the long series of the poor mate's miseries. It was no fault of Daunton's certainly—but all the razors were like saws. The blood came out over the black visage of Mr. Pigtop; but the hair stayed most pertinaciously on. The sufferer swore—how horribly he swore! The time was fast elapsing. After a most tremendous oath from the sufferer, which would have almost split an oak plank, Joshua said in his lowly and insinuating voice, "Mr. Pigtop, pray do—do, sir, try the razors yourself. My heart bleeds, sir, more than your face—do try, sir, for I think the captain's servant is now coming down the hatchway to tell you dinner is ready."

In despair, the hungry depilator seized the razors; and being exasperated with hurry, he made a worse job of it than Joshua. Where Josh had made notches, Pigtop made gashes. The ship's barber was then sent for, and he positively refused to go over the bloody surface.

But Joshua Daunton was the true friend, the friend in need. With Mr. Pigtop's permission, he would go and borrow one of Dr. Thompson's razors. The offer was gratefully accepted. In the meantime, dinner was actually announced. It is just about as wise to attempt to keep the hungry tiger from his newly-slaughtered prey, as for a mid to make the captain of a man-of-war wait dinner. Reud did not wait.

However, the fresh razor did its work admirably, in the adroit hand of Joshua. The hitherto intractable beard flew off rapidly, and Joshua's tongue moved more glibly even than his razor. Barbers in the act of office, have, like the house of Commons, the privilege of speech. They are not amenable afterwards for what they say. In the act, they are omnipotent, for who would quarrel with a man who is slipping a razor over your carotid artery? Not certainly Mr. Pigtop. Thus spoke Joshua, amid the eloquent flourishes of his instrument:

"Mr. Pigtop, I've a great respect for you—a very great respect indeed, sir. If you have not been a good friend to me yet, you will—I know it, sir; you are not like the other flighty young gentlemen. I have a respect for years, sir—a great respect for years, and honour a

middle-aged gentleman. Indeed, sir, it must be a great condescension in you, to permit yourself to be only a master's-mate of a frigate, seeing that you are quite an elderly gentleman——"

"Da——!"

"There!—that was very imprudent indeed, sir, of you to open your mouth. It was not my fault, you know, that the brush went into it: indeed, some people like the taste of soapsuds—wholesome, I assure you—very. A stubble of your growth, sir, always requires a double lathering—don't speak. Oh, sir, you are a happy man—exceeding. Your face will be as smooth as a man's borrowing money. You, boy, just run up the after hatchway, and tell the captain's steward that Mr. Pigtop will be in the cabin in the flourish of a razor or before a white horse can turn grey. Permit me to take you by the nose; the true handle of the face, sir: it gives the man, as it were, a sort of a command, sir, of the whole head; he can box the compass with it. Happy indeed you are, sir, and much to be envied. There was one of the captain's turtles killed yesterday—Jumbo is a cook, a most excellent cook—a spoonful of the soup to-day will be worth a king's ransom—a peck of March dust! pooh—I wouldn't give a spoonful of that soup for a hundred bushels of it. Take my advice, sir, and have soup twice, sir. As it was carried along the main deck, I'm dishonest, if the young gentlemen didn't follow it with the water running down in streams from the corners of their mouths, and their tongues intreatingly lolling out like a parcel of hungry dogs in Cripplegate, following the catsmeat-man's barrow. One more rasp over your upper lip, and you are as smooth as the new-born babe—talking of lips, as the first spoonful of that turtle-soup glides over them—the devil! I'll take God to witness, it was an accident,—the roll of the ship!"

Joshua Daunton was on his knees before Mr. Pigtop, who was in an agony of pain holding on his upper lip, which was nearly severed from his face, whilst the blood was streaming through his fingers.

Doctor Thompson with diaculum and black sticking-plaister was soon on the spot to the assistance of the almost dislipped master's mate. After the best was done for it, the poor fellow cut but a sorry appearance; still his extreme hunger, made almost furious by the vision of the turtle-soup, so artfully conjured up by the malicious Joshua, got the better of his sense of pain, and with a great band of black plaister reaching transversely from the right nostril to the left corner of his mouth, the grim-looking Mr. Pigtop made haste to don the new uniform.

In the meantime, the protestations and tears of Joshua had convinced everybody that the horrible gash was merely the effect of accident, for the ship was rolling a great deal at the moment. What the captain and his guests were doing in the cabin above with the turtle-soup it is needless for me to state, for that same soup was never fated to gladden the wounded lip of Mr. Pigtop.

The hasty and verlote gentleman, in his very first attempt to draw on his new trowsers, to the astonishment of all his messmates, who had now gathered round him, found them separate in the middle of each of the legs. He might as well have attempted to clothe him-

self with cobweb continuations; they came to pieces almost with a shake. The waistcoat and coat were in the same predicament: they had not the principle of continuity in them. Everybody was lost in amazement except Mr. Pigtop, whose amazement, quite as great as ours, was lost in his still greater rage. It was extremely unfortunate for Joshua Daunton that he had cut the lip that day. The kind doctor was still by during the apparelling, or the attempt at it. He examined the rotten clothes, and he soon discovered that they had been saturated in different parts by some corrosive liquid, that instead of impairing, really improved the blue of the cloth.

During these proceedings, Captain Reud and his guests had eaten up the dinner; but the captain not being pleased to be pleasantly humoured that day, sent word for Mr. Pigtop to go to the mast-head till midnight, for disrespect in not attending to the invitation that he had accepted. There was no appeal, and aloft went the wounded, ragged, famished hoper of devouring turtle-soup. Joshua looked very demure and very unhappy; but Dr. Thompson set on foot an inquiry, and the truth of the destruction of the clothes was soon ascertained. The loblolly boy, that is, the young man who had charge of the laboratory where all the medicines were kept, confessed, after a little hesitation, that for certain glasses of grog he had given this pernicious liquid to Daunton. So, while one of his masters was contemplating the stars from the mast-head, the destroyer of reefers' kits had nothing else to do but to contemplate the beauty of his own feet, placed with a judicious exactitude in a very handsome pair of bilboes under the half deck.

When fully secured the poor wretch sent for me. He was in a paroxysm of fear: he protested his innocence over and over again: he declared that he should die under the first lash: that it was for love of me only that he had come on board of a man-of-war; he conjured me by the fellowship of our boyish days, by all that I loved and that was sacred to both of us, to save him from the gangway. The easiness of my nature was worked upon, and I promised to use my influence to procure for him a pardon. I went to Mr. Farmer, but all my efforts were unavailing. He passed a sleepless night in the intolerable agony of fear. Before he was brought up to be flogged Mr. Pigtop had been fully avenged.

The gratings are rigged, the hands are turned up, and Joshua Daunton is supported by two ship's corporals, in a nearly fainting state, and stripped by another—he is too much paralyzed to do it himself. The officers are mustered on the break of the quarter-deck, and the marines are drawn up under arms on the gangway. Capt. Reud looks fierce and forbidding, and Mr. Farmer, for his generally impassible features, really quite savage. I come forward shudderingly and look down. The wandering and restless eyes of the frightened young man meet in an instant what, most probably, they are seeking—my own.

"Edward Percy, speak for me to the captain." The words were in themselves simple, but they were uttered in a tone of the most touching pathos. They made me start: I thought that I knew the voice, not as the voice of Joshua Daunton, the mischievous imp that

had tormented us all so scientifically, but of some dear and long-forgotten friend. "Edward Percy, speak for me to the captain—this must not be."

"But it shall be, by G—," said the irascible creole.

"Captain Reud," said I, "let me entreat you for this once only—"

"Boatswain's mate—"

"Oh, Captain Reud, if you knew what a strange sympathy—"

"The thief's cat."

"Indeed, sir, since he has been on board he has never stolen—"

"Mr. Percy, another word, and the mast-head. Stand back, Stebbings—let Douglas give him the first dozen."

Now, this Douglas was a huge raw-boned boatswain's mate that flogged left-handed, and had also a peculiar jerk in his manner of laying on the cat-o'-nine-tails, that always brought away with it little knobs of flesh wherever the knots fell, and so neatly that blood would at every blow spout from the wounds as from the puncture of a lancet. Besides, the torture was also doubled by first scoring over the back in one direction, and the right-handed floggers coming after in another, they cut out the skin in lozenges.

I looked in the captain's face, and there was no mercy; I looked below, and there appeared almost as little life. After the left-handed Scotchman had bared his brawny arm and measured his distance, and just as he was about to uplift it and strike, Daunton murmured out, "Edward Percy, I knew your father! beware, or your own blood will be dishonoured in me!"

"That voice!—they shall flog you through me!" I exclaimed, and was about to leap into the waist and cover him with my arms, when I was forcibly withheld by the officers around me, whilst the captain roared out, "He shall have another dozen for his impudent falsehood—boatswain's mate, do your duty."

The terrific lash, like angry scorpions, fell upon the white and quivering flesh and the blood spurted out freely. It was a vengeful stroke, and loud, and long, and shrill was the scream that followed it. But ere the second stroke fell, the head of the tortured one suddenly collapsed upon the right shoulder, and a livid hue spread rapidly over the face and breast.

"He is dead!" said those around, in a half-hushed tone.

The surgeon felt his pulse, and placed his hand upon his breast to seek for the beating of the heart, and shaking his head, requested him to be cast loose. He was immediately taken to the sick bay, but with all the skill of the doctor his resuscitation was, at first, despaired of, and only brought about, at length, with great difficulty. The fact was, not that he had been flogged, but very nearly frightened, to death.

And I was utterly miserable. The words that Daunton had spoken at the gangway, and the strange interest that I had taken in his behalf, gave rise to suspicions that I felt to be degrading. He had declared himself to be of my blood; the officers and crew construed the expression as meaning my brother. I was now, for the first time, looked coldly upon:—I felt myself avoided. Such conduct is chilling—too

often fatal to the young and the proud heart: it will rise indignant at an insult, but guarded and polite contumely, and long and civil neglect, withers it. I was fast sinking into an habitual despondence. This confounded Joshua had previously completely ruined my outward man: the inward man was in great danger from his conduct, perhaps his machinations. I was shunned with a studied contempt; the more particularly as my messmates were the subjects of the constant jibes of the captain and the other officers, which messmates were of an unanimous opinion that Master Joshua ought to have been hung, inasmuch as it was now apparent that their ruined apparel was all derivable from his malice, and his "Practice of Chemistry made easy." They all panted with impatience for his convalescence, in order that they might see Mr. Percy's elder brother receive the remainder of his six dozen.

I verily believe that, as I approached my native shores, I should have fallen into a settled depression of spirits, which would have terminated in melancholy madness, had I not been roused to exert my moral energies and awaken my half-entombed pride by a stinging and a very wholesome insult.

As soon as we were ordered home, Captain Reud's mental aberrations became less frequent, but when they supervened they were more extravagant in their nature. He grew aguish, fretful, and cruel. Though he never spoke to me harshly, he addressed me more rarely. I had not dined with him for a long while: he had taken the mysterious destruction of my wardrobe as a valid excuse, and had gone so far, on one occasion, in a very delicate manner, as to present me with a complete change of linen, which perished like the rest under the provident care of Joshua. But after the claim of relationship by that very timid personage, there was no consideration in Reud's look, and whenever he did speak to me, there was a contemptuous harshness in his tone that would have very much wounded my feelings at any other time. But just then, I took but little notice of and interest in anything. When I say that we were reduced to rags in our habiliments, the reader is not to take the words *au pied de lettre*. By taking up slops from the purser, and by aid of the ship's tailor, we had been enabled to walk the quarter-deck without actual holes in our dress; but the dresses themselves were grotesque, for the imitation of our spruce uniform was villanous, and our hats were deplorable: they were greased with oil, and broken, and sewed, and formless, or rather multiform: bad as were our fittings out, we had not enough of them.

One morning, as we were with our convoy approaching the chops of the channel, we fell in with a frigate, one of his Majesty's cruisers. I was walking sulkily up and down the gangway, that is, the portion of deck that divides the quarter-deck from the forecastle. Captain Reud was on deck with most of his officers, all very anxious to hear news of England and get the sight of an English newspaper. The ships ranged up within hail of each other, and, after the usual queries and three or four newspapers made heavy with musket-balls had been thrown on board, the following dialogue between the two frigates took place in the persons of their respective captains, Reud saying,

"I wish you'd lower your gig, and come on board and lunch."

"If you command it, of course."

"Oh, no, no!—I am not going to hoist the commodore's broad pennant, but I really wish you'd come. We can jog on under easy sail."

"Why, really, Captain Reud, the sea is rather high—and don't you see the Mother Carey's chicken astern of you?"

By a particular hitch of his gait, and a peculiar twisting up of his nose, I perceived the fit of mischief or insanity was coming on poor Reud. *The frayed chord had been struck.* He grinned, he fenced with his speaking trumpet, he shoved the mouth of it in the first lieutenant's ribs, begged his pardon with a very gentlemanly air, and then giving it a whirling flourish that met and fetched blood from the tip of the marine officer's nose, he placed it in his mouth and continued——

"Talking about Mother Carey's chickens, Captain Reeves, I think I'll tempt you on board. I have got seven of the most curious ornithological specimens in my ship that a naturalist ever beheld."

"Have you, indeed?" said Captain Reeves, who fancied himself a great naturalist. "Pipe the gigs away—be with you in a moment, Captain Reud. Pray may I inquire of what genus?"

"The genus Corvus," said Reud, jumping down from the hammock nettings. "Send for all the young gentlemen, just as they are into my cabin:—bring them up immediately—the mate of the lower deck also—there's Mr. Percy in the gangway."

Obedience always treads upon the heels of command on board of a man-of-war. Long before Captain Reeves was alongside, our gang of seven miserably-looking famished reefers was ranged up side by side in the fore-cabin, whilst the steward and servants were heaping the table with all the appurtenances of a glorious luncheon.

"What does the captain want with us?" said one.

"Ask us to lunch."

"Pooh—how could you, Pigtop, come up such a figure?"

"Come, Staines, let the kettle keep a clean tongue in its mouth, and not call—"

"I'll tell you what it is," said another, "the captain is going to change the whole batch of us as a bad bargain. I want to get to England—I won't go."

"Nor I."

"Yes," said I, "my loving friends, as sure as we stand here, a ragged regiment of reefers, that the swabwasher's assistant would be ashamed to march through the Point or Common Hard with, he is going to introduce us and all our perfections to Captain Reeves."

"If I thought so, I'd bolt."

"Bolt," said Pigtop, "I should like to bolt that fowl."

"No sooner said than done," said another, advancing to the tempting delicacy. The steward and servants had left the cabin, having completed their arrangements.

"Stop—let us have no pilfering. This is one of Reud's pranks—I *think* that *I* was invited to lunch with the captain. Mr. Pigtop, will you take the chair?—that is to say, if you think that you were invited also—you know it is a matter of conscience."

"I think I was."

"I'm sure of it."

"Well, we have no time to lose—to your chairs, gentlemen. By Heavens! they are—that is to say, the rest of the guests—are coming. Permit me to propose, in his absence, the health of our gallant commander, with three times three—hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Captains Reud, Reeves, and our first lieutenant entered at the moment that we were all standing with inverted glasses. The positions of the three gentlemen as they entered was quite theatrical. Mr. Farmer had smothered his laughter by clapping his hand over his mouth; Captain Reeves looked very droll and very much puzzled; Captain Reud, our own inestimable commander, looked really frightful. The impudence was utterly beyond his comprehension. His wild looks so much alarmed my messmates, that they slunk away like a parcel of cravens from the table: as for myself, just then, I neither feared nor cared for anything. The explosion took place thus, a rather hard substitution for "Gentlemen, for the honour that you have done me in my absence——"

"You, Percy,"—Mr. Percy, over the glass he had just emptied, bowed, standing in his place,—"you rascals—how dare—dare you to steal my wine?"

"Sir, I stand here as your guest—waiting to be requested to be seated. The impression upon my mind was, that I was asked into the cabin to luncheon. It is seldom that so many midshipmen find themselves collected together at their captain's table, no other officer being present. The situation was novel. I hope, Captain Reud, that you will not make it unpleasant. We seized the golden opportunity, very fervently, to drink your health, with due honours, in your absence. *I* am conscious of no offence, without too much devotion to my commander may be construed into one. What my messmates may think of their conduct, by their desertion from your table, it is not for me to say. As yet, I do not feel unworthy of a place at it. If there has been any little mistake in the invitation, I shall be most anxious to retire."

During this impertinent speech of mine, the offspring of utter recklessness as to consequences, I had, without moving from my place at the table, fixed my eyes composedly on Captain Reud. I did not mean the expression of them to be insulting, nor did I wish it to be supplicatory. Whatever it might have been, it had the effect of gradually dispensing the angry scowl from his brows, though a certain degree of sternness still remained. When I had finished, expecting of course to be under an arrest, or sent to the mast-head, I was surprised, and a good deal gratified, by hearing him say distinctly, though not very cordially,

"Mr. Percy, you know your place—your messmates know theirs. Captain Reeves, Mr. Farmer, Percy, pray be seated."

The half dozen of poltroons all stood, huddled together, like a small flock of intimidated sheep between the two guns in the cabin, right opposite me. I was intolerably hungry, and yet I enjoyed the tantalized expression of the countenances of the renegades, quite as much as the good viands with which I so plentifully supplied myself.

The wine circulated. Captain Reud grew gracious, and Captain

Reeves impatient to view the seven curious ornithological specimens of the genus Corvus, that his host had brought with him from the West. I guessed what was coming, which prevented my warming towards my captain, with his returning kindness.

Captain Reeves could talk of nothing else but birds, and of these particular seven birds. "Where were they?"

"Oh! close at hand."

"Large?"

"Stand from five to six feet high."

"Good God! they must eat enormously."

"Voraciously," and here the wicked creole gave me a right jovial look. "They are a great expense to me, as well as annoyance."

"But birds of this size must be very heavy on the wing. In their natural state do they fly?"

"Sluggishly enough; but I have seen them very often aloft."

The naturalist was completely mystified; but his host would not produce them, as he said, that, when his curiosity was gratified, he should no longer have the pleasure of his company, and the happiness of passing the decanters to him. It was in vain that Captain Reud endeavoured to lead him to speak of subjects interesting to persons about to visit England, after the space of more than three years. He could speak of nothing but the genus Corvus.

"Upon my word, Captain Reud," said he, "I don't wish to seem impatient, but the wind is freshening. I long to be on board. I wish I could take one of these huge specimens with me."

"You are heartily welcome to the whole batch."

"Thank you, Captain Reud," said I, rising and making him my best bow.

"Sharp lad, upon my soul," said Reud.

"Thank you heartily, and very kindly too. I will write a treatise upon them," said Reeves.

"I should like to read it," said I, turning to the naturalist.

"You shall, my good boy, you shall," said he, patting me very kindly on the head. "He *is* a sharp lad, indeed, Captain Reud; he wishes to read my treatise. After this treatise is finished, I shall send all the specimens to the Linnæan Society, of which I am an *unworthy* member," (with a great emphasis on the word unworthy.) "I will first send them to Pidcock's menagerie," (there were no Zoological Gardens then,) "with a perfect understanding, that, when they are dead they shall be well stuffed."

"They would much rather be stuffed alive," said Reud, all glee, for he was now in his element. Our first lieutenant was totally in the dark, and looked silly in trying to look sapient. Pigtop and company, between the guns, were staring like those white, delicate-looking monsters with four feet, that own so many petty toes, so general in poulterers' shops about Christmas, with remarkably protuberant eyes. Who could mention a stuck pig, in these days of refinement, under a less redundant paraphrase?

"A joke of course—a very good joke," said the learned in ornithology. "A very good joke in a goose's mouth. I've seen it before somewhere—but never mind. However, seeing whence it came, it will do."

"But I rather think," said Reud, "that these birds would not like to be stuffed when they are dead."

"Nonsense—but what do they care about it? By-the-by, now you have got them on board, and in a state of confinement, do they still carry on the process of incubation?"

"Continually. They are all day and all night long hatching——"

"Gracious heavens! what?"

"Mischief."

"You are laughing at me—pray let me see them at once."

"In the first place, permit me to retract my offer of the whole—you are welcome to six of them heartily; and I wish that I may induce you to take them away—filthy creatures. The seventh I shall retain for the sake of past good feelings; though I begin to suspect that he is not quite of so *good a breed* as I once thought him."

This was wormwood to me. With a flushed brow I rose from my chair, and I cursed in my heart Joshua Daunton and his plausible tongue.

"I shall not even thank you, Captain Reud, for the preference," said I, "but request that I may be caged off with the lot."

Reud, seeing that the equivoque could be carried no further, explained, "Don't be a fool, Percy, but sit down. Captain Reeves, these seven ornithological curiosities, are of the generic description Corvus, or crow, their specific term, scare—there is one beside you, and the other six are between the guns. If you have seen finer specimens of *scarecrows*, I'll eat them, when you have roasted them as well as I have roasted you."

And then he indulged for a minute in his low, venomous giggle, that seemed to be the most perfect enjoyment of which his malicious bosom was capable.

"Captain Reud," said I, "tell me, sir, when not seven months ago I stood between you and death, did I show any white feather?"

"On my soul, you did not."

"Then, sir, let me tell you—as far as I am concerned—I find your joke as deficient in wit as it is bad in taste."

"Stop—beware——"

"I am quite of the same opinion with the young scarecrow that has just cawed," said Captain Reeves, who was a grave man, and who never could see any point in a joke against himself. "With your permission I will return on board, and look after my own poultry."

So, after a formal exchange of bows, the strange commander left the cabin, Reud hallooing out to him as he left, "You won't forget the treatise, Reeves."

The above incident will be read as a fiction, but it is fact, unexaggerated fact, as to the circumstances; though a little fined down in the relation, for the broad coarseness of the scene, as it was really acted, would be deemed too improbable, even for farce. It was events like these, and the previous overstraining of my mind, that fully determined me to take the first opportunity of quitting the service. Not in disgust at it, for it was even then, in its unimproved state, a beautiful one. But it had, and still hath, its anomalies; they are but

few, and I had stumbled upon the worst of them. It was very singular, but no less true, since the self-introduction of Joshua Daunton, I had been never happy, and never fortunate.

Through the rude, and the cold flying mists of winter, after we had struck soundings, we again saw England. It was in the inclement month of January. I was starved and half clad. A beggar of any decent pretension, had he met me in the streets of London, would have taken the wall of me, though I had, at the time, more than three hundred dollars in cash, Spanish doubloons and silver, a power for drawing bills for a hundred a year, more than three years' pay due, and prize money to a very considerable amount.

Under these circumstances, my eyes once more greeted my native land. Where were my glow of patriotism and my passion of poetry? They were not. I saw nothing before me but a black, a barren, and a forbidding coast. I endeavoured to fix my mind upon the fields over which I had bounded in my boyhood—I measured them in my mind's eye, hedge by hedge—they were distinct enough, but there was no sunshine upon them. Alas! I had seen a brighter sun elsewhere. And the friends that had been kind to the unowned one at Stickenham—yes, I would see them. But I had no longer the frank heart to offer them. Yes, I would seek them, and be cold and studiously polite. I felt that I had not succeeded in my profession, with what *they* would call success. I had done my duty, and perhaps done it with high promise. Good, easy souls, I am sure they fancied that I should have returned something—perhaps a little short of an admiral, but not very much.

I should like to know how a midshipman is to distinguish himself, otherwise than by doing his duty honourably and strictly, and that is no distinction at all, for they almost all do it. "I wish we may have some brilliant action," says one of the uninitiated, "for I wish to distinguish myself." Very well, my young aspirant, which used, by-the-by, to be the corresponding term for midshipmen in the French language. "Very well, my young sir; here you are, in your frigate, alongside a heavier vessel than your own. Nay, it shall be a seventy-four if you please, all for your particular honour and glory. There you are, stationed at the four after guns on the main-deck. Blaze away, and distinguish yourself now." "O dear! I can't for the smother, and the smoke, and the noise. I can't perform any heroical act here." "Well, but what can you do for your country and his majesty?" "I can only see that the men train their guns well, and that they are properly supplied with powder and shot—this will never get my name in the gazette." "Only! do that well, sir, and you will distinguish yourself. Never mind the gazette, your turn will come when you are a skipper, even perhaps when a lieutenant." The same applies to the young gentlemen, station them where you will. Gouty old gentlemen, who have sons at sea, and are prone to read the lives of Nelson and of our many other noble naval heroes, must rid themselves of the illusion of seeing the darlings of their hopes start away from their obscure, yet important quarters, jump up in the faces of the enemy, flourish valorously their little dirks, lead the boarders over a handspike from ship to ship, put the French captain to the sword, surrounded by his officers, haul down the tricolor with his own hands, and

finally exclaim—"Hurrah for glory, and Old England!" I say, elderly ladies and gentlemen as elderly must not expect this, notwithstanding their own folly, and some very funny naval novels that have been published. People must not desert their stations in action, even to do little bits of glorious heroism. The whole fraternity of reefers ought to thank me for this digression.

Thus, in the naval-novel sense of the word, I had not distinguished myself. My name had certainly appeared some few times in the captain's despatches, to the effect that "Mr. Percy, in the cutter, had gallantly supported Lieutenant Selby, in cutting out a schooner," &c. &c. Glory! what did the world at large care about the paltry schooner, or the unknown lieutenant, who really did a prodigy of valour? or the infinitely more insignificant "Mr. Percy, who gallantly supported the said lieutenant in the cutter?" But of all this I do not complain. It is just as it should be—only—only I wish that our discriminating countrymen should comprehend, what a vast amount of unrecorded heroism goes to make up even a single victory —heroism which is not, but ought to be, glory.

I got into disgrace. I record it frankly, as my boast is, throughout this biography, to have spoken the truth of all the different variations of my life. Since the captain's incipient insanity, the Eos had gradually become an ill-regulated ship. The gallant first lieutenant, formerly so smart and so active, had not escaped the general demoralization. He was a disappointed man. He had not distinguished himself. God knows, it was neither for want of daring, nor expense of life. He had cut out every thing that could be carried; and had attempted almost every thing that could not. I am compelled to say, that these bloody onslaughts were as often failures as successes. He was no nearer his next step on the ladder of promotion than before. His temper became soured, and he was now often lax, sometimes unjust, and always irritable. The other officers shared in the general falling off, and too often made the quarter-deck a display for temper.

The third lieutenant—yes, I think it was the third—had mast-headed me, about the middle of the first dog-watch; most likely deservedly, for I had lately affected to give the proud and sullen answer. Before I went aloft, to my miserable station, I represented to him that I had the first watch—that there were now but three of the young gentlemen doing their duty, the others having very wisely fallen ill, and taken the protection of the sick list. I told him respectfully enough, "that if he kept me up in that disagreeable station from half-past five till eight, I could not possibly do my duty, for very weariness, from eight till midnight. It was a physical impossibility." But he was inexorable. Up I went, the demon of all evil passions gnawing at my heart.

It was almost dark when I went aloft. It was a gusty, dreary night, bitterly, very bitterly cold. I was ill clad. At intervals, the fierce and frozen drifts, like the stings of so many wasps, drove fiercely into my face; and I believe that I must confess that I cried over my crooked and aching fingers, as the circulation went on with agony, or stopped with numbness. It is true, that I was called down within the hour; but that hour of suffering had done me much con-

stitutional mischief. I was stupified, as much as if I had committed a debauch upon fat ale. However, I was too angry to complain, or to seek relief from the surgeon. I went on deck at half-past eight, with obtused faculties, and a reckless heart.

The frigate was, with a deeply-laden convoy, attempting to hold her course in the chops of the channel. It blew very hard. The waves were bounding about us with that short and angry leap, peculiar, in tempestuous weather, to the narrow seas between England and France. It was excessively dark, and, not carrying sufficient sail to tack, we were wearing the ship every half hour, showing, of course, the proper signal lights to the convoy. We carried also the customary poop-light of the commodore.

Such was the state of affairs at a little after nine. The captain, the first lieutenant, the master, the officer of the watch, and the channel pilot, that we had taken on board off the Scilly Islands, with myself, were all on deck. Both the signal midshipmen were enjoying the comforts of sickness in their warm hammocks below. Now I will endeavour to give a faithful account of what happened; and let the unprejudiced determine, in the horrible calamity that ensued, how much blame was fairly attributable to me. I must premise that, owing to shortness of number, even when all were well, there was no forecastle midshipman.

A dreadful gust of icy wind, accompanied by the arrowy sleet, rushes aft, rather heading us.

"The wind is getting more round to the east. We'd better wear at once," said the pilot to the master.

"The pilot advises us to wear," said the master to the captain.

"Mr. Farmer," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "watch and idlers, wear ship."

"Mr. Pond," said Mr. Farmer to the lieutenant of the watch, a diminutive and peppery little man, with a squeaking voice, and remarkable for nothing else excepting having a large wife, and a large family, whom he was impatient to see, "wear."

"Mr. Percy," squeaked Mr. Pond through his trumpet, "order the boatswain's mate to turn the watch and idlers up—wear ship."

"Boatswain's mate," bawled out the sleepy and sulky Mr. Percy, "watch and idlers, wear ship."

"Aye, aye, sir—whew, whew, whittle whew—watch and idlers, wear ship! Tumble up there, tumble up. Master-at-arms, brush up the bone polishers."

"What an infernal, nonsensical ceremony!" growled the pilot *sotto voce*, "all bawl, and no haul—lucky we've plenty of sea-room."

"Jump aft, Mr. Percy," said the captain, "and see that the convoy signal to wear is all right."

Mr. Percy makes one step aft.

"Is the foretopmast staysail haliyards well manned, Mr. Percy?—jump forward and see," said the officer of the watch.

Mr. Percy makes one step forward.

"Is the deep sea lead ready?" said the master; "Mr. Percy, jump into the chains, and see."

Mr. Percy makes one step to the right—*starboard*, the wise it call.

"Mr. Percy, what the devil are you about?—where's the hand stationed to the foresheet?" said the first lieutenant, "Jump up and see."

Mr. Percy makes one step to the left hand—*port*, the wise it call.

"Where's the midshipman o' th' watch—where's the midshipman o' th' watch?" roars out the captain. "By Heavens, there's no light to show over the bows. Mr. Percy, be smart, sir—jump, and see to it."

The chilled, the torpid, and half-stupified Mr. Percy finally went forward on the forecastle, where he ought to have been from the first, the more especially as the boatswain was also on the sick list.

The consequence of all these multitudinous and almost simultaneous orders—to jump and see, when, by-the-by, it was too dark to see anything a yard off properly—was, that one of the signal lanthorns was blown out, and the signal consequently imperfect—that the foretopmast staysail halyards were so badly manned, that those upon them could scarcely start, that then necessary sail, from its netting—that the people were not ready with the deep-sea lead—that little Mr. Pond was obliged to put down his trumpet and ease off the foresheet himself till relieved by the quarter-master, but, still, there actually was a lanthorn over the bows, and that in good time.

Well, the noble ship, no longer buffeted on her bows by the furious wind, as the haughty Essex turned on his heel from the blow of his termagant mistress queen, so did the Eos turn her back to the insulting blast, and flew rapidly before it. Owing to the darkness of the night, assisted by the weak voice of Mr. Pond, whose orders could not be very distinctly heard, perhaps a little to his lubberly manner of working the ship, the bounding frigate was much longer before the wind than necessary. I was straining my sight near the cathead on one side, and the captain of the forecastle on the other, but we could discover nothing in the nearly palpable obscure. It is an awful thing, this rushing through the darkness, of a large floating world. The planets urge for ever their sublime course, but not as does a ship when the veil of night is on the ocean. The glorious luminaries travel through regions of light, directed by unerring wisdom, but the ark of man stumbles, and reels through mists and folly, or rashness too often stands at the helm. And yet, I seldom viewed our frigate rushing at night through the waters, with nothing to be seen but these the gorgeous stars above her, but I was apt to fancy she was as one of the heavenly brotherhood, humble certainly in her imitation and lowly in her sphere.

On she dashed, and our anxious eyes saw nothing, whilst our minds feared greatly:—she is at her utmost speed. In her reckless course she seems sufficiently powerful to break up the steadfast rock or tear the shoal from its roots at the bottom of the ocean. On she rushes! I think I hear faintly the merchant cry of "Yeo—yo—yeo," but the roar of the vexed waters beneath our bows, and the eternal singing of the winds through the frost-stiffened shrouds prevent my being certain of the fact. But I tremble excessively—when, behold, a huge long black mass is lying lazily before us, and so close that we can almost touch it!

"Hard a port," I roared out at the very top of my voice.

"Hard a starboard," sung out the captain of the forecastle, equally loudly.

Vain, vain were the contradictory orders. The frigate seemed to leap at the object before her as at a prey; and dire was the crash that ensued. As we may suppose the wrathful lioness springs upon the buffalo, and meeting more resistance from its horny bulk than she had suspected, recoils and springs again, so did the Eos strike, rebound, then strike again.—I felt two distinct percussions.

The second stroke divided the obstacle, she passed through it or over it, and the eye looked in vain for the vast West Indiaman, the bearer of wealth, and gay hopes, and youth, and infancy, manly strength and female beauty. There was a smothered feminine shriek, hushed by the whirling and down-absorbing waves almost as soon as made. It was not loud, but it was fearfully distinct, and painfully human. One poor wretch only was saved to tell her name and speak of the perished.

As usual, they had kept but a bad look out. Her officers and her passengers were making merry in the cabin—the wine-cup was at their lips, and the song was floating joyously from the mouths of the fair ones returning to the land of their nativity. The blooming daughters, the newly-married wife, and two matrons with their innocent ones beside them, were all in the happiness of their hopes, when the destroyer was upon them suddenly, truly like a strong man in the darkness of night, and they were all hurled in the midst of their uncensurable revelry to a deep grave, over which no tombstone shall ever tell "of their whereabout."

Our own jib-boom was snapped off short, and as quickly as is a twig in frosty weather. Supposing the ship had struck, every soul rushed on deck. They thanked God it was *only* the drowning of some forty fellow-creatures and the destruction of a fine merchant-ship. We hauled the single poor fellow that was saved on board. The consternation among the officers was very great. It blew too hard to lower the boats: no effort was or could be made to rescue any chance struggler not carried down in the vortex of the parted and sunk ship—all was blank horror.

Besides the consternation and dismay natural to the appalling accident, there was the fear of the underwriters and of the owners and of damages before the eyes of the captain. I was sent for aft.

"I had not charge of the deck," said Captain Reud, looking fiercely at the first lieutenant, "*I* am not responsible for this lubberly calamity."

"I had not the charge of the watch or the deck either," said Mr. Farmer, in his turn looking at small Mr. Pond, who was looking aghast, "surely, I cannot be held to be responsible."

"But you gave orders, sir,—I heard you myself give the word to raise the fore-tack—that looks very like taking charge of the deck—no, no, I am not responsible."

"Not so fast, not so fast, Mr. Pond. I only assisted you for the good of the service, and to save the foresail."

Mr. Pond looked very blank indeed, until he thought of the

master, and then he recovered a great portion of his usual vivacity. Small men are always vivacious.

"No, no, I am not responsible—I was only working the ship under the directions of the master. Read the night orders, Mr. Farmer."

"The night orders be d——d," said the gruff old master.

"I will not have my night orders d——d," said Reud. "You and the officer of the watch must share the responsibility between you."

"No offence at all, sir, to you or the night orders either. I am heartily sorry I d——d them,—heartily—but in the matter of wearing this here ship precisely at that there time, I only acted under the pilot, who has charge till we are securely anchored. Sure*lye*, I can't be 'sponsible."

"Well," said the pilot, "here's a knot of tangled rope—but that yarn won't do for old Weatherbrace, for, d'ye see, I'm a Sea William (civilian,) and not in no ways under martial law—and I'm only aboard this here craft as respects shoals and that like—I'm clearly not 'sponsible—nothing to do in the versal world with working her—'sponsible! pooh—why did ye not keep a better look out for'ard?"

"Why, Mr. Percy, why?" said the captain, the first lieutenant, the lieutenant of the watch, and the master.

"I kept as good a one as I could—the lanthorns were over the bows."

"You may depend upon it," said the captain, "that the matter will not be permitted to rest as it is. The owners and underwriters will demand a court of inquiry. Mr. Percy had charge of the forecastle at the time. Mr. Percy, come here, sir. You sung out just before this calamity happened, to port the helm."

"I did sir."

"Quarter-master," continued Reud, "did you port the helm? Now, mind what you say; did you, sir? because if you *did not*, six dozen."

"We did, sir—hard a port."

"And the ship immediately after struck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pooh! the case is clear—we need not talk about it any longer. A clear case, Mr. Farmer. Mr. Percy has charge of the forecastle—he descries a vessel a-head—he takes upon himself to order the helm a-port, and we run over and sink her accordingly. He is responsible, clearly."

"Clearly," was the answering echo from all the rejectors of responsibility.

"Mr. Percy, I am sorry for you. I once thought you a promising young man, but since your desertion at Aniana—we must not mince matters now—you have become quite an altered character. You seem to have lost all zeal for the service. Zeal for the service, is a thing that ought not to be lost, for a young gentleman without zeal for the service, is a young gentleman, surely—you understand me—who is not zealous in the performance of his duty. I think I have made myself tolerably clear. Do you think, sir, that I should hold now the responsible commission I do hold under his majesty, if I had been without zeal for the service? I am sorry that I have a painful

duty to perform. I must place you under an arrest till I know what may be the port admiral's pleasure concerning this unpleasant business; for—for the loss of the Mary Anne of London, you are clearly responsible."

"Clearly," *(omnes rursus.)*

"Had you sung out hard a-starboard, instead of hard a-port, the case might have been different."

"Clearly."

"Go down below to your berth, and consider yourself a prisoner. The young gentlemen in his majesty's service are not permitted to run down West Indiamen with impunity."

"Clearly."

In these kind of capstan-head court martials, at which captains will sometimes administer reefers' law, "Woe to the weakest;" a defence was quite a work of superfluity, so consoling myself with the vast responsibility with which, all at once, I found myself invested, I went and turned in, anathematizing every created thing above an inch high, and a foot below the same dimensions. However, in a very sound sleep, I soon forgot every thing—even the horrible scene I had just witnessed.

I hope the reader has not forgotten Joshua Daunton, for I did not. Having a very especial regard to the health of his body, he took care to keep himself ill. The seventy-one lashes due to him, he would most generously have remitted altogether. His eagerness to cancel the debt, was only equal to Captain Reud's eagerness to pay, and to that of his six midshipmen masters to see it paid. Old Pigtop was positively devout in this wish, for, after the gash had healed, it left a very singular scar, that traversed his lip obliquely, and gave a most ludicrous expression to a face, that was before remarkably ill favoured. One side of his visage seemed to have a continual ghastly smirk, like what you might suppose to decorate the countenance of a half drunken Succubus, the other, a continual whimper, that reminded you of a lately whipped baboon.

I conclude that Daunton was really ill, for he kept to his hammock in the sick bay, and Dr. Thompson was much too clever, and too old a man-of-war's man, to be deceived by a simulated sickness.

The day after, when I was enjoying my arrest in the dignified idleness of a snooze in a pea-jacket, on one of the lockers, the loblolly boy came to me, saying, that Daunton was much worse, and that he humbly and earnestly requested to see me. I went, though with much reluctance. He appeared to be dreadfully ill, yet an ambiguous smile lighted up his countenance when he saw me moodily standing near him.

He was seated on one corner of the bench in the bay, apparently under the influence of ague, for he trembled excessively, and he was well wrapped up in blankets. Altogether, notwithstanding the regularity of his features, he was a revolting spectacle. The following curious dialogue ensued.

"Daunton, I am ready to hear you."

"Thank you, Edward."

"Fellow! you may have heard that I am a prisoner—in disgrace—

but not in dishonour; but know, scoundrel, that if I were to swing the next minute at the yard-arm, I would not tolerate, or answer to such familiarity. Speak respectfully, or I leave you."

"Mr. Percy, pray do not speak so loudly, or the other invalids will hear us."

"Hear us, sirrah! they may, and welcome. Scoundrel! can *we* have any secrets?"

The fiery hate, that flashes from the eye of venomous impotence, played upon me, at the very moment that the tone of his voice became more bland, and his deportment more submissive.

"Mr. Percy, your honour, will you condescend to hear me? It is for your own good, sir. Pray be no longer angry. I think I am dying; will you forgive me—will you shake hands with me?" And he extended to me his thin and delicate hand.

"Oh, no no!" I exclaimed, accompanying my sneer with all the scorn that I could put in my countenance. "Such things as you don't die. Reptiles are tenacious of life; for the malicious and ape-like mischiefs that you have done to me and to my messmates—though in positive guilt I hold them to be worse than actual felony, I forgive you—but, interchange the token of friendship with such as you—never!"

"Edward Percy, I know you."

"Insolent rascal! know yourself; dare to send for me no more. I leave you."

I turned upon my heel, and was about leaving this floating hospital, when again that familiar tone of the voice, that had struck the inmost chord of my heart, in his shrieking appeal at the gangway, arrested me, and the astounding words which he uttered, quickly brought me to his side. In that strange tone, that seemed to have been born with my existence, he exclaimed, distinctly, yet not loudly, "Brother Edward, listen to me."

"Liar, cheat, swindler!" I hissed forth in an impassioned whisper, close to his inclined ear, "my heart disowns you—my soul abhors you—my gorge rises at you. I abominate—I loathe you—most contemptible, yet most ineffable liar."

"Oh, brother!" and a hectic flush came over his chalky countenance, whilst a sardonic smile played over his features. "You can speak low enough now. 'Tis a pity that primogeniture is so little regarded in his majesty's vessels of war, but methinks that you are but little dutiful, seeing that I am some ten years your senior, and, that I do not scorn to own *you*, though you are the son of my father's paramour."

The horrible words shot ice into my heart. I could no longer retain my stooping position over him, but feeling faint, and very sick, I sat down involuntarily beside him. But the agony of apprehension was but for a moment. A mirth stern and wild, brought its relief to my paralysed bosom, and laughing loudly, I jumped up and exclaimed, "Josh, you little vagabond, come, carry me a pick-a-back—son of a respectable pawnbroker of Whitechapel—how many paramours was the worthy old gentleman in the habit of keeping? Respectable scion of such a respectable parent, who finished his studies by a little

tramping, a little thieving, a little swindling, a little forging—I heartily thank you for the amusement you have afforded me."

"Oh, my good brother, deceive not yourself! I repeat that I have tramped, thieved, swindled, ay, and forged—and to whom do I owe all this ignominy. To you—to you—to you. Yet I do not hate you very, very much. You showed some fraternal feeling when they seared my back with the indelible scar of disgrace. I have lied to you, but it suited my purpose."

"And I give you the confidence due to a liar."

"What! still incredulous, brother of mine! Do you know these—and these?"

The handwriting was singular, and very elegant. I knew the letters at once. They were the somewhat affected amatory effusions of that superb woman, Mrs. Cousand, whom I have described in the early part of this life. They spoke of Edward—of Edward Percy, and described with tolerable accuracy my singular birth at the Crown Inn at Reading.

*(To be continued.)*

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## LE VILAIN.

Some folks I know (not over wise)
Are very apt to criticise
  The "de" before my name;
Nay, more, they want me to confess
From what branch of the old noblesse
  This trifling honour came.
Hurt at these queries, I reply,
"I'm not of noble blood, not I,
  I have no arms to show;
I've nought beyond a patriot's worth,
And as for parentage or birth,
  'I'm low, and very low.'" *

Indeed, I think this hapless "de"
Is (if I reason right) a slur;
  By it, I plainly see
My ancestors in days of yore
The yoke of some harsh tyrant bore,
  And sighed for liberty.
This yoke was then and may be still
The stone that turns within the mill;

* Je suis vilain, très vilain.

I think so, and 'tis plain
That if this bondage formed the stone,
It may as clearly too be shown,
The people were the grain.

But, then, my grandsires ne'er oppressed
The few poor vassals they possessed,
In easy bondage placed;
What power they had was not abused,
The swords they wore were never used
To lay their country waste.
These honest men (for so I hear)
Stuck to the homes they held so dear;
Merlin himself might see
His magic power employed in vain
To make even one a chamberlain
To wait on royalty.

My ancestors, though brave in heart,
In party feuds ne'er took a part,
Nor mixed in civil broil;
Not one would lend his feeble aid
To assist the inroads Britain made
Upon their native soil.
And when the church in that dark age
A war against our rights would wage,
And overwhelm us all,
They never mixed in church intrigue,
Not one would ever join "the League"
To aid their country's fall.

Ye noble and exalted souls
With ribbons in your button-holes,
Who when ye scent the game,
Like pointers follow in the track,
Oh! do not grudge the "*de*" I tack
To my ignoble name.
I really like a humble breed,
But then I'm touchy, and indeed
I'm mischievous, you know——
I flatter no one, no, not I;
But as to rank and family,
I'm "low, and very low."

JOHN WARING.

# DE L'ALLEMAGNE.

PAR MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR C. M. FRIEDLAENDER,

MEMBRE CORRESPONDANT DE L'INSTITUT HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE, ETC. ETC.

## CHAPITRE I.

### Observations générales.

Le tableau que nous nous proposons de dérouler ici, n'est pas, ce qu'on appelle un tableau de voyage comme en font les Anglais pour se reposer des fatigues de la saison ; ou un cours littéraire, torturé dans un habit à la mode et soumis à toutes les formes de la coquetterie et à toutes les exigences sociales, comme en font les Français : c'est un tableau caractéristique qui expose l'Allemagne telle qu'elle est, qui lui laisse ses vues, ses mœurs, sa société ; et nous serons conduits dans toutes les directions possibles à travers les régions littéraires et philosophiques de ce pays, si peu connu à l'étranger, ou connu peu favorablement. Nous ne manquons pas d'auteurs étrangers, Anglais, Français, qui se sont hasardés à peindre ce pays, si intéressant sous tous les rapports ; nous devons seulement regretter que ces écrivains, dont le grand nombre mérite une considération toute particulière, aient traité l'Allemagne, comme l'homme avec sa prédilection, du reste toute naturelle, traite l'anatomie de l'animal ; ils ont placé tout en dehors de leur patrie dans un ordre de choses secondaires et n'ont trouvé de beautés que dans les ressemblances.

Le caractère réfléchi de l'Anglais, ses penchans religieux, sa lenteur et son rationalisme dans les affaires publiques, offrent plus d'un rapprochement avec le caractère Allemand ; mais rien de plus opposé à celui-ci que le caractère Français, ses plaisirs positifs, son penchant irreligieux, sa vivacité et sa fantasmagorie dans les affaires publiques ; et malgré ce contraste si frappant nous voyons les auteurs Français formuler tout d'après leur modèle national ou local. Ils prétendent se placer vis-à-vis de l'Europe, comme le Parisien vis-à-vis de son compatriote *extra muros*. Nous aurons occasion de faire apprécier plus spécialement la vérité de cette remarque.

Vouloir formuler l'Allemagne d'après les habitudes si uniformes des Français, d'après la légèreté de leurs mœurs, d'après leur indifférence religieuse ; c'est en effet lui ôter son génie, et toutes ses beautés ! c'est vouloir comme par enchantement transformer un ecclésiastique en un danseur de l'opéra et juger par sa première pose de l'adresse ou de la maladresse d'une nation. La prétention, les règles sociales, les habitudes si ridiculement consciencieuses du Français, son insouciance et par conséquent son ignorance pour tout ce qui sort de ce cercle, est tellement démesurée et barbare que M. Ducis a du lui présenter les beautés dramatiques de Shakspeare * sous l'habit national

* C'est manquer de respect au génie que de tronquer et surtout corriger ses productions. Qu'en jouant Shakspeare on laisse de côté quelques grossièretés inutiles et choquantes, je le conçois. Mais est-il croyable que son théâtre soit tellement dénaturé, qu'on le mette en scène avec toutes les beautés de moins et toutes les niaiseries de plus, que s'il revenait, son fantôme aurait peine à reconnaître cet autre fantôme ?—*F. F. Ampère Discours prononcé à l'Athénée de Marseille*, 1830.

ornées de la perruque de Racine et des manchettes de rigueur de Buffon; et M. Benjamin Constant dans ses imitations du théâtre Allemand a du retrancher des tragédies de Schiller ce qui est pour ainsi dire indispensable à leur marche, à leur caractère, à leur élévation poétique, à leur nature; ce qui me fait penser par parenthèse à la femme de chambre d'une dame luxurieuse, qui se coupa les pouces des pieds, afin de pouvoir mettre le soulier que sa maîtresse lui avait donné. Et cependant d'après cette échelle les Français jugent du mérite et du charme de la littérature étrangère !

L'Anglais plus fier, sans cependant être aussi prétentieux que le Français, se montre moins tranchant, et admire quelquefois ce qu'il ne saurait comprendre; mais en Angleterre aussi, les chefs d'œuvres Allemands sont bien souvent assujettis à des critiques déplacées et doivent assez souvent subir des arrangemens, qui les rendent, à la fin, propres à être présentés devant le public Anglais; mais ils sont alors privés de leur charme national, privés de toutes les beautés d'une première inspiration.

Vis-à-vis de ces actes barbares, de cette transfiguration, de cette torture littéraire, se place l'Allemagne comme le génie protecteur de hauts talents; elle s'est créée une véritable république des lettres, où toutes les productions jouissent des mêmes droits que les productions des indigènes. Elle sait apprécier et rendre justice à chacun selon ses œuvres et ne prétendant pas soumettre les étrangers au joug de ses règles et de ses formes sociales, elle laisse à chaque œuvre sa couleur, sa grace, ses conceptions. Les tragédies de Shakspeare, de Calderon, de Corneille, y sont représentées, comme on les représente en Angleterre, en Espagne, en France; les traductions sont d'une scrupuleuse exactitude et le public les applaudit sans préoccupation, avec toute la franchise Allemande.

Tout sévère qu'il paraît dans ses jugemens, tout exigeant qu'il se montre envers les litterateurs nationaux, l'Allemand ne manque pas d'indulgence envers l'étranger. Original dans sa littérature, il tient bien moins à ses habitudes que toute autre nation, et il se forme assez promptement d'après les modèles qu'il a devant lui. Est-ce là un défaut de nationalité ou est-ce par application qu'il parvient bien plus facilement que toute autre nation à faire comme les autres, à se confondre dans les masses; nous n'entrerons pas ici, dans les détails nécessaires pour approfondir cette question; il nous semble cependant que c'est un peu de l'un et de l'autre. Moins habitué que le Français à étudier les hommes et la vie sociale, il est cependant juge plus compétent; car sa prédilection nationale ne le domine pas autant, et quoique plus lent dans ses progrès, il avance avec plus de sureté et plus d'avenir. L'Allemand est calme parcequ'il tient à sa dignité, il est lourd dans sa conversation car il pèse la valeur de ses expressions et il met du raisonnement dans ses phrases; le Français est vif et léger dans sa conversation, il ne veut que du brillant, et son feu n'est qu'un feu d'artifice ou tout vise à l'éclat. L'Allemand sacrifie la forme à la chose, le Français au contraire sacrifie tout à la forme; il parle de ce qu'il ne connaît pas, avec le même àplomb que de ce qu'il connaît, et il n'est jamais embarrassé de se tirer d'affaire; car à défaut de raisonnement, il a toujours quelques couplets de l'un ou de l'autre vaudeville à

sa disposition, qu'il fait avancer comme une armée de réserve pour couvrir sa retraite. L'Allemand, au contraire, ne se hasarde pas facilement sur un terrain qu'il ne saurait occuper avec dignité, il ne se jette pas à tête perdue dans la première discussion venue ; il garde le silence, pour faire sa reconnaissance, et ne s'avance qu'avec connaissance de cause ; sa vie tout entiere est dans l'avenir, tandis que le Français ne voit que la jouissance du moment.

L'Anglais ne manque certainement pas de dignité ; mais il la cherche malheureusement dans une réserve outre mesure, qui lui ôte son caractère noble et franc. Avec un peu moins de sévérité et un peu plus de confiance il pourrait donner à son caractère ce qui lui manque et se placer entre l'Allemagne et la France pour inspirer plus de douceur à l'un et plus de force à l'autre. Tout original qu'il paraît isolé des autres, l'Anglais cesse de se montrer tel quand on le voit dans sa société, qui n'est qu'une échelle adossée contre le trône, comme l'échelle de Jacob contre le ciel, et où tout le monde se presse et se singe pour ressembler au plus haut. La grandeur est son idole, il ne vit que dans elle et pour elle, et souvent, et même trop souvent, il se rend plus petit qu'il ne l'est en effet pour jouir de quelques reflets de son astre. L'Anglais s'incline devant ses supérieurs, plus humblement que tout autre, il se montre indifférent envers ses semblables et rude et inconvenant envers ses inférieurs ce qui donne à la nation ce caractère anti-social qu'on lui connaît. Il est généreux sans doute et grand ; mais sa générosité ressemble bien souvent au luxe, et sa grandeur au mépris. Il a cependant des qualités incontestables, car il a de la religion dans sa conscience et de la conscience dans sa religion, ce qui vaut bien certaines amabilités, certains dehors, entraînants sans doute, mais qui font souvent tomber l'homme d'autant plus bas que les prétentions sociales l'ont plus élevé sur le sommet des formes, où tout, cœur et âme, s'efface dans ces exigences.

Un des écrivains les plus illustres de l'Allemagne, Frédéric Richter. appelé ordinairement, Jean Paul, comme les Français appellent leur Rousseau, Jean Jacques, et leur Paul Louis Courier, Paul Louis, expose d'une manière assez piquante les élémens des trois grandes nations de l'Europe. *L'empire de la mer, dit-il, est aux Anglais, celui de la terre aux Français, et celui de l'air aux Allemands :* j'ajouterai moi, que le Français se reconnaît à la première vue, dans le monde et sur la place publique où il passe sa vie ; l'Anglais dans les *meetings* et à l'église ; et l'Allemand dans une chaire de rhétorique ou dans le paradis domestique entouré de sa femme et de ses enfans : que l'Anglais vit dans l'isolement, lui qui peut le moins se passer des autres, le Français dans la foule, et l'Allemand dans l'avenir : c'est-à-dire que l'Anglais fait de l'égoisme à un, le Français à deux, et l'égoisme de l'Allemand le voici scrupuleusement indiqué dans les vers de Schiller intitulés :—

### Le Partage du Monde.

Prenez le monde ; s'écria Dieu du haut de son trône
Aux hommes, prenez-le, il est à vous ;
Je vous le donne en héritage et fief éternel,
Mais partagez le fraternellement entre vous.

Tous se pressèrent alors pour faire leurs arrangemens,
Jeunes et vieux se mirent en mouvement.
Le laboureur s'empara des productions de la terre,
Le chasseur rôdait à travers la forêt.

Le marchand prit ce que pouvait contenir ses gréniers,
L'abbé choisit les meilleurs vins,
Le roi ferma les ponts et les chaussées
Prétendant que tout dixième était à lui.

Très tard après que le partage fût fait,
S'approche le poëte, il venait de bien loin.
Hélas ! on ne voyait plus rien nulle part,
Tout déjà avait trouvé son maître.

Malheureux que je suis ! dois-je donc seul
Etre oublié, moi le plus fidèle de tes enfans ?
C'est ainsi qu'il fit retentir ses plaintes déchirantes,
En se jetant devant le trône de Dieu.

Si tu séjournes dans l'empire des rêveries,
Répliqua Dieu, ne te fache pas contre moi ;
Où donc as tu passé ton temps lors du partage ?
J'étais, dit le poëte, auprès de toi.

Mes yeux étaient attachés à ta splendeur,
Et mes oreilles n'entendirent que l'harmonie des cieux ;
Pardonne O Dieu, à l'esprit, qui tout enivré de ta lumière,
Avait perdu de vue la terre.

Quoi faire ? reprit le seigneur, le monde est donné
L'automne, la chasse, le marché ne m'appartiennent plus.
Veux-tu vivre avec moi, dans mon ciel ?
Aussi souvent que tu viendras, il te sera ouvert.

### Die Theilung der Erde.

Nehmt die Welt, rief Zeus von seinen Höhen
Den Menschen zu ; nehmt, sie soll euer sein,
Euch schenk' ich sie zum Erb und ew'gen Lehen ;
Doch theilt euch brüderlich darein.

Da eilt was Hände hat, sich einzurichten,
Es regte sich geschäftig Jung und alt
Der Ackermann grieft nach des Feldes Früchten,
Der Junker birschte durch den Wald.

Der Kaufmann nimmt was seine Speicher fassen,
Der Abt wählt sich den edlen Firnewein
Der König sperrt die Brücken und die Strassen
Und spricht, der Zehnte ist mein.

Ganz spät, nachdem die Theilung längst geschehen
Naht der Poet, er kam aus weeter Fern'
Ach ! da war überall niehts mehr zu sehen
Und alles hatte seinen Herrn.

Weh mir ! so soll ich denn allein von allen
Vergessen sein, ich, dein getreuster Sohn ?
So liess er laut der Klage Ruf erschallen
Und warf sieh hin, vor Jovis Thron.

Wenn du im Land der Träume wich verweilet
Versetzt der Gott, so hadre nicht mit mir.
Wo warst du denn, als man die Welt getheilet?
Ich war, sprach der Poet bei dir.

Mein Auge hing an deinem Angesichte
An deines Himmels Harmonie mein Ohr,
Verzeih dem Geiste, der von deinem Lichte
Berauscht, das Irdische verlor.

Was thun spricht Zeus, die Welt ist weggegeben
Der Herbst, die Jag der Markt ist nicht mehr mein.
Willst du in meinem Himmel mit mir leben,
So oft du kommst, er soll dir offen sein.

## CHAPITRE II.

### Les auteurs étrangers.

### Madame de Staël.

Nous consacrerons quelques uns des chapitres suivants aux productions diverses des écrivains étrangers, afin de pouvoir rectifier certaines erreurs, qui sont encore jusqu'ici à l'ordre du jour tant en France qu'en Angleterre. Sans nous interrompre dans nos réflexions générales, nous aurons l'occasion d'y exposer nos opinions sur les divers objets que nous pourrions rencontrer dans cette revue. La politesse sociale et l'influence qu'a exercée à l'étranger l'ouvrage de Madame de Staël, nous impose le devoir de la mettre en tête. Nous regrettons vivement de devoir exercer toute la sévérité *Allemande*, envers l'auteur aussi gracieux que spirituel de "Corinne;" mais il me semble que la prétention de cet ouvrage, de *l'Allemagne*, ne peut supporter d'autres mesures que celle d'une critique sévère; l'indulgence envers Madame de Staël ne serait que de l'outrage.

Si *Piron* avait raison de dire, relativement à l'académie *des quarante:* ils ont de l'esprit pour *quatre*, nous aussi nous pourrions dire hardiment sans craindre de blesser la vérité, que dans le livre sur *l'Allemagne* de Madame de Staël il y a de l'esprit pour *deux*. C'est d'abord cet esprit brillant qui se lève dans les airs, comme une fusée et jette ses étincelles *aux mille couleurs*, sur la foule étonnée, *cet esprit Français* qui dit tout, et qui par conséquent est la propriété de Madame de Staël, et puis cet esprit réfléchi tout rationnel qui sait tout, *l'esprit Allemand* de M. de Schlegel. "Les Allemands," dit Madame de Staël dans le chapitre I., "ont le tort de mettre dans les conversations, ce qui ne convient qu'aux livres." Quant à moi, je crois que Madame de Staël a eu tort de faire ce reproche aux Allemands; car si M. de Schlegel n'avait pas mis dans sa conversation, ce qui convient aux livres, son livre sur l'Allemagne ne serait jamais devenu la conversation la plus instructive pour les Français; elle n'aurait fait qu'un livre essentiellement amusant.

Madame de Staël ne trouve pas en Allemagne les plaisirs, les délices de la France, elle n'y trouve que des regrets, et tout accablée de ces sentimens elle ne s'avance qu'avec toute la préocupation Française qui la rend aussi aveugle qu'insensible. C'est en Allemagne qu'elle apprend à apprécier tous les charmes, tout l'entrainement, tout le

bonheur de la société Française, et ses observations par fois *trop spirituelles*, ressemblent bien souvent aux élégies féminines du *malheureux Ovide*, qui se plaisait tant dans ses larmes. Au reste, le livre de *l'Allemagne* de Madame de Staël est plutôt un tableau caractéristique, dans lequel brillent, à côté de quelques légers défauts, les avantages immenses d'être Français, que tout autre chose: la partie consacrée à la littérature, quoique jetée ça et la, peut être d'une grande valeur pour la France et pour l'étranger qui a traduit cet ouvrage; mais le livre dans son ensemble, ne ressemble pas plus à l'Allemagne, que le " Pacha " du Capt. Marryat ressemble au Grand Turc. La différence entre ces deux, c'est que l'auteur du " Peter Simple " a bien voulu faire une satyre piquante, tandis que Madame de Staël en a fait une sans le vouloir. Quelques détails pris au hasard mettront le lecteur au courant de mes pensées; j'aime à croire que l'on ne m'accusera pas, d'avoir opposé de la partialité à la partialité. Il n'est pas rare aujourd'hui de trouver des personnes qui quoique nées en Pologne vivent en France, en bonne harmonie avec les Français, les Anglais, les Allemands, les Italiens, les Polonais, comme Madame de Staël vécut jadis en Allemagne; elles ont sans doute regretté comme elle leur patrie, les lieux de leur naissance, de leur berceau, de leur enfance, de leur jeunesse; mais comme elles savaient d'avance qu'elles ne retrouveraient pas en France ce qu'elles ont dû abandonner, elles se sont résignées et ont pris les choses telles qu'elles se présentaient et non pas comme elles avaient l'habitude de les prendre. Madame de Staël n'est pas contente de l'Allemand parce qu'il ne ressemble pas au Français; je suis mécontent du livre de Madame de Staël parcequ'il est trop Français; c'est à dire que tout y est sacrifié à la belle forme, ce qui me rappelle l'Arlequin que Madame de Staël a vu à Vienne, arrivé revêtu d'une grande robe et d'une magnifique perruque et qui tout à coup s'escamotait lui-même. Oui, il s'escamotait lui-même et devinez, chers lecteurs, ce qu'il nous a laissé, ou plutôt ce qu'il a laissé *à la société Viennoise?* Il lui a laissé debout, sa robe et sa perruque pour figurer à sa place, et s'en allait vivre ailleurs! Entrons en matière. " Leur imagination," dit Madame de Staël, "se plaît *dans les vieilles tours*—on dirait que les Allemands sont des corbeaux—dans les crénaux et les revenans, et les mystères d'une *nature rêveuse* et solitaire forment le principal charme de leur poésie."

Il est malheureusement trop vrai que l'Allemand de nos jours, doué de tant soit peu d'imagination, doit s'arranger de manière que cette imagination se plaise *dans les vieilles tours*, où il peut s'amuser avec les revenans, qui lui remplacent son maître d'histoire: quant *aux mystères d'une nature rêveuse*, je n'y comprends rien. Je sais ce que, du reste, tout le monde pourrait savoir aussi bien que moi: *que la nature peut dormir;* mais ce que j'ignorais complettement c'est qu'elle pouvait rêver, et rêver des mystères qui forment le principal charme de la poésie. Il faut donc convenir que la nature est bien plus avancée en Allemagne que par tout ailleurs; et malgré cette importante découverte, nous remarquons dans un autre chapitre du livre de Madame de Staël, qu'en Allemagne " il n'y a que les villes littéraires qui puissent vraiment intéresser, car la société est nulle et la nature peu de chose."

En parcourrant ce peu de chose, *l'aspect de l'Allemagne* lui fait jeter quelques faibles regards sur les jardins; c'est sans doute *peu de chose* que les jardins, mais voyons toujours ce que Madame de Staël nous en dit, " Les jardins sont presque aussi beaux dans quelques parties de l'Allemagne qu'en Angleterre; le luxe des jardins suppose toujours qu'on aime la nature."

Je n'ai jamais su comprendre le rapport du luxe avec la nature, et je ne le comprends pas encore. Il me semble que l'un finit toujours là où commence l'autre, et qu'il n'y a au monde rien qui dénature plus la nature que le luxe. Les Allemands aiment la nature dans leurs jardins, dans leurs prairies, dans leurs rapports avec la société, dans leur poésie, dans leur amour, c'est vrai, c'est même très vrai. Mais le luxe estropie la nature dans les jardins, abime les prairies, gâte l'homme dans ses rapports avec la société, surcharge la poésie et détruit l'amour. Or, si Madame de Staël s'est aperçue que les Allemands aiment la nature, ce n'est certainement pas par le luxe de leurs jardins, car les jardins ressemblent ordinairement à la nature, comme l'homme à la mode, entortillé dans sa cravate, dans son pantalon collant, dans son habit serré, ressemble au bon campagnard à la mine toute patriarcale. Nous devons, du reste, convenir que les Allemands ont fait d'énormes progrès dans l'économie politique, car ils savent faire du luxe avec bien *peu de chose.*

De cette promenade à travers le luxe de la nature, nous conduirons le lecteur dans les régions politiques, qui ont inspiré à Madame de Staël les réflexions suivantes:—

" Cette division de l'Allemagne si funeste à sa force politique, était cependant très favorable aux essais de tout genre que peuvent tenter le génie et l'imagination. Il y avait une sorte d'anarchie douce et paisible en fait d'opinions littéraires et métaphysiques, qui permettait à un homme le développement entier de sa manière de voir."

Je ne sais quelle opinion l'on peut avoir de cette phrase; quant à moi je ne me serais jamais figuré que le génie des Anglais et des Français se développe moins que celui des Allemands, parcequ'il ne jouit pas de l'agrément de faire viser son passeport trois fois par jour, par trois différentes autorités; de faire fouiller ses effets par trois différentes douanes, et se faire suivre par trois différens agens de la police secrète, qui tiennent sous clef tout le génie de l'Allemagne. Cette douce et paisible anarchie en *fait d'opinions littéraires et métaphysiques*, permettait peut-être à Madame de Staël le développement entier de sa manière de voir individuelle: quant à moi je n'ai jamais joui de ces avantages, pas plus que tous les autres écrivains étrangers ou Allemands, qui ont une manière de voir à eux et de voir tant soit peu clairement. Je conçois que M. de Staël, exilée de la *France impériale*, avait besoin de ménager l'hospitalité de l'Allemagne; mais il me semble inconvenant et déplacé de chercher un mérite—quand même ce ne serait qu'un mérite littéraire et philosophique—dans ce qu'il y a de plus outrageant pour le caractère national, et de plus dégradant pour la position politique d'un pays, qu'elle se plaît elle même à signaler par sa position géographique: *le cœur de l'Europe*, en y ajoutant, *que la grande association continentale ne saurait retrouver son indépendance que par celle de ce pays.*"

Or si cette anarchie dans le cœur de l'Europe ne perd pas un peu de sa douceur et de son caractère paisible, si elle ne parvient pas à mettre un peu d'ordre sans sa littérature et sa philosophie, comment retrouver l'indépendance de la grande association continentale? Il est vrai que les temps ont changé, depuis que Madame de Staël a fait son ouvrage, mais ce qui paraît honteux aujourd'hui ne le fut pas moins alors. Ce cœur palpitant de douces et paisibles anarchies dans trente-quatre différens états, n'aurait pas moins de développement dans sa littérature et sa métaphysique, s'il ne servait qu'animer un seul et grand corps tel que la situation géographique l'a fait. La division de l'Allemagne si funeste à sa force politique ne l'est pas moins à sa force morale, car elle ne sert au fond, qu'à corrompre l'esprit de la littérature, à dégrader le génie, et se faire des instrumens de tous les deux. L'Allemagne de Tacite, cette division de peuplades rudes et guerrières, aurait peut-être pu se consoler de l'anarchie qui paraît si douce à Madame de Staël; mais l'Allemagne civilisée, l'Allemagne si érudite, si lettrée et si philosophique, l'Allemagne de Madame de Staël, cette Allemagne *du dix-neuvième siècle?* Oh! c'est en effet un bien triste éloge que lui prodigue la victime du gouvernement impérial. Si le génie et l'imagination ne produisent d'autres consolations que cette philosophie Sardanapalique, si ce sont là les fruits des sciences et des lettres; mieux vaudrait de rester dans les ténèbres. On ne sentirait pas alors toute l'étendue d'une position d'esclavage si dégradante pour l'esprit humain; on ne sentirait pas alors toute l'étendue du mépris auquel s'expose un peuple aussi avancé dans la douce et paisible anarchie en fait d'opinions littéraires et métaphysiques, on ne sentirait pas toute la force de l'humiliant éloge que lui prodigue Madame de Staël.

" L'indépendance même," dit-elle plus loin, " dont on jouissait en Allemagne, sous presque tous les rapports, rendait les Allemands indifférents à la liberté. L'indépendance est un bien, la liberté une garantie, et précisément parceque personne n'était froissé en Allemagne, ni dans ses droits, ni dans ses jouissances, on ne sentait pas le besoin d'un ordre de choses qui maintient ce bonheur. Les tribunaux de l'empire (d'Autriche) promettaient une justice sûre quoique lente, contre tout acte arbitraire; et la modération des souverains et la sagesse de leurs peuples, ne donnait presque jamais lieu à des réclamations; on ne croyait donc pas avoir besoin de fortifications constitutionnelles quand on ne voyait point d'agresseurs."

Est-il possible de pousser plus loin la dérision et la courtoisie que ne le fait Madame de Staël, en nous exposant le développement entier de sa manière de voir individuelle. Le Duc de Broglie a sans doute puisé dans l'ouvrage de sa belle-mère, le principe de la régénération dont il vient de glorifier la France moderne. Il a voulu faire jouir la France aussi de cette indépendance dont jouissait l'Allemagne sous presque tous les rapports, et il l'a gratifiée *des lois de la censure*, comme une garantie de la liberté, persuadé que les Français n'avaient pas besoin de fortifications constitutionnelles quand on ne voit point d'agresseur, et quand la modération du souverain et la sagesse du peuple ne donnent presque jamais lieu à des réclamations. Les Allemands ne sentaient pas le besoin de garanties, pour maintenir le bonheur de leur indé-

pendance, qui les rendaient indifférents à la liberté; mais la France de Messieurs de Broglie, Guizot, Thiers etc., sentait le besoin de maintenir un ordre de chose—cause de leur bonheur—et elle offrait à cet effet aux *Français de Juillet* le bien de l'indépendance à l'instar de la haute sagesse des cours d'Allemagne. Le cabinet de la France régénérée s'écria sans doute avec tout *le luxe de la justice* * de Madame de Staël; " Comme dans l'exécution de ces lois défectueuses en elles-mêmes il n'y avait point d'injustice, l'égalité dans l'application consolait—ou consolera—de l'inégalité dans le principe."

C'est une vérité triste mais incontestable, que les écrivains qui n'ont plus rien à espérer de la presse, deviennent ses ennemis les plus redoutables, même jusqu'à cette douce et paisible anarchie, en fait d'opinions littéraires et metaphysiques, pour que l'ordre règne dans tous les esprits, du bord de la Vistule, jusqu'à la Seine et à la Loire!

Chaque pays présente ses avantages et ses désavantages; mais un des principaux désavantages de la Société de Vienne, dit Madame de Staël, c'est que les nobles et les hommes de lettres ne se mêlent point ensemble. C'est pire en effet que lors de la république d'Athènes, car les hommes de lettres ou plutôt les savans de ce temps recherchaient les riches, ce que le fameux orateur Phocion nous a très ingénieusement expliqué en disant; *que les riches ne savaient pas ce qui leur manquait, mais bien les savans.* Madame de Staël aurait dû au moins visiter d'autres cercles, que ceux des nobles, c'est alors qu'elle aurait trouvé, que les hommes de lettres en Allemagne ménent la vie la plus retirée et ne se mêlent que bien rarement dans cette foule qu'elle trouve si insipide dans son chapitre Vienne, en parlant de la société en général, de sa conversation de salon, etc.; " une telle distraction," dit-elle, " ne permet de suivre aucune idée et transforme le langage en un gazouillement qui peut être appris aux hommes comme à des oiseaux." Or donc, comme il ne faut pas d'idées aux oiseaux pour tenir une conversation *de gazouillement* qui peut être appris, comment se fait-il que Madame de Staël ne rende pas aux Allemands, la justice qu'elle rend aux oiseaux, car nous voyons plus loin: " un Français sait encore parler, lors même qu'il n'a point d'idées,"—gazouillement qui peut être appris,—" un Allemand en a toujours dans sa tête un peu plus qu'il ne saurait exprimer." C'est donc dans une distance de quatre à cinq pages qu'il aurait oublié son gazouillement? J'aurais ajouté alors: " Les Allemands manquent de mémoire, car dans un chapitre ils savent *le langage de gazouillement*, que l'on peut apprendre aux hommes et pour lequel il ne faut pas d'idées, et dans le prochain ils en ont dans leur tête un peu plus qu'ils ne savent exprimer." Je me rappele avoir vu à Paris dans

* " L'espèce d'impartialité, *luxe de la justice*, qui caractérise les Allemands, les rendent beaucoup plus susceptibles de s'enflammer pour les pensées abstraites, que pour les intérêts de la vie."

J'aurais mieux compris la prédilection des Allemands pour la nature, dans leur luxe de la justice, que dans le luxe des jardins; nous devons dans tous les cas rendre justice à Madame de Staël de son luxe de franchise. Si l'impartialité est un luxe et la justice une pensée abstraite, et que tous les deux caractérisent les Allemands, si essentiellement opposés au caractère Français, nous devons en conclure, d'après l'autorité de Madame de Staël, que la partialité est la nature des Français, et l'injustice l'idée dominante et inséparable aux intérêts de leur vie.

un livre de thêmes; " l'Allemand est une langue riche en idées." Je recommanderai donc aux Français cette langue, pour qu'ils trouvent un peu plus d'idées, ce qui leur ôtera la faculté de les exprimer. Il y a des langues plus ou moins flexibles, des langues plus ou moins propres à la poésie, ou à la prose poétique, comme il y a des nations plus ou moins bavards; c'est incontestable. Mais tout homme qui a des idées arrêtées et une langue, qu'elle soit Turque ou Allemande, saura toujours s'exprimer. Il n'y a que des idées vagues, qui nous privent de la faculté de trouver des paroles propres à faire comprendre aux autres, ce que nous ne comprenons pas nous-mêmes. Comme Madame de Staël ne savait pas assez d'Allemand, pour suivre en Allemagne une conversation Allemande, les personnes qui l'entouraient dans la société, avaient peut être eu à lutter contre les difficultés que l'on rencontre en parlant une langue étrangère; mais l'Allemand qui a des idées claires saura toujours les exprimer en Allemand; bien souvent il le saurait aussi en Français, en Anglais, en Italien, etc., avantage que n'ont pas les Français, qui ne savent guère que leur langue, qui leur offre cependant, la facilité de faire des livres, comme on fait des conversations, et de parler lors même qu'on n'a plus d'idées.

### *Madame de Staël et sa langue Allemande.*

Comme une langue étrangère n'est pas précisément un article de mode, (quoiqu'on la considère le plus souvent comme un article de luxe,) elle ne peut être assujettie aux mouvements du caprice. Chaque langue a, du reste, ses règles fixes, je dirai même sa subordination militaire, et des manœuvres plus ou moins avancées dans la stratégie. En suivant le plan d'attaque de Madame de Staël, nous trouvons d'abord, qu'elle n'est pas contente de la langue Allemande, par rapport à sa construction, qui est en effet très ennuyeuse pour bien du monde. " Par la nature même de sa construction grammaticale le sens n'est ordinairement compris qu'à la fin de la phrase. Ainsi ce plaisir de s'interrompre, qui rend la discussion si animée en France, et force de dire si vite, ce qu'il importe de faire entendre, ce plaisir, ne peut exister en Allemagne." Pour comprendre toute la portée de cette remarque qui frappe d'une manière si accablante la différence de l'esprit de conversation, je citerai ce qui est arrivé au célèbre violoniste Français M. Lafond, quand il avait l'honneur de se faire entendre dans les salons d'un duc d'Angleterre. Le gracieux virtuose entrait précisément dans une conversation toute poétique, propre à jeter des idées frivoles dans les cœurs des anges, lorsque le noble duc, pour avoir le plaisir que regrette Madame de Staël, ce plaisir d'interrompre et rendre la discussion plus animée, le force de descendre du haut de cet enchantement, en applaudissant avant que l'artiste ait fini sa phrase. C'est encore un plaisir qui ne peut exister en Allemagne. Si vous demandiez à Madame de Staël, comment cela se fait, elle vous dirait très ingénieusement: " Les Allemands craignent plus de faire de la peine, qu'ils n'ont envie de plaire." C'est en effet ainsi; mais elle conclut " que de là vient qu'ils ont soumi autant qu'ils ont pu la politesse à des règles, et que leur langue si hardie dans les livres, est singulièrement asservie en conversation,

par toutes les formules dont elle est surchargée?" C'est une erreur, et une erreur assez grave. Madame de Staël confond ici deux choses toutes différentes l'une de l'autre. Renoncer à l'amour-propre si naturel à l'homme, à l'envie de plaire, pour ne pas faire de la peine, ce n'est pas, à ce qu'il me paraît, l'effet des règles d'une simple politesse, et la langue Allemande si hardie dans les livres, ne le serait pas moins dans la conversation, si le cœur toujours plein de sentimens de délicatesse ne prescrivait les règles si indispensables, à la cordialité de la société. Madame de Staël a confondu ici les formes de la société, avec les sentimens de l'homme. L'exemple cité à propos de cette observation, ne me paraît rien moins qu' à propos, car tout en appelant Madame de Staël Madame la Baronne,* je pourrais si elle vivait encore, lui dire des choses qui lui feraient de la peine.

Tantôt la langue Allemande de Madame de Staël, se fait fort, de ne faire du mal à personne ; à quelques pas plus loin nous voyons: *que la langue Allemande a une gaîté qui lui est propre,* et en suivant attentivement son développement nous remarquons, que chez les Allemands la langue fait tout et que les personnes ne signifient absolument rien, elles ne sont que les très humbles servantes des formules dont cette langue est surchargée. "Sa construction traînante, ses consonnes multipliées, sa grammaire savante, ne lui permettent aucune grâce dans la souplesse ; l'on dirait qu'elle se raidit d'elle même contre l'intention de celui qui la parle dès qu'on veut la faire servir à trahir la vérité." Cette conclusion doit prouver le dégoût qu'inspire *la langue tudesque* quand elle est employée aux mensonges de quelque nature qu'ils soient. Donc la construction traînante empêche de débiter des mensonges pour lesquels il faut la grace et la souplesse de la langue Française, et sa grammaire savante préserve l'Allemagne de la trahison, de la police secrette et de tout ce qui lui est analogue. Découverte importante pour le siècle des progrès, qui ne veut plus de mensonge, ni de trahison ; je recommandrai donc aux cours de justices, *qui tiennent à découvrir la vérité,* de faire leurs interrogatoires en Allemand, je puis même très consciencieusement recommander cette langue merveilleuse aux Français, *puisqu'elle a une gaieté qui lui est propre.* Selon les vues de Madame de Staël, les gouvernemens Germaniques ont introduit dans leurs états le système des écoles primaires et secondaires, pour que la grammaire savante et la construction traînante de *la langue tudesque* contrebalancent l'esprit de la friponnerie et propagent la vérité comme première vertu de la société civilisée. Or donc, quand tout le monde en Allemagne possèdera la grammaire, c'en est fait du mensonge et de la trahison, et l'Allemand quand même il voudrait hasarder un faux pas, ne saurait le faire ; la langue se cramponnera contre l'intention de celui qui la parle et le forcera à dire la vérité, à ne jamais trahir ses semblables, elle fera triompher toutes les vertus. La première question à adresser aux Allemands avec lesquels on voudrait se mettre en rélation de confidence serait donc celle-ci : "*Monsieur, ou Madame, connaissez vous votre grammaire savante.*" Après ce premier examen tout est dit. Les

* Je me rappelle avoir assisté en Saxe à une leçon de métaphysique d'un philosophe célèbre, qui citait toujours le Baron de Leibnitz, et jamais l'entraînement du discours ne pouvait l'engager à supprimer ce titre de Baron.—*Madame de Staël.*

professeurs de rhétorique remplaceront les chefs de police et on empoignera sans façon, comme suspect à la sureté publique, tout individu qui dira, ou ce qui est pire encore, écrira des fautes grammaticales. Ce temps si strictement réglé, sera appelé, non pas, le siècle d'or ou d'argent, mais bien, le siècle de la grammaire.

## CHAPITRE III.

### Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin.

Le savant professeur à la faculté des lettres de Paris, commence ainsi son ouvrage sur l'Allemagne : "*Depuis Madame de Staël on a peu écrit en France sur l'Allemagne, mais on l'a beaucoup étudiée;*" et il n'a rien de mieux à faire que de nous exposer dans un gros volume, comment on a étudié en France, cette Allemagne abandonnée, oubliée presque depuis Madame de Staël. Le premier honneur que nous pouvons rendre à l'auteur des *notices politiques et littéraires sur l'Allemagne*, c'est de le placer immédiatement après Madame de Staël, nous réservant l'honneur d'étudier à notre tour l'Allemagne de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin et le compter, comme cela est juste, dans la série des écrivains étrangers, que nous nous proposons de présenter à nos lecteurs.

Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin, est sans contredit un écrivain qui sait exposer avec grâce, sans répondre toujours aux obligations qu'il s'impose par de pompeuses promesses. *Notices politiques et littéraires sur l'Allemagne :* il faut convenir que cela promet beaucoup. Le titre ne laisse plus rien à désirer ; les hommes politiques et les hommes lettrés doivent s'empresser d'acheter, et de lire ce livre qui embrasse tout à la fois ; et la politique et la littérature d'un pays, sur lequel on n'a presque rien écrit depuis Madame de Staël, et qui depuis a subi d'immenses changemens, des changemens dans l'esprit et les sentimens du peuple, qui fixe sur lui l'attention de l'Europe ; car c'est là que se concentre toute la puissance d'un grand avenir ! Le titre a donc parfaitement réussi. L'ouvrage dont nous avons à rendre compte nous a mis dans la position d'un amateur peu soupçonneux qui sur la bonne foi d'une affiche de spectacle nouveau achète sa carte d'entrée et s'aperçoit bientot, qu'il a été dupe d'un titre. Le Livre de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin est divisé en *vingt trois* différens articles, suivis *de quatre* aventures tirées *des Nibelungen*, et précédé *d'une préface !*

Quant à moi, je me serais contenté de la préface, car c'est dans ce peu de pages que l'auteur, sans rien dire de nouveau, a cependant su donner un petit coup d'œil appréciateur du caractère Allemand et rendre assez piquantes les idées étudiées depuis Madame de Staël : je lui aurais même conseillé de publier la préface sans le livre, ou de changer le livre en préface et la préface en livre, et voici mes motifs. D'abord, parceque la meilleure partie de l'ouvrage et la seule qui offre un ensemble, c'est la préface, et puis par une autre raison très puissante et dont la vérité frappera tout le monde : c'est qu'on ne lit ordinairement pas les préfaces, ce qui certainement eût été fort avantageux pour l'auteur, s'il avait eu le bonheur de faire le changement que je viens de lui indiquer.

Tous ces articles écrits à diverses époques ne font, du reste, qu'une union forcée, sans harmonie comme sans système, ils sont loin de

donner sur l'Allemagne une idée tant soit peu générale. Traités avec toute la légèreté Française, les articles séparés, ne supportent pas un examen approfondi, car ce ne sont à vrai dire que de faibles indications; mais comme ils nous fournissent l'occasion de remplir d'utiles lacunes nous nous sommes décidés à en parler sans cependant nous y étendre plus longuement que ne l'exige l'intérêt des questions à traiter!

*La Préface.*

Tout préocupé de l'unité de l'Allemagne, afin de créer l'union avec la France, avec cette France qui promet de traiter les Allemands comme des frères, mais bien entendu, comme des frères cadets, car quiconque en France voudrait décliner sa supériorité Européenne etc.; L'auteur des *notices politiques et littéraires*, sur les observations d'un philosophe Allemand, prétend avoir découvert la cause principale qui empêche les Allemands de mettre la main à l'œuvre, c'est à dire de faire une révolution: "En Allemagne"—dit Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin—"il y a certainement dans la jeunesse autant d'ardeur qu'en France pour le moins. Quel mouvement et quel tumulte d'idées dans les universités Allemandes! Que de conspirations, que de sociétés secrètes, que de plans de révolutions. On se demande comment avec une jeunesse aussi bouillante et aussi enthousiaste, l'Allemagne n'est pas bouleversée de fond en comble tous les cinq ou six ans. A quoi cela tient-il? *Au mariage et au goût de la vie de famille.*"

Il est sans doute vrai que l'homme marié, est bien moins disposé à faire des révolutions, avant même qu'il n'ait *quatre enfans*, parce qu'il voit plus facilement que le célibataire, *toutes les difficultés de gouverner*, de régler ses budgets afin de subvenir, sans empruntes, aux dépenses de son petit état. Il est vrai aussi que le goût de la vie de famille, et *de la robe de chambre* qui joue un rôle, puissant dans la vie domestique des Allemands, ammortissent un peu le feu révolutionnaire; je crois cependant devoir soutenir que Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin s'est laissé un peu trop facilement étourdir par l'idée de cette propagande nuptiale, que le philosophe Allemand lui a donné comme la cause essentielle de la grande stagnation de l'esprit révolutionnaire en Allemagne.

Tachons de l'examiner sous un autre rapport, sous le rapport social. "C'est de l'Allemagne que dépend la décision de la lutte"—dit Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin en parlant de la situation actuelle de l'Europe et de son avenir. "Selon que ce grand corps pèsera d'un côté ou de l'autre, l'Europe appartiendra à la civilisation despotique de St. Pétersbourg ou à la civilisation libérale de Paris et de Londres. Telle est la destinée de l'Allemagne." Nous devons convenir que la prévoyance de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin est d'une grande, d'une très grande vérité. "Mais cette destinée, ce n'est point l'Allemagne disloquée, telle qu'elle est encore aujourd'hui, qui peut la remplir; c'est l'Allemagne unie et ne faisant plus qu'un seul peuple." Encore une vérité incontestable! Mais où chercher les difficultés qui s'opposent à cette unité? Est-ce dans la politique ou dans les mariages?

L'Allemagne divisée, morcellée en tant de petits états offre sans doute d'immenses difficultés, pour opérer un mouvement, qui demande

le plus grand ensemble, une seule et grande volonté; mais malgré cette dislocation, malgrè les ramifications très étendues d'une police secrète parfaitement organisée, on saurait établir des communications, déjouer la vigilance de ce corps mystérieux, si la division politique était le seul obstacle que l'esprit révolutionnaire, l'esprit de l'unité de l'Alle- avait à combattre. Les difficultés reposent donc nonseulement dans les limites et les divers gouvernements ; mais encore dans l'organisation de la société, qui doit être changée de fond en comble avant de pouvoir espérer que l'Allemagne puisse secouer le joug du despotisme. Cette organisation vicieuse que je me propose d'analyser ici, fera mieux comprendre que le mariage etc, comment l'Allemagne avec une jeunesse aussi bouillante et aussi enthousiaste ne sait parvenir au bouleversement, que Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin paraît désirer, tant pour le salut de l'Allemagne, que pour les intérêts de la France et de l'Europe entière.

Le peuple Allemand—je parle ici de l'Allemagne entière, car elle se ressemble sous ce rapport de la manière la plus frappante—est un peuple de castes, une Société Aristocratique de la cave jusqu'au grenier. Il est vrai que les gouvernans soutiennent autant que possible l'esprit de division, cette société morcellée, qui se reproduit dans tous les états de l'Allemagne sous la même forme et qui, en dépit de l'esprit de la civilisation, qui paraît caractériser la société moderne, montre partout la même fierté, le même isolement, la même reserve je dirai même, la même répugnance ; mais ils ne font que soutenir ce qui existe, ce qui est déja profondément imprimé dans les sentimens de la Société Allemande, imprimé jusqu'à la dernière extravagance.

Il existe en Allemagne *une aristocratie nobiliaire*, divisée en deux branches opposées ; c'est à dire qu'il y a une aristocratie *de seigneurs cultivateurs et de Seigneurs de villes et de la cour*, qui se méprisent l'une et l'autre mutuellement. La première se distingue par une bonhommie très cordiale et une franchise exemplaire ; elle est particulièrement philantrope et penche vers une tendance libérale ; l'autre au contraire est corrompue, extravagante et despote, et elle soutient la cour et l'absolutisme, parceque la cour et l'absolutisme la soutiennent. Mais plus que tout ailleurs la noblesse en Allemagne a de l'instruction. Il existe ensuite une *aristocratie militaire*, composée des nobles qui se séparent des militaires roturiers, et une aristocratie militaire qui reste distinctement separée des bourgeois, au dessus desquels s'élève le régime militaire des gouvernemens despotiques, comme un paratonnere ! Vient alors une *aristocratie bureaucratique* qui repose sur d'énormes titres, et qui observe même en dehors des fonctions, la plus stricte classification. On ne rencontre pas en Allemagne l'homme, on ne trouve dans la société que des fonctionnaires et des titres, qui se transportent même sur les femmes. C'est un excellent moyen d'éviter les méprises et d'empêcher ainsi les rapprochemens. Les titres représentent ordinairement quelques fonctions, et tout le monde comprend aisément ce que c'est qu' *un docteur, un avocat, un juge, un conseiller ;* mais en Allemagne, il y a plus de titres qu'il n'y a de fonctions, y compris les fonctions honnorifiques, de manière que les titres donnent à la société un ridicule tout original et incompréhensible aux étrangers : cependant toutes ces choses qui paraissent si insigni-

fiantes, regardées isolément, ne le sont pas à ce point, quand on saisit l'enchainement qu'elles produisent.

Nous avons en Allemagne par exemple : *les Hofräthe* (conseillers de la cour ;) *les Geheimräthe* (conseillers intimes.) Les premiers ne sont jamais appelés à donner des conseils à la cour, qui n'aime pas les bons conseils, et il ne lui faut pas de conseillers pour les mauvais. Quant aux autres, on se passe aussi bien de leurs conseils intimes, que de leurs conseils publiques. Tous les deux sont cependant là pour conseiller au peuple de faire la cour à la cour et de garder pour lui ses opinions intimes. Si ce ne sont pas là leurs fonctions, je n'en connais point d'autres.* L'échelle des conseillers, qui n'ont que le titre, serait en effet trop étendue pour être exposée ici ; qu'il suffise donc de savoir que cette surabondance n'est imaginée que pour flatter l'amour-propre des pauvres esprits qui attachent la plus haute valeur à ces misères, à cette bouffonnerie si extraordinairement ridicule. Quant à l'héritage direct des titres sur la femme, pendant la vie du mari (car c'est un cadeau de noce,) je trouve la chose bien moins déplacée, depuis que j'ai lu les idées d'un philosophe Allemand, reproduites dans *les notices* de Mr. Saint-Marc Girardin. Car si le mariage empêche les révolutions, les femmes pèsent pour beaucoup dans la balance de l'ordre public, et elles peuvent par conséquent élever toutes les prétentions possibles à partager les innocents titres de leurs maris. La même réserve titrée que l'on rencontre parmi les hommes, nous la retrouvons chez les femmes, c'est une nouvelle barricade de précautions, qui offre les garanties les plus solides de ne pas être confondu avec une autre caste, de manière que la séparation, la grande division, est on ne peut plus complette. Mais poursuivons cette recherche ! Il existe en Allemagne une autre aristocratie, moins connue à l'étranger et qui ne se trouve dans nul autre pays ; c'est *l'aristocratie ouvrière*, peutêtre la plus curieuse de toutes.

La division des métiers est profondément imprimée dans le caractère d'un ouvrier Allemand, et les métiers classifiés selon l'importance qu'ils se donnent, s'élèvent au dessus des uns des autres de la manière la plus prononcée en jetant des regards de mépris sur leurs confrères inférieurs. Comme la noblesse des grands chemins, des montagnes et de la forêt, comme ces *chevaliers d'industrie* du moyen-age, ils guerroyent continuellement entre eux, et il ne se passe ni dimanche, ni jour de fêtes, sans que le sang ne coule à grands flots dans les cabarets, ou les réunions publiques. Ils représentent dans leur société les en-

* Mieux que tout autre Shakspeare a compris la mission des *Hof-et-Geheimräthe* des Allemands.—*Act* III. *Scene* 2.—*The Forest.* (As You Like it.)

*Clown.* Was't ever in court, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No truly.

*Clown.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope—

*Clown.* Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court ? Your reason.

*Clown.* Why, if thou never was't at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that have good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.

droits de naissance, et l'ouvrier d'une ville capitale, s'arroge une grande supériorité sur son collègue d'une ville de province. Comme dans la société bureaucratique, nous ne trouvons jamais que les titres, on ne rencontre chez les ouvriers que les villes, car on y est appelé: *Bruder Berliner;* (frère Berlinois,) *Bruder Hamburger*, (frère Hambourgeois,) *Bruder Leipsiger;* (frère de Leipsick) etc., excellent moyen de ne plus se retrouver quand une fois on s'est perdu de vue. Chaque métier tient ses réunions à part, et on se communique dans les voyages, à l'instar des *Franc-Maçons*, par des attouchemens, par des saluts, par la manière de frapper à la porte, ou par la manière d'endosser le sac.

Pour comprendre l'esprit de cette caste du reste fort originale, je citerai un seul fait arrivé en 1824 à Berlin, il donnera l'idée la plus parfaite de cette fierté de corps et de métier.

Dans une réunion de dimanche un ouvrier tailleur, un peu illuminé par l'eau de vie et le narcotique du tabac s'avisait de prétendre que lui tailleur ne se moquait pas mal de ses confrères cordonniers, et que s'il s'en présentaient il les ferait danser tous sur le plat de sa main. Insulte générale et fort grave qui a dû profondément blesser le corps des cordonniers. Immédiatement après ce blasphème, les cordonniers se sont rèunis dans leur cabaret (*Herrberge,*) et le conseil a unanimement décidé de faire sur le champ le siège du cabaret des tailleurs. L'expédition se fit sans retard, l'attaque a été vive; on a envahi le cabaret, brisé les meubles et démoli la maison. Tout Berlin était en émoi, car les tailleurs blasphémateurs s'étant enfuis dans une maison voisine, on s'occupait à continuer l'opération. Le sang coulait dans les ruisseaux, on se battait avec acharnement dans les maisons et dans les rues; la police et la gendarmerie entrevenaient, mais en vain. Le combat se prolongea pendant trois jours et on ne parvint à calmer cette rage d'amour-propre blessé, qu'après une arrestation totale des combattans: c'est à dire que le combat cessa faute de combattans. Ces animosités n'ont du reste rien d'extraordinaire, elles sere produisent souvent avec plus ou moins d'intensité dans les jours de récréations; la division des métiers entretient la haine et l'esprit des partis, qui rend impossible toute espèce d'association entre ce grand corps, et les gouvernemens veillent à nourrir l'amour-propre des métiers.

Cette même division se reproduit, naturellement, avec moins de brutalité, dans les Universités de l'Allemagne. L'esprit de castes y exerce aussi sa grande et puissante influence, et y a créé une aristocratie universitaire. Les étudians se séparent par les Landsmannschaften, comme la société bureaucratique par les titres, et les ouvriers par les métiers. Ici ce ne sont pas les villes, ce sont les divers pays que l'on représente, et ces hommes ou cette jeunesse qui ne rève que l'unité de l'Allemagne, est la première à soutenir la séparation. C'est ainsi que l'on trouve dans les universités non pas cette Allemagne que l'on veut faire renaître, mais bien des partis, intitulés: Armenia, Teutonia, Borussia, Silesia, Bavaria, Saxonia, etc. Chaque partie a ses chefs et sous-chefs élus par le droit d'ancienneté, (le senior,) et comme l'esprit de coterie y exerce son pouvoir comme partout ailleurs, les scisions sont aussi générales chez les étu-

dians, que dans toutes les sociétés que nous venons d'énumérer. Je demande donc à tout homme de bon sens, s'il faut le mariage en Allemagne, pour empêcher les révolutions, si l'impossibilité n'est pas dans l'organisation de cette société, divisée jusque dans les plus petites nuances!

La première partie du livre de Mr. Saint Marc Girardin, après la préface, est un morceau tiré d'un discours, prononcé à la faculté des lettres de Paris, en Novembre, 1830, et intitulé, " De l'Unité de l'Allemagne;" c'est ainsi que l'auteur nous annonce son premier chapitre, sans cependant nous dire, si c'est par les oreilles ou par le nez, qu'il a tiré son morceau, pour l'ajuster à un livre qui n'a ni jambe, ni tête. Ce morceau de discours et un morceau d'un autre morceau de discours prononcé également à la faculté des lettres en Janvier, 1834, et intitulé, " L'Allemagne en 1833," suivi de l'Allemagne en 1813, et le poété Koerner, forment à peu-près ce que le livre contient de supportable. Tout le reste peut être fort amusant pour les amateurs des diableries du moyen-âge, ou pour certains pieux qui se réjouissent de voir, comment un architecte dans l'embarras, sait tromper un diable architecte, afin de faire la Cathédrale de Cologne, laquelle cathédrale reste inachevée parceque le diable, volé du plan, dessiné de sa main infernale, l'a condamné à rester dans cette situation diabolique, que les finances de S. M. de Prusse ne peuvent faire disparaître; d'autres petits contes du Hamlet de Grammaticus-Saxo, de Sémiramis, afin de connaître à fond, les sources des folies feintes du premier, et la fine méchanceté de l'autre, et plusieurs autres petits contes, qui me rappèllent les plus beaux jours de mon enfance, tout cela est fort gentil en effet. Mais le titre, " Notices Politiques et Littéraires sur l'Allemagne," c'est, par foi, trop. On a à peine mis le pied sur le seuil de la porte de cette Allemagne, qu'on ne la retrouve plus, et si elle vous reparaît par hasard, c'est comme un coup de foudre qui au lieu d'éclairer, vous enveloppe dans une profonde obscurité. Ce n'est pas que le livre de Mr. Saint Marc Girardin ne soit très profond pour cela, ou que son feu ne vous paraisse tomber du ciel; bien loin de tout ceci, il n'est ni trop haut, ni trop bas, c'est une espèce de juste milieu entre le ciel et la terre, vide comme l'air et qui siffle de temps en temps un air éolien, lequel dirait-on ressemble à quelqu'air connu, mais qui s'enlève si promptement qu'il ne vous reste pas le temps, d'en jouir et de se familiariser tant soit peu avec lui. Mr. Saint Marc Girardin a eu l'heureuse idée de faire imprimer sous son nom le titre de Professeur à la faculté des lettres de Paris, pour ne pas faire croire que son livre ait été fait par un écolier; mais bien entendu par un bon, par un excellent écolier, qui sait faire de la politique, et qui prend la littérature Allemande comme point de départ, par lequel on annonce beaucoup de choses, en terminant, après un long voyage à travers toutes les régions possibles, par quatre aventures des Nibelungen, qui rappellent les intentions de l'auteur.

Quant à la notice sur le Poéte Koerner, elle se borne à la citation de la chanson magique, " Lützow's Wilde Jage," (la chasse sauvage de Lützow,) et la chanson, " das Schwertlied," (de l'Epée,) le chant de cigne du jeune poéte-héros. Il y a du reste de la verve et de la poésie dans l'exposition du tableau de l'Allemagne en 1813; c'est un

morceau, sans être un morceau de discours qui a de l'ensemble dans sa marche rapide. Mais tout chasseur que fût Koerner, M. Saint Girardin ne devait pas l'expédier aussi cavalièrement, il aurait dû lui consacrer quelques momens de plus, car sa vie et sa mort sont taillées à fixer l'attention sur la politique et la littérature de l'Allemagne. Koerner a vécu pour la poésie, il est mort pour la patrie ; il à déposé la lyre pour prendre l'épée, et inspiré de l'une et de l'autre, il nous à laissé des souvenirs glorieux, tant par la variété de ses productions que par sa fin touchante sur le champ de bataille !

Nous nous sommes engagés à combler quelques lacunes, l'occasion se présente ici ; c'est un double devoir que nous nous sentons entraînés à remplir ; satisfaire nos lecteurs et rendre justice au génie et à la gloire de Koerner.

*( To be continued.)*

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## LAYS OF THE HEBREWS.—No. IV.

BY J. F. FAULKNER.

Speak not a word that breathes of love
To the child of the Hebrew's race,
For thy people claim in light and flame,
Life's mystic source to trace :
I worship not at a shrine of light,
But Him who light unfurl'd,
And bade it gleam in the startled night,
And blush on a waken'd world :
I'll strain my heart till its fibres break,
Ere love shall prove my faith so weak
As to quench its strength, when bright hopes fade
From the love of the Galilean maid.

Bend not that wild beseeching glance
So touchingly on me ;
Thy look of pain will sear my brain
Whene'er I think of thee ;
For life's right hand hath naught to give
So dear as what departs,
Yet firm to my holy creed I'll live,
Thy creed unlocks our hearts :
Oh, had I known what now I know,
Life had not thus been dashed with woe !
But love to misery hath betrayed
The hopes of the Galilean maid !

Go, Guebre, go to thy sunny clime,
To that land of rich perfume,
Where maids are bright as the laughing light,
And soft as the rose's bloom ;
Go, Guebre, go ! and win thee one
From the daughters of thy race,
Whose love shall be as a cestus thrown
Around thy fond embrace :
But the green branch wrench'd from off its stem,
The star rent from night's diadem,
Must perish—lost to sun and shade—
As the love of the Galilean maid.

# DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

## CHAPTER XXI.

Ostend.

FROM Spa to Liege, from Liege to Brussels, from Brussels to Ostend, how detestable it is to go over the same ground again and again! If the carriage would only overturn, if I could but fracture a leg or an arm, just by way of variety! Six weeks in bed would be a novelty, even pain would be agreeable from the excitement. What a weary world this is, and what a rascally one! How delightful a little honesty would be, by way of a change! Of all the rascality spread like butter on bread over the surface of the globe, certainly the butter lies thicker on the confines of each territory. There is a concentration of dishonesty at the ports of embarkation and debarkation. Take London when you land from a steam-boat, or Dover, or Calais, or Ostend. It is nothing but a system of extortion and overreaching, and which is submitted to. And why so? because in the hurry, the confusion, the sickness, and the ignorance of what is right, every thing that is wrong can be practised with impunity. These preyers upon mankind at the confines, remind you of the sharks in India, who always ply *in the surf*, where their motions cannot be seen, and the unwary are invariably their prey. I have knocked three down already, and one would imagine they would hasten for redress; but they will not, for that would take hours, and during these hours they will lose the opportunity of making their harvest, so they get up again and pocket the affront, that they may not lose time in filling their pockets. Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completed outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled by his servant in and out of his chamber to his sitting-room. Now a certain well-known vagabond ascertained the fact, and watched until the servant was sent upon a message. The servant came out of the front door, but left the area door open, communicating with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, and walked up stairs, where, as he anticipated, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. "I am sorry, sir, to see you in this situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and your servant is out." The gentleman stared. "It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed, for behold the consequences. I take the liberty of removing this watch and these seals off the table, and putting them into my own pocket; and, as I perceive your keys are here, I shall now open these drawers and see what suits my purpose." "Oh! pray help yourself, I beg," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to

[1] Continued from p. 21.

prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard drawer, and many other articles which suited him, and in about ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a very low bow, and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant returning soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow Street with the drawing, and an account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman in two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and, in six weeks, he was on his passage to Botany Bay.

## CHAPTER XXII.

London, November.

We have the signs of the times here. I peep through the fog and see quite enough to satisfy me that the country is unhappy. Money in plenty, but lying in heaps—not circulated. Every one hugs his bag, and is waiting to see what the event may be. Retrenchment is written up as evident as the prophetic words of fire upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace—*To let—to let—to let.* Leave London in any direction, and you find the same mystical characters every one hundred yards of the road. This beautiful villa, this cottage ornée, this capital house with pleasure grounds, this mansion and park—all—all to let. It is said that there are upwards of seven thousand of these country seats to let within twelve miles of the metropolis. Again, look at the arms of the carriages which still roll through the streets, and you will perceive that if not with a coronet or supporters, nine out of ten have the widow's *lozenge.* And why so? because they belong to the widows of those who died in the times of plenty, and who left them large jointures upon their estates. They, of course, can still support, and even better support, the expense; but the estates now yield but sufficient to pay the jointure, and the incumbent swallows up the whole. And where are the real owners of the properties? At Paris, at Naples, at Brussels, if they can afford to be in a capital—if not, dispersed over Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy—retrenching in other countries, or living more comfortably upon their incomes. How many millions, for it does amount to millions, are now spent on the continent, enriching the people of other countries, in all probability laying up for those countries the sinews for another war to be declared against England. How much of wretchness and starvation has been suffered in our own country within these few years, which, if people had not been found abroad, might never have been felt! Where are the élite of our aristocracy? where are our country gentlemen who used to keep open house at their estates, disseminating their wealth and producing happiness? All driven abroad—society disjointed—no leader of fashion to set the example, by luxurious entertainments of disseminating that wealth which ultimately finds its way into the greasy pocket of the labourer

or mechanic. Shops opened late and closed early. Gin palaces, like hell, ever open to a customer. The pulse of London hardly beats—it is perceptible, but no more. Nothing is active but the press, and the preparers from without. There must be something wrong in all this. Jack Cade promised the mob, that the grass should grow in the streets of the metropolis, the present government appear to be his executors.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Spa.

Yes, now Spa is agreeable: we have no *redoubte* open with fools losing their money, no English *passants* looking after amusement, no valetudinarians drinking the *poupon*, no Spa boxes crowding every window: we are now as Spa should be, a *coterie* of houses in a ravine, surrounded by the mountains of the Ardennes, crowding and shoving up together in mutual protection against the deep snow and the forest wolves. There is something new in this: most of the houses are shut up; the shop-windows are all bare; the snow is two feet deep in the streets; the mountains on every side are white; the icicles hang upon the leafless boughs, and the rivulets are half enchained. All is one drear blank; and except the two-horse diligence which arrives three or four hours past its time, and the post, which is now delivered at nine o'clock instead of noon, there is no such thing as an arrival: the boys slide upon their little sledges down the hills; the cattle are driven home; the church clock strikes; and unless we are enlivened by the crowd assembled round the countryman, who appears with the carcase of a wolf which he has been fortunate enough to kill, we are all quiet monotony and peace: in fact, Spa, now that it is a desert, has become agreeable.

They say, this hard winter promises plenty of wolves; if so, I recommend those who are fond of excitement to come here. Indeed, it will be profitable, for if they are active huntsmen, they can pay their expenses. A dead horse costs little, and in Spa, as they give very little to the horses to eat in the summer and nothing at all in the winter, they die fast. You have only to drag the carcase to an outhouse at a little distance from the town, and with your rifle watch during the night. The wolves will come down to prey upon the carrion, and it is hard if you do not kill your couple during the night, and then you are rewarded by the commune. I do not know what the price is now, but when the king of Holland was in possession of Belgium it was one hundred francs for a male and three hundred francs for a female wolf. Now a brace a night, four hundred francs or sixteen pounds, is not bad pay: in Spa it would keep a half-pay officer for three months. We have had nothing to enliven us within these last three days but the death and burial of an old curate. He died in all the odour of sanctity three days ago, and was buried yesterday. He was not loved or even liked, for he wanted that greatest of all gifts—charity. His situation was worth, with offerings, six thousand francs a year,—a large sum in this country: but he did not give to the poor; he exacted from them, and they religiously obeyed

him, no one killing a pig or any thing else without a present of part of it to the curate. When the old man was told that he must die, the ruling passion still governed him. He first sent for a person to dispose of for him the sundry pieces of pork which he had gathered as presents, then took the extreme unction, and died. His will is not known, but he is supposed to be very rich, and whether he leaves his wealth to some nephews or to support a hospital here now without funds, is a question of some interest. He was buried in great parade and procession, followed by hundreds holding candles. (I have heard of holding a candle to the devil,—is that the origin of this custom?) He was dressed in his best, and every one said that he never looked so clean or so well in his life. He was carried on an open *brancard*, with his canonical hat on his head, quite exposed, and the snow fell fast and settled on his face and clothes, but he felt it not. The funeral was as cold as his charity, the thermometer being exactly 13° below the freezing point. Except the procession of the dead curate and of a dead wolf, we have had nothing to enliven Spa these last ten days.

But I promised to talk about the Burmahs. There have been two or three accounts of the military movements, but there has been no inquiry or examination into the character of the people, which, in my opinion, is of more importance than is generally supposed; for although the East India Company may imagine that they have done with the Burmahs, it is my conviction that the Burmahs have not done with them, and even I may live to witness the truth of my assertion.

It certainly is a point of some interest to ascertain from whence the Burmah nation originally came: that they are not aborigines, I think most certain. They are surrounded by the Cochin Chinese, the Chinese, and the Hindoos, all races of inferior stature and effeminate in person, with little or no beard. Now the Burmahs are a very powerful race, very muscular in their limbs, possessing great strength and energy; generally speaking, I should say, that they are rather taller than Europeans. They have the high cheek bones of the Tatar, but not the small eyes; they have strong hair and beards, and certainly would remind you of a cross between the Jew and the Tatar. This is singular; and it gave the idea to some of those who are fond of indulging in theory, that they might be the remnants of that portion of the Jews who, when permitted to leave Babylon, instead of going east with the others, bent their course to the westward and were never spoken of afterwards. But the only props they had to this argument were the appearance of the people, the weight in silver being called the *tekel* or shekel, and the great pagoda having the name of the *Dagon* pagoda. At least, I heard of no more props to hang the argument upon but those three, which can hardly be sufficient, although the coincidence of the two words is singular.

The Burmahs are semi-barbarous: but this term must be used in the most favourable light; because surrounded on every side by people who are wedded to their own customs, the Burmahs have a liberality and a desire to improve which is very remarkable. I never met with any Burmah, not even a lad, who could not read and write; they allow any form of religion to be made use of, and churches of any description

to be built by foreigners, but they do not like missionaries making converts of their own people, for as the king is the head of the religion conversion is a branch of allegiance. One of the missionaries had an audience with the king, and demanded permission to make proselytes. The king replied that the missionary might convert as many as he pleased, but that he would cut all their heads off afterwards. The missionary had not much trouble when this answer was made known in counting the heads of his proselytes. In their own religion, which is Budhism, the Burmahs appear to be very relax; it is too absurd for the energy of their minds. Those who enter the priesthood wear a yellow dress; but if a priest at any time feels disposed to quit his profession he is at liberty so to do. All he has to do is to throw off his yellow garment; but at the same time, he can never resume it. The Burmahs are superstitious about charms, but are not superstitious on religious points. In fact, there is very little religion among them, and had we at the close of the war, instead of demanding a crore of rupees, insisted that they should embrace Christianity, the king would have given the order, and the whole nation would have nominally been Christians. I once asked a Burmah soldier what was his idea of a future state. His idea of bliss was singular—"I shall be turned into a buffalo, and shall lie down in a meadow of grass higher than my head and eat all day long, and there won't be a single mosquito to annoy me." While on the subject of religion, I may here observe, that at the capture of Rangoon, I entered a Chinese temple, the altar-piece, if I may use the term, was the Ganesa of the Hindoos, but not seated on the lotus leaf, but on the Chinese rat. On each side of this were two little candelabras formed of the Egyptian ibis holding the oil cups in their beaks. I also found the Hounyman, or monkey god of the Hindoos and Bhudhist figures. I once observed some sepoys playing and laughing at a bronze image they had picked up at the pagoda of Syriam, and on examining it I was surprised to find that it was a figure of the Egyptian Isis, with her hand raised and her person in the position described as the correct one when blessing the world. The art of embalming appears to be known to the Burmahs, and is occasionally practised by the priests. At the capture of the old Portuguese fort at Syriam, I found not far from it, a sort of canopied shed, decorated with carving, cut paper, and tinsel, and supported by four pillars like a bedstead. Below lay the body of a priest embalmed and gilt. I intended to have brought this home, but before I arrived there, I found one of my marines, a graceless dog without religion or any other good quality, very busy hammering the mummy to pieces with the butt end of his musquet. I was very angry, and ordered him to desist. In excuse he replied, that it was an abominable molten image, and it was his duty, as a *good Christian*, to destroy it—the only evidence of Christianity ever witnessed on that fellow's part. On examination, I found that the body had been wrapped in sundry clothes, and like the ark of Noah pitched within and without: over the clothes was a coat of damma, then of cheenan, and lastly it was gilt; the head of the mummy was fictitious and formed of a cocoa-nut, the real scull being where, in the mummy, would have appeared to have been the breast of the body. It did not smell much, but there were

a great many small scarabei inside, and it was so mutilated that I did not remove it. The Burmahs are cleanly in their houses, which generally are raised from the ground a few feet, so as to allow the pigs, which are the scavengers of the town, to walk under. They have houses of brick or stone and mortar, such as the custom-house at Rangoon, and one or two others; but the most substantial houses are usually built of thick teak plank. The smaller houses and cottages are built of bamboo, the floors and walls being woven like wicker-work; the cleanliness and the beauty of these houses when new are very remarkable, and what is still more so, the rapidity with which they are built. I have known an officer order a house to be built of three rooms with doors and windows to each, and of a comfortable size, and three or four Burmahs will complete this house in a day and thatch the roof over. In another point, the Burmahs show a degree of civilisation which might be an example to the northern Athens—to every house there is a very neat and clean cloaca.

The government is, like all are in Asia, despotic; and the people have the faults which are certain to be generated by despotism—but not to that degree which might be expected. They have their hereditary nobility, and the orders of it are very clearly defined. They consist of gold chains, worn round the neck, with four plates, or chased bosses dividing them; the lowest order wears the bosses linked together by three chains, the next highest in degree with six, the next nine, and the last, and highest order, has twelve; the king only wears twenty-four chains. The use of gold and silver, as drinking cups, &c., is only permitted to the nobility. They are very clever in chasing of metals, and they have a description of work in glass and enamel, quite their own, with which they decorate the temples, houses of the priests, and coffers containing the sacred volumes. Their ornamental writings in the Pali language, a variety of the Sanscrit, known only to the priests, are also very beautiful—especially that upon long leaves of ivory. Upon the whole, their manufactures are superior to all around them, except perhaps the Chinese.

The women are small, and delicately formed, in proportion to the men; they are not shut up, but go where they please; their dress is becoming, they brace the hair with flowers, and they are much fairer than would be supposed. Those who keep much within doors, are nearly as white as Europeans. They have a singular custom of putting a patch of white chunam on the cheek bone, something in opposition to the black patches which used formerly to be worn by our belles; and it is intended to show how near they approach to white. Indeed, in the men, the lower classes, who are exposed all day to the sun, if they remove their garments, it is singular to witness how many shades lighter they are in that part of their bodies which is covered up. Usually, the men have but one wife, but occasionally there are supernumeraries.

The laws of the Burmahs appear to be good, but, as in all despotic countries, they are not acted upon, unless it pleases the ruler. Slavery of a certain species is allowed. Should one man be in debt to another, and is summoned before the lawyer; if he states his inability to pay, he is asked how many children he has, and according to the

debt, so are his children given in bond slavery to his debtor, who writes off a certain sum every year until they are free. If he has no children, his wife, or himself perhaps, will be bonded in the same manner. But in this case, where ill treatment can be proved, the bondage will be removed; and further, any person so bonded, may at his or her wish remove to the service of another master, provided they can find one who will pay to the debtor the amount still due, and thus finish the time of servitude under one whom they like better. These bonds are all in writing, and must be produced. Some of our military officers released several of the young women from their slavery.

*Sitting down* in your presence, is, among the Burmese, a mark of respect. Every poor man who is sent for, immediately drops down on his hams in the corner of the room, or at the portal. The use of the cocoa, or betel nut, is universal among the men, but not so common with the women until they grow old. The consequence is, that the teeth of the men are quite black and decayed, while those of the young women are very good.

The most remarkable feature in the character of the Burmahs is, their *good temper;* I think they are the most even-tempered race I ever met with. They are always gay, always content under any privation. I had, as will be seen hereafter, more opportunities of seeing into the character of this people than others had, for we mixed with them in amity for some weeks. They are very fond of marionettes, and puppet playing, and are very amusing mimics. They work very hard, and with the greatest cheerfulness. They have a high respect for the English, or the white faces, as they call us; and the superiority of our warlike instruments, and our ships, is a subject of wonder, and at the same time, of most careful examination. They perceive how far they are behind us, and are most anxious to improve. From this reason, joined to others, it was a pity that we ever made war with the Burmahs; they had made an easy conquest of those around them, and were satisfied with their supposed superiority, but now they are not, for they are active and enterprising, fond of war, and will not be content until they have improved their system. Twenty years hence we shall find the Burmahs a much more formidable nation than they are at present, for they have every quality necessary to become the first nation in the East: indeed, when we consider with what weapons they defend themselves, and the nature of the warfare, it is not a little to their credit that they held out for nearly three years against the power of Great Britain.

*(To be continued.)*

# BEAUTIES OF THE GRECIAN DRAMA.

It is not intended, under this title, to enter into critical discussions or philological inquiries respecting the Greek scenic poets, or to attempt any continuous versions of their works; but merely to place before the public, in an English dress, some few of the passages in them, that are peculiarly eminent for intrinsic sublimity and pathos, and that appear most readily transferable into a modern language.

It is indeed our belief, that a selection of this nature, if skilfully made, would give the non-classical reader a more worthy idea of these noble creations of the human intellect, than is generally derived from perusing regular translations of them, however ably the text may have been rendered, however learnedly illustrated. For these dramas contain so many metaphors and similes taken from the every-day occupations of those for whom the authors wrote, so many allusions to the passing events of the time—the plots are so frequently woven, and the characters so generally drawn, from the legends of the national mythology, that those only whom years of study have familiarized with these subjects, those only who have acquired the mental citizenship of Athens, can appreciate the symmetrical elegance of the poems, or be fully influenced by the inspiration of the poets. To other eyes so much appears strange, so much obscure, or void of meaning; so much is at variance with the conventional ideas and expectations of the reader, that, in his weariness and vexation of mind, he passes heedlessly over passages, which, if presented to him singly, would have arrested him by their beauty, and in his disgust at what seem to him mere masses of antiquarian lore, he is apt to overlook the splendour of the gems they contain.

To choose out these gems, to render, in our own language, these passages, encumbered by no longer explanations than are necessary to make their subjects intelligible, occasionally illustrating their train of idea by similar expressions in other writers, is our endeavour. Ample, indeed, are the stores which the volume of the Grecian drama offers for our selection, and we may hope that their native brilliancy and sweetness will not be altogether lost, though they need must suffer much by removal into a foreign and harsher soil, and still more by the unskilfulness of the transplantor.

The following passage from the Orestes of Euripides, (line 140,) represents a sister watching by the sick couch of her brother. The Chorus of Argive damsels enter to console her.*

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ, ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ΗΛ. Εἶγα σ᾽ἔγα, λεπτὸν ἴχνος ἀρβύλης
τίθετε, μὴ ψοφεῖτε, μὴ 'στω κτύπος
ἀκοπρὸν βᾶτ' ἐκεῖς ἀκοπρό μοι κοίτας, &c. &c.

* Perhaps Schlegel's description of this scene is the most short and vivid that can be given. "Orestes, after the murder of his mother, lies on a bed sick with anguish of soul and madness. Electra sits at his feet. She and the chorus tremblingly expect his awaking."

ELECTRA. CHORUS.

*El.* Softly, not an echo waking,
With light-falling sandal tread,
Not a sound the stillness breaking—
Farther, farther from the bed.
*Ch.* At thy bidding see we go.
*El.* Dear companions, faint and low
As the thin reed's whisperings,
Let your voices to me flow—
*Ch.* Lo each flute-like* accent springs,
From my lips most faintly.
*El.* So,
Gently speak—move lightly round him,
Tell me why ye've hither crept,
Slumber now indeed hath bound him,
But 'tis long since last he slept.
*Ch.* What, beloved one, is his state?
*El.* What, alas! shall I relate?
This to declare is alone in
My power, yet he doth live,
By that low and broken moaning—
*Ch.* What baleful tidings dost thou give!
*El.* Break not, unless ye wish him dead,
The calm upon his eyelids spread;
Now enjoying sweet and deep
The gracious blessedness of sleep—
* * * * *
*Ch.* He wakes—behold the robes are stirred—
*El.* Curses on thee for the word,
Ye, by your voices loud and fast,
Slumber from his eyes have cast.
*Ch.* He seemed asleep.
*El.* Begone, I say,
Troubler of his rest. Away.
*Ch.* He now sleeps well.
*El.* Thou sayest right.
*Ch.* Holy dim and awful Night,
Giver of sleep, on whom the labour-laden call,
Hither from the depths of Erebus
Come on thy shadowy wings to us,
To the Agamemnonian hall—
For beneath our wretchedness
And our manifold distress
We perish, we utterly perish.
*El.* Again ye've roused him.
*Ch.* Nay.
*El.* Oh! cherish
His repose, each sound repress,
And in silence watching by,
Let him slumber tranquilly.

The subjoined lines from the Agamemnon (1178), are part of the prophetic wailings of Cassandra before entering the palace to meet the death which she knows is there prepared for her. The poet has previously represented her pouring forth broken lamentations for her

* See Musgrave on the word *ὑπόροφον*.

country's fall, mingled with forebodings of her own impending fate, and that of the victor whose triumph she decked. The Chorus, struck with awe at these indistinct presages of calamity to their monarch, have questioned her further, but complained of the obscurity of her words. In reply, she alludes to the horrors that in preceding generations had desolated and devoted to the avenging powers the royal mansion of the Tantalidæ.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ.

Καὶ μὴν ὁ χρησμὸς οὐκέτ' ἐκ καλυμμάτων
ἔσται δεδορκὼς νεογάμου νύμφης δίκην
λαμπρὸς δ' ἔοικεν ἡλίου πρὸς ἀντόλας, &c. &c.

CASSANDRA.

No longer then shall the oracular strain
Look dimly forth from 'neath dark shrouding words,
Like a bride muffled in her nuptial veil;
Full into light it dashes, like the blast,
The mighty western blast,* impetuously
Bursting upon the day springs of the East.
Beneath it like successive billows borne,
Crimes and calamities wash into light,
Each direr than the first. Ha! speak I now
Enigmas? Bear ye witness to my words,
With which I follow, hound-like, on the track
Of the evil deeds committed long ago.
There is a choir that ne'er forsakes this roof
Symphonious, not euphonious, for its notes
Are not of good. A band of wassailers
Drunk and made bold with draughts of human blood:
A band of sister Furies holds this house,
Hard—hard to be dislodged. To the doomed walls
Close clinging loud they hymn the original crime,
Then loathingly reject the name of him
Who trampled on a brother's marriage bed.
Miss I my mark, or do my words strike home?
Wilt call me now "false prophet, vagabond,
Wretched impostor?" On thy oath attest
My knowledge of this house's ancient crimes.

We now turn to the famed chorus in the Œdipus Coloneus, (668,) where Sophocles sings the glories of Athens, and celebrates the sweet scenery of his own native district.

There is, in the original, a fresh beauty and a natural grace in the description of the sacred grove, and an earnest sublimity in the poet's praises of his country, to which few compositions, ancient or modern, can furnish a parallel.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στροφὴ ά

Εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώ-
ρας ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔκαυλα
τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνὸν ἔνθ',
ἁ λίγεια μινύρεται, &c. &c.

* The translation is here expanded into what seems the full meaning of the original. Æschylus alludes to the west wind, which he elsewhere in this play calls the Ζέφυρος γίγας.

STROPHE I.

Stranger, earth's fairest dwelling place
In this region far renowned,
For its coursers' generous race,
White-soiled Colonus, thou hast found.
Here the melodious nightingale
Oft repeats her mournful tale
'Mid these copses greenly springing,
To the dark leaved ivy clinging;
Or 'neath that sacred foliage veiled
Where thousand blossoms spring,
In vain by fiercest noon assailed,
Or the sweeping tempest's wing.
The reveller Dionysus loves
To tread this mossy sod,
While 'mid the bands of Nymphs he roves
That nursed the infant God.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Here 'neath the dew-drops fair and free
Blooms the narcissus clustering wild,
The ancient coronal for thee,
Great Ceres, and thy Goddess child.
Here the golden crocus beams;
Nor ever fail the sleepless streams
That feed Cephisus' silvery tides.
Still o'er the meads the river glides,
And sheds with fertilizing power
Verdure and wealth around,
Bedewing with his purest shower
The deep and level ground.
Nor do the Muses' circling feet
Abhor this gentle plain,
Nor is it the least chosen seat
Of Aphrodite's reign.

STROPHE II.

Not in the fertile lands that smile
Fair Asia's regions o'er,
Nor in the mighty Dorian isle
Where Pelops reigned of yore,
Flourishes the sacred plant
That loves our favour'd soil,
Whose fruit is earth's spontaneous grant,
Unsought by human toil.
The olive, dread of hostile spears,
Which not the wrath of youthful years
Nor stern commands of skilful age
Shall e'er destroy with wasting rage.
For the all-seeing care of Jove
Forbids that sacred stem to die,
And fair Athené from above
Bends o'er its growth her azure eye.

ANTISTROPHE II.

There is a loftier praise for thee,
City, mistress of the land,
Thee a mighty Deity,
Hath gifted with unsparing hand.
Gallant coursers are thy boast,
Skilled t' obey their lord's behest;
Favouring seas wash round thy coast,
With deep and sheltering havens blest.
Son of Saturn, Neptune, king,
'Tis from thee these glories spring;
Here thou first didst teach the steed
To feel the bit control his speed;
Here far and fast the briny tide
Is whitened by the dashing oar,
While swiftly as the Nereids glide
Bounds the ship 'mid ocean's roar.

We will conclude with the character of Capaneus, in Euripides, (Supplices 870,) and that of Helen, on her arrival at Troy, in Æschylus. (Again, 719.)

Ὁρᾷς τὸν ἄβρὸν, οὗ βέλος διέπτατο;
ΚΑΠΑΝΕΥΣ δ' ἐστίν· ᾧ βίος μὲν ἦν πολὺς, &c. &c.

Seest thou this stately one, through whom the bolt
Of Jove hath winged its way? 'Tis Capaneus.
His means were ample, but his noble mind
Never grew haughty or puffed up by wealth—
Faithful he was to absent friends as well
As present—virtue that you rarely meet.
His manners guileless, and in his address
Most affable and kind. His plighted word
He never broke to slave or citizen.

Παραντὰ δ' ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἴλιόν πόλιν
λέγοιμ' ἂν φρόνημα μὲν νηνέμου γαλάνας, &c. &c.

When first she came to Ilion's shore
You might have sung of one, who bore
A spirit gentle as the sea*
In its windless, smooth tranquillity;—
Of one to whom by wealth was lent
Each blameless grace and ornament.
Soft was the winning glance and meek
That darted from her beauteous eye,
The bloom of love was on her cheek
To wake th' incautious gazer's sigh.

* So Shakspeare—
"A soul as even as a calm."

# THE POLITICIAN.

A SKETCH.

" He has had strange delusions, talked of battles,
Monopolyes and levyinge of taxes."
INJURED LOVE, OR CRUEL HUSBAND.

" Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's years,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."—SHAKSPEARE.

WERE we required to pronounce an opinion on that often mooted point—that *questio vexata*—which has given exercise to the polemical powers of the philosophers of every age—we allude to the celebrated question, as to what is the one peculiar and distinctive characteristic in man,—the *bipes implume* of Plato—we should at once, fearlessly, boldly, and without hesitation, though with all that modesty which forms so essential an ingredient in our character, reply, " Man is a political animal; in that 'he is himself alone;' there is the point of distinction, the line of demarcation between man as a sentient intellectual animal and the 'beasts which want discourse of reason.'"

We know that this opinion which we have propounded will be the father to much curious disquisition; with a 'prophetic soul' and an eye which penetrates through the dim vista of increasing years, we see that it will be fiercely attacked, eagerly contested, and sought to be demolished and overthrown. Be it so; by that will its truth be at once attested and established. " What is writ is writ," and we are prepared to defend it at the pen's point, but this is not the time, nor the place, nor the occasion.

In candour, we admit that we have been somewhat hastily delivered of this proposition; the period of its gestation has been of the shortest, " brief as woman's love," it has been

" Sent into the world but half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,"

that we would at once recal it till "another and a better" opportunity, but that on reflection it strikes us, that it will serve indifferently well as a type and prefiguration of that flourish of trumpets which (on the stage at least) is always used to herald the advent of a great character. And, if to give up his time, and talents, and energies, to labour as if it were a labour of love, to devote himself with a concentrated singleness of purpose to the task of enlightening his fellow-men on their political wrongs and the *modus operandi* of their redress; we say, if to be all this, and more than this, be to be great, then he whose history we are about to communicate confidentially to the

world truly merits that much coveted appellation. Sydney Hampden Little, for in those names he rejoices, is, as may be inferred from our exordium, an ardent politicians: in the troubled sea of politics

"He lives, and moves, and has his being."

They are the be-all and the end-all of his existence, the aim and scope of his being, the nucleus from which all his hopes, and thoughts, and feelings radiate.

We are decidedly of opinion that "the child is father to the man." Wordsworth asserts it; and all history and experience prove and corroborate its truth and justice. We know that Pope "lisped in numbers,"—that Napoleon in childhood (if one like he ever were a child) constructed mimic fortresses of snow and defended them with a *warmth* which threatened annihilation to the frail material of which they were composed; and, when we are supplied with that important desideratum to English literature—a full, true, and particular life of Burke—not he of the "Sublime and Beautiful," and the "Reflections"—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—but Burke of anatomical celebrity—we doubt not, for a moment, but we shall perceive the latent seeds, if not decided indications, of that ardent and intense love of physiological research, that devotedness to scientific pursuits, compared to which he valued not his life "at a pin's fee," which has obtained for him a name which the "world will not willingly let die," and enriched with a new word the proverbial poverty of the English language. Be that, however, as it may, and it is but a mere speculative opinion, the rule is sufficiently established, and Hampden Little was not destined to prove an exception.

We dislike exceedingly, and therefore, of course, hesitate to become too didactic, but for which we should venture to make the profound remark, that a school is, in fact, an epitome of the universe, a "picture in little" of the world at large; in it are displayed the same passions (or at all events the germs of the same passions) and the same feelings, tempered and modified, of course, by circumstances, the same love of despotism and exercise of tyrannical sway on the one part, and the same open and fierce resistance or deeply-nurtured and concealed dislike on the other, by which mankind ingeniously contrive to embitter that small portion of time which is to them allotted on this "distracted globe;" our school (academy "the wise it call,") for it was there we first became acquainted with Hampden, was not exempt from the common lot. We were not without our feuds, our factions, and our little intestine warfares. On one of these occasions it was that Little's genius as a statesman first made itself apparent: there had been some little disagreements—(we use the word 'little' relatively, for "those little things are great to little men") at our school, and the secession, or, rather, deposition of one of the ushers, and the arrival and usurpation of another, (who from an unfortunate habit of "scenting the morning air" more frequently than agreeably, obtained from us of the "adverse faction" the *sobriquet* of "Sniffle,") was the occasion of a contest in comparison to which all the celebrated feuds of ancient or of modern days, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the Capulets and Montagues, and though

last not least, the Bardells and Shillibeers, were mere child's play and puddles in a storm: we reserve the history in full for a future opportunity, and shall merely observe, that, both parties were in no slight degree happy when Hampden arose to act as mediator. His genius seemed to rise with the occasion: he harangued and he declaimed, he penned protocols and composed epigrams: he, as my Lord Clarendon has it, "had a heart to conceive, a head to plan, and a hand to execute" every possible expedient that the occasion could require: he literally "formed, composed, and directed the whole:" he was the presiding genius—the Magnus Apollo. Need we recount the result to the party to which he particularly attached himself? We were a joint in his tail—were victorious, and they upon the opposition side were compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of, and bow in token of submission to the usurper, Sniffle. "From what trivial causes great events arise!" henceforward Hampden took the lead—he was acknowledged premier of the academy, and when he left it some short time after to occupy a desk in the counting-house of his father, a wealthy merchant, the whole school felt that they had lost the "noblest Roman of them all."

On leaving school, our different destinations in life placed a wide distance between us: yet, although *we* heard not from him directly, it was almost a matter of impossibility to take up a newspaper which did not "prate of his whereabout:" no public meeting could assemble, no matter for what purpose or on what occasion, whether to disseminate the blessings of rum and true religion among the natives of Timbuctoo, to preserve the *suttees* in the east from immolation by the funeral pile, or the *sootees* in the west from destruction by narrow chimneys; we say, no matter for the occasion—no meeting could congregate at which Sydney Hampden Little failed to add his "most sweet voice," at first, when a mere sciolist, modestly to propose "that Mr. Potts be requested to take the chair," or "that the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Snooks," and, latterly, as he began to get more confidence, as a rather copious and somewhat long-winded orator.

We now approach the great epoch in his life—the momentous era, which has earned for him an undying fame, and obtained for him a reputation which endureth for ever. We allude to his speech on the celebrated GREAT COAT QUESTION: so well must the whole affair be known, that it will appear almost a matter of supererogation to give the details; but it may chance that there are two or three of the rising generation to whom the full particulars are not quite familiar, and, therefore, for their sakes we will, even at the risk of being thought tedious, as briefly as may be, give a slight outline of the event.

In the parish in which Hampden lived, it had been the custom from time immemorial to supply those "ancient and trusty gentlemen," the nightly watch, every third year with a warm and comfortable watch-coat. There was, however, a party who objected rather loudly to this arrangement, sanctioned as it was by prescriptive usage, and who insisted most strenuously on the biennial distribution of the "*woollen conveniencies*:" it was a fierce contest, that of the biennials and triennials, and annually as the weather got colder and colder, the

disputants waxed warmer and warmer: at length the winter of 18— proving more severe than any one in the recollection of that mysterious gentleman who always acts as umpire on those occasions, we mean "the oldest inhabitant," it was determined to bring the matter to a speedy issue, and a night, the 13th of November, "be it aye remembered i' the calendar," was the night fixed for its discussion in the vestry; the leader on the triennial side was old Swiggs, the brewer, a rather *frothy* orator, and fortunately for his future fame, Sydney Hampden Little was the Coryphæus of the "Carlists," or advocates of the Charlies. On that night he delivered that remarkable oration which has procured for him so conspicuous a niche in the temple of fame, and enrolled his name proudly among those which the world delighteth to honour. We regret that the sketch, which is the only record of that eloquent speech, is meagre and imperfect to a degree, but much that is there omitted has been supplied to us by oral testimony, and it truly appears to our apprehension to have been sublime. The exordium is magnificent—the orator appeals to the sympathies of his auditors in behoof of those "poor, forlorn old men, fourscore and upwards," whose cause he humbly advocates; he useth that remarkable expression, so often since quoted, that the eyes of (not of Europe, but) the whole civilized world is upon them; he goes on to describe in language most awfully pathetic, the *freezing* condition of his protegés, and the comforts and advantages of warm *frieze* coats; he diverges most gracefully into a history of the cloth trade in general; he launches into the most fierce and bitter sarcasm, and glides into the most polished irony; he, with a peculiar combination of happiness and elegance, designates his rival, the brewer, by the felicitous appellation of "Swipes;" he lets drop some slight inuendos, some delicate hints, by which, although concealed by flowers of most cunning periphrasis, the inquiring mind may infer that his, Swiggs' mother, like the old lady in Macbeth, "was a godly woman, more often on her knees than on her feet," in short, a charwoman, and concludes a most powerful and magniloquent peroration by casting on the table—yea, even before their eyes—one of the coats, "a three-years old," as he contemptuously called it, "Rent with the strife of many a well-fought field;" the effect was as the shock of electricity—the force of eloquence could no further go, and we doubt if a greater sensation was created by the exhibition of the mangled cloak of Cæsar or the mangled body of Lucretia, the dagger of Burke, or the hat of Corporal Trim. Is it necessary for us to recount the result? Can it be doubted his cause triumphed? and he gained and well deserved the title of "the watchman's friend."

"He won it nobly, may he wear it long."

Indeed, he took so lively an interest in them and their concerns, "they looked so like his father as they slept," that he actually proposed in the full flush of confidence in his victory, that they should each be supplied nightly with a basin of coffee at the expense of the parish, and had (to use a college phrase) "crammed" himself for his speech on the occasion, by getting by rote the whole history of the coffee-tree, which he meant to introduce, but some evil-disposed per-

son having hinted to those venerable gentlemen that coffee has an anti-soporific effect, they all, with one accord, rejected his proffered kindness, but were willing to compromise for beer: as, however, there was very little to be said about beer, and the carrying his motion would have the effect of giving a good order to his rival, Swiggs, he refused to agree, and so the coffee fell to the ground.

His genius now began to take a more lofty flight.

" Returning home in triumph, he disdain'd "

to be the mere Demosthenes of a parochial vestry: he thought that " his demerits might speak unbonneted to a higher fortune than that that he had reached." There were the wrongs of a suffering nation to be redressed; the iniquities of those decked in purple and fine linen and sitting in high places to be exposed and held up to public reprobation; and conceiving *that* his duty, Hampden was not the man to shrink from its performance, " though hell itself did gape, and bid him hold his peace." He left his own business to take care of itself, while he, with the self-devotedness of " Curtius," cast himself into the gulf of public affairs. He was *hic et ubique;* he attended at every debating club, at every political meeting. He made orations, he denounced tyrants, he more than insinuated treason; he spoke of equal laws and degrading distinctions; about vengeance on oppressors; he mysteriously hinted at new Cromwells and more modern *Bruti*, and wound up all by calling his hearers base helots and degraded slaves, upon which that many-headed monster, the mob, threw up their greasy caps, and yelled, and shouted, and " aggravated their voices," and vociferated, proving to a demonstration that although their liberties might be in danger their lungs were perfectly safe. Fortunately he had some short time before espoused a maid with a handsome fortune; we say fortunately, for, to tell the truth, owing to the neglect of his business, he was just on the verge of bankruptcy while devising means to liquidate the national debt.

And now " a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." With the increasing claims of his domestic duties, (for he happened since his marriage to have a son and heir,) there came a wonderful alteration in his notions of right and wrong. He began to discover that, after all, an equalization of property was clearly not the intention of Providence; he had some faint notion, that more than one class was absolutely necessary for the working of the machine; and was compelled to admit that all kings were not necessarily despots, nor all laws unjust and oppressive, in short, for why should we conceal the fact?—from a " Whig, and something more," he has become a Tory, and nothing less, for he quite disdains and repudiates the affectation of the title of Conservative. It may be said, and reasonably too, that in narrating so great a change in his political creed, we have been altogether too abrupt, pursuing the even tenor of our brief sketch as though it were a matter of no moment, and consequently deserving of no particular remark; to which objection, all that we can say is *this*, that, in point of fact, the change itself was not gradually developed, nor of slow growth, but was as sudden, as unmarked by any of the usual indications, the *diagnosis*, of so potent a transition, and

as swiftly-wrought as one of the tricks of a Christmas pantomime, or the change of season in a Russian climate, where a glance at the landscape before you retire to rest at night, presents to your view "one perfect and entire" scene of wintry desolateness, to be succeeded in the most *summary* manner possible, at the hour of your rising, by the carolling of birds, and the balmy breezes, and the verdancy of spring.

On the well known principle that "extremes meet," perhaps this ought not to excite any very great degree of surprise, and, indeed, the same phenomenon has exhibited itself in persons of far higher rank than Sydney Hampden Little, and yet has passed unheeded by, "without our special wonder."

Sydney is now "some fifty, or by'r lady, nearer tothreescore;" and, although his opinions have so completely changed, unfortunately his predilection for politics burns as fiercely as ever; he pursues it

> "With all that hot and burning zeal,
> Which old and fiery converts feel,"

and will neither read, nor think, nor converse on any other description of subject whatever. Every night during the sessions of parliament, is he to be seen, perched up in a corner of the gallery of the House of Commons, and he declares it is a pity that the sitting does not continue all the year round. When he meets a friend in the street, he scruples not to catch him by the button, (forming a *tableau vivant* of the Frontispiece to Chesterfield's Advice to his Son,) and gives him, *viva voce*, a brief abstract of the speech of Peel, or the letter of O'Connell; and he lately called on a friend, who was indulging in all the luxury of woe, having just lost a wife, and two thousand a-year annuity, and insisted on cheering his melancholy by reading him an octavo on the Corn Laws. He devotes at least a tenth of his time to the settlement of the tithe question, and knows more than Ricardo about the currency. The most determined diner out can scarcely be prevailed upon to accept an invitation to his hospitable board. For the table talk of "that old man eloquent" is always particularly fruitful in political reminiscences. By some curious association of ideas, he can never look at a goose without thinking of the member for Middlesex,—or eat an orange, but he gets furious about the Duke of Cumberland—nor pour out his old port "in a glass darkly," without entering into a disquisition on the affairs of Portugal. Sugar always sours his temper—about our West Indian mismanagement, (and he is as eloquent about the twenty millions, as O'Connell is about the seven,) and tea, "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates," always inflames him respecting the China trade. He hints darkly, that reform came in very close connexion with the cholera, and shrewdly suspects that the advent of the comet with its *tail*, is not without its moral, now that a tail has become a rather fashionable appendage. He shakes his head significantly when the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament is adverted to, and when questioned as to the reason, replies, "there is nothing in it." He has toppled from their "high estate," Shakspeare, and "the blind old man from Scio's rocky isle,"

who for years reposed in all the pride of place, on the mantel-piece of his study, to make way for the objects of his profoundest admiration—his *dii penates*, Wellington and Peel. The "counterfeit presentment" of Locke has been displaced by that of Lyndhurst and Newton; the discoverer of the theory of *gravitation* by Wetherell, who sets all gravity at defiance. He has become as aristocratic as though he were

"The tenth transmitter of a foolish race,"

or had "all the blood of all the Howards" circling in his veins, and would have no respect for one of the swinish multitude, even if he were to possess the talents of a Hogg or the wisdom of a Bacon.

But lest we ourselves should be taken for one of the latter species, abhorred of gods and men, denominated a *bore*, we conclude this sketch of one who is no fanciful and unreal creation of the brain, but who "liveth in the flesh bodily," and hath a "local habitation and a name."

MAR W——.

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## LES ENFANS DE LA FRANCE.

REINE du monde, O France, O ma patrie!
Soulève enfin ton front cicatrisé
Sans qu'à tes yeux leur gloire en soit flétrie
De tes enfans l'étendard s'est brisé
Quand la fortune outrageait leur vaillance,
Quand de tes mains tombait ton sceptre d'or
Tes ennemis disaient encor
"Honneur aux enfans de la France."

Land of my birth, thou mistress of the world,
Rouse thee at length, and raise thy wounded crest,
Though fallen the standard that thy sons unfurl'd,
Still do its unstained glories stand confest,
When fortune envied their increasing fame,
And bid thy golden sceptre fall;
Still they could teach their enemies to exclaim,
Honour and glory to the sons of Gaul.

Shorn of the conquests thou hadst won of late,
And doomed to yield each rich and hard-earned prize;
True, thou canst fall, when urged by cruel fate,
Still 'tis a fall like lightning from the skies.

Now through a foreign land the angry Rhine
  Bids with disdain his turbid waves advance,
And from his rocky shores that once were thine,
  Cries, " Give due honour to the sons of France."

Where in thy fields barbarian foemen trod,
  Where too the Calmuc troops profaned the ground,
Plenty now reigns, and there a bounteous God
  Bids a luxuriant harvest smile around.
'Tis true, our acts might feel the cruel blow,
  Tho' wronged and robbed, yet still these acts advance,
Rise with a Phœnix' vigour, and bestow
  Their meed of glory on the sons of France.

Consult our history's records, they can name
  What enemies of old were forced to yield,
Whilst modern nations, envious of our fame,
  Have felt our power in many a bloody field.
Britain exhibited her wealth in vain,
  In vain did bankrupt kingdoms give their all;
Ages and history speak, and cry again
  Honour and glory to the sons of Gaul.

Tyrants and slaves, ah! no, it cannot be,
  These withering names no more shall curse the land,
Pleasure shall reign (she bids us all be free,)
  And love and liberty go hand in hand.
Rise, Freedom, to the world thy light display,
  Resume the flaming torch, forego the lance,*
Whilst nations, as they cast their chains away,
  Shall give due honour to the sons of France.

Queen of the world, my loved, my native land,
  For thee new laurels yet shall bud and bloom,
For thee shall victory's fertile palm expand†
  A guardian shadow o'er each hero's tomb;
And 'tis my hope that where my ashes lie,
  The traveller may wind his way, perchance
Recall a patriot's memory, and cry
  Honour and glory to the sons of France.

JOHN WARING.

* Laissez dormir la lance.
† Palme féconde doit protéger les tombeaux.

# A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

## CHAPTER I.

"Nay—but I must, I must indeed, papa!
Pray let me go: what signifies mamma?"—ANONYMOUS.

". . . . . .
. . . . . ?"

"Ay—what? What the devil are you talking about? What did you say?—for if I heard the words, I am sure I don't understand the sense of the question."

". . . . . .
. . . . . ?"

"By Jupiter's pig-tail! Stay—I like not the oath. By the *living Jingo!* (I should say.) By the living Jingo, and all the little Jingoes!—why, what does this mean? Oh, all ye Jupiters and Junos, that ever kept house upon Mount Olympus, what is to be done with mortality, when wit and reason go a wool-gathering? Who is it can have possibly instilled into your brain such a Hudibrastical, Quixotical, knight-errantical idea? Oh, madness, madness! I' faith, all this will never do: you can-*not* (giving it peculiar emphasis,) you can-*not* be in earnest. Oh, man, (for such I had thought thee,) how art thou puerilized! Do you *really* intend it—do you *really* mean to go? and so far—perhaps a thousand miles! Preposterous! Oh, Reason, whither hast thou fled? why hast thou, (for I'm sure thou hast,) why hast thou bid adieu to thy more than twenty years' lodgment, to seek another home, I know not where? Hast thou fled, to roam among the rugged mountains? to chase the bearded goat to his Alpine den? to listen to the foaming torrent chafing o'er its rocky bed? Hast thou fled to the sunny banks of some crystal lake, to lie thee down, and hang o'er its waters like Eve, and view thyself in reflection? or dost thou, like Diana, delight in the forest? To what region hast thou gone? for, like another Hamlet, thou hast passed from hence, to wanton elsewhere. And dost thou, with a curling finger, beck to thy old dwelling to follow thee?"

"Go I must—the die of my inclination and purpose is cast. To argue thus, methinks you view me not with Reason's eye."

"You speak not now with Reason's tongue."

"Excuse, and hear me."

"I' faith I will: for I long to hear the English of this thine outlandish——"

"Nay, not outlandish—I'm not going to sea——"

"Sea! who the devil said a word about sea?"

"I thought you did—at least indirectly."

"Not I; either directly or indirectly—straight for'ard or backward—sideways, or upwards, or downwards."

"Know, then, in brief, that this century is not the last century."

"True."

"Don't interrupt me.—That is, that the features of things wear not precisely the same air and bearing to-day, as they did in the yesterday of the past hundred summers."

"True—a century works a change on the features of most of us."

"The times do not wag in our age as they did in the age of our fathers."

"True."

"Fathers do not now, as they did then, know how to dispose of a family of overgrown idle boys."

"True—then are you a father with a family of overgrown idle boys?"

"No: more like an idle boy, the son of my father."

"True."

"Here I am, grown up to man's estate, nourished in the kindly soil of 'sweet home:' and although I well know that there is no geography in this world so agreeable to study, as *the geography of up and down stairs at home, and from the parlour to the drawing-room*, yet I am of opinion, that when a hobbeddehoy becomes cracked, (that is, in his throat,) or as Portia would say, when he speaks with a *reed* voice, *(buzz,)* he should think of placing his breast against the boisterous and buffeting storms of more active life."

"True."

"A lame leg is not the thing for a soldier or a sailor—or a soldier or a sailor is not the thing with a lame leg."

"True."

"—— or else, I swear by the trident of thirsty Neptune! I would, long ere this, have cut Hippotades' silver-thonged bag of winds, and faced the howling of the enlarged tempest, even as the adventurous Ulysses himself."

"It is probable you would."

"But if a man cannot say, 'the world is mine oyster, and with my sword will I open it,' he must e'en call the world his something else, and endeavour to open this something else, with that weapon which he rather chooses to wield; or, indeed, which the Fates choose to place in his hands—(whether or nay, Mr. Thomas Collins)——"

"If his microcosm should lie on the face of a sheet of paper, then let him open it with a pen, as the great Shakspeare did."

"Shakspeare! Ah, or Johnson, since him."

"True—or Wordsworth, one might add."

"And Coleridge too."

"And Byron."

"And Sir Walter Scott."

"And fifty others!"

"Fifty? ay, a hundred!"

"Ah, five hundred!"

"A thousand!"

"Ay, ten thousand!!"

"Twenty thousand!!!"

"Or if it should be the church, let him open his pulpit-world with wholesome doctrine—words that will teach his fellow labourers in the vineyard love to each other, honesty, upright dealing, and, above all, the essence of virtue's sweet attribute—gratitude. That which will make a man feel his dependence and insignificance, and teach him to look beyond himself, and beyond the life in which he exists."

"Oh, true—most true!"

"But there are reasons why neither of these are destined for me: various reasons—yet it is scarcely worth while to speak of them now. Health (as it is called, that is, the want of it) has been a chain, that has linked me almost constantly at home, like Andromeda to the rock, but with feelings very different."

"When people see young men without professions, they set them down for arrant idlers at once. And perhaps it is but natural to do so. Yet methinks that the experience of the present day, when young men to professions, are almost as *plus* to *minus*, would have instructed people to reflect at the sight of an 'idler,' and say, '*Perhaps, poor devil, he can't get a profession.*' But this is not always the case: men without regular professions are supposed to be wilful idlers; yet it is to be hoped, that all so circumstanced, idle, as it is termed, *nolens volens*. Why, even one's acquaintance will say, 'What a shame it is that great boys should remain year after year under their father's roof, doing nothing—wasting all their time—idling all day, and learning to be idle all their lives. Why don't they go into the world and get professions, and attempt to be independent? far more praiseworthy than to remain where they are.'"

"O ye fathers and mothers of the present century! O all ye living heads of families! Tell me candidly, do ye find it as easily done as said, to get your sons professions—honourable professions—suitable professions—professions congenial with their ideas and education, and professions suited to their and your birth and rank in society? Do you find it a thought and a reality? I now fancy I see hundreds of parents' heads wagging in answer—*not nodding.*"

"It stands thus with me. If I *must* be an *idler*, I'll e'en be so in *private*—that is, away among strangers, who know not who I am, or what I am; and this, in one sense, may be classified in the same genus with *privacy.*"

"But if a person sets out to travel with the sincere intention of really seeing every thing he sees—of *looking into* every thing he sees—of scrutinizing, and of understanding, (for Lord Chesterfield says, that there are men who have travelled all over the continent—ay, the world—who have seen every thing, and yet have seen nothing;) but if a man (not to kill time—*the worst of murders*) travels to comprehend what he sees, instead of idling, he goes to a useful and instructive school. He studies nature, he studies art: he studies men, he studies manners: he enlarges his mind, and he obtains health for his body: and all these, under the most delightful circumstances imaginable."

"You throw another weight into the already preponderating scale

of my inclination. I have thought of this trip for some time, though I have said little about it: but I burn to enter a class in this instructive school of which you speak, and pleasing too; I thought the two words were never coupled, but if so, it will be the first agreeable school I have ever encountered in my life. I must be off forthwith—'I stand on ready haste,' as Shakspeare has it."

"But where do you intend to go?—you have said nothing about that. Which way? North, south, east, or west? for I have heard you speak of several countries at different times, that appeared to be somewhat magnetic to the heel of your *penchant*."

"I have often had France and Italy in the corner of my mind's eye—but this is a great undertaking to a pedestrian."

"True. But who, or what, has engendered the preposterous fancy of touring in this way, and of despising the advantage of coaches? That is an Alpine impediment, over which I know not how to soar."

"Exercise is the great key to health: and when I turn that golden key in the lock of such a sacred casket, I find it easily opened to me, that I may take and enjoy the greatest of earthly blessings."

"All this is very rational: but you talked of the amazing distance of a thousand miles."

"Yes; it may be as much, or it may not. But I do not mean to perform it *all in one day*."

"I didn't suppose you did—mum!"

"To walk through France, Italy, and Sicily; and return by Switzerland and Germany, (my *beau ideal*,) appears rather formidable for a *coup d'essai*: besides, Lord Byron was of opinion, that every man ought to see something of his *own country*, before he should go *abroad*."

"Lord Byron was right."

"Well, then, I'll keep the continent for a *bonne bouche*, and seek out nearer beauties."

"Where then shall I go? This way? that way? t'other way?"

"Oh, poo poo nonsense! I have it. I'll go to Wales—ay, will I—to Wales!"

## CHAPTER II.

"Whannë that April with his shourës sote
The droughte of March hath percëd to the rote,
And bathëd every veine in swiche licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zepherus ekë with his sotë brethe
Enspirëd hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppës and the yongë sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfë cours yronne,
And smalë fowlës waken melodie,
That slepen allë night with open eye,
So pricketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folke to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strangë strondes,
To servë holwes couth in sundry loudes."

CHAUCER.

"To Wales, ay—to Wales?" said Pedestres musingly; "let me see—what shall I require for my walk? A pedestrian must be but

lightly accoutred—as spare a wardrobe as possible—and all *do-without-ables* must be studiously left behind. A knapsack I have—that will carry my baggage, and certain little articles (substantives) of knick-knackery that I cannot dispense with. As to clothes—let me see—why, this coat will do,"—(passing his hand down the sleeve)—" and these—what do the ladies call 'em?"—(looking at his legs)—" and these inexpressibles—I think they call them—are just the thing. My hat shall be fitted up inside as a fly-book. Ah, ha! a good idea—for who would go to so famous a land, without imagining he should there also find famous water? A collar, flies, and line will be easily disposed of in the crown—and their weight will be nothing. Besides, such a proximity to one's brain as the inside of a hat, is next to having the means, as well as the ideas of fishing, really in one's head.

" My knapsack shall contain my sketch-book—given me *expressly* for my tour: there's my little Romeo and Juliet of course—for who would be so crazy as to think of roaming sentimentally among mountains, without a volume of Shakspeare? Oh! my flute—I must take that—my 'wry-necked flute:' perchance it may serve to beguile the length of a solitary hour on some lofty crag—and no one knows how many crags I may perch upon. Another romantic notion too.

" Ah! and thou my destined companion," he continued, with a somewhat impassioned turn, and looking towards the object addressed, which stood in one corner of the room; " last, though not least, thou shalt go without fail—to say truth and justice, I imagine I should fail going without thee. Thou shalt support me throughout my long pilgrimage: by the bank of the river, and the lake, and on the sea shore: through the depth of the valley, and o'er the summit of the mountain: under the umbrageous boughs of the cool forest, and in the scorching sunshine of the open plain. Thou shalt also be my defender by night, as well as by day: and if cruel misfortune throw necessity upon us—why, *I* will *speak* daggers, whilst *thou* shalt use them in substance. For with that steel tongue, thou possessest the wherewithal to do so.

" If I were to give thee a name—(and why should I not?)—methinks I would call thee—but stay—what would I call thee? A name thou shalt have verily. Do we not read how Sir Tristram had his *Hodain*, his *Cru*, and his *Peticrewe*? faithful companions they were. How Arthur had his *Priven*, his *Ron*, and his 'trustye' *Caliburn*? And how Sir Quixote had his *Rosinante*, and his 'squire his *Dapple*—and what pains he expended, and how deeply he grubbed in the soil of reflection, in order to coin a name that should be at once harmonious and apposite?"

Pedestres threw himself into an easy chair—placed his hands over his eyes to shut out the world—and continued in a mood of profound cogitation for the space of about ten minutes.

That time having elapsed, he raised himself, and turned towards the corner of the room.

" And now, my friend," he continued, " I think we shall do. Having carefully turned over, as I would turn over the sacred leaves

of an antediluvian black-letter folio, the thoughts and actions of my predecessors; and having paid particular attention to the well-chosen appellations that the adventurers of antiquity attached to their companions, whether 'squires, weapons, or blood-hounds;—methinks it will be but a due tribute unto thy merits, and a just respect unto their manes, should I but follow the praiseworthy and bright precedents, set forth by them. What, therefore, thinkest thou of the name *Clavileno?*"

The object addressed, notwithstanding this appeal, was perfectly silent. But as "*silence gives consent,*" Pedestres went on somewhat encouraged.

"When I consider the matter over," he said, "even a second and a third time, urged by the same impressions, I unfailingly arrive at the same conclusion and determination; just as like impulses often repeated will produce like results. When I ponder on thy destined office, and on thy extraction, every thing comes forward to congratulate me in the choice of the name which I have thought fit to set in thy title-page. It will adorn thee like a jewel—it will tell of thee like a *frontispiece* or a *vignette*—and it will give thee worldly consequence and consideration, like an honourable title."

"Title? Ah, true, speaking of titles," he further added, but a little more *in petto*, "I am disposed to exalt him to distinction at once without more ado now, before we set out—I trow I have as much power to create titles as the worthy inn-keeper of Castile, and particularly as his master—— But titles upon names, and names upon persons (or things) is somewhat elevated and towering. It is too much like Inigo Jones's fine orders of architecture, one over another, or not unlike "more sacks upon the mill!" In spite of all this, my affection urges me to think of conferring the honour of knighthood upon him—I think it would sound uncommonly well, and perhaps write better. Let me make the experiment that I am told young ladies are very fond of making when they are on the eve of changing their own names or adding others to them. Let me repeat the proposed name aloud, to discover whether its articulation be full of euphony—(yet, in their case, under bed-room lock and key, for fear of being overheard)—let me write it on paper, to see if it flows smoothly from the pen; and then, when written, let me survey it at arm's length, and decide whether it be agreeable to the eye. My fair fellows in experiment would say—Mrs. This, Mrs. That, or Mrs. So-and-so—which sounds best?—*which shall I be?* Let me try them all on paper:—which writes the most pleasantly?—and, now, which looks the best?—*and, now, which shall I be?*

"With regard to my experiment, and the conferring this name and title—let me see:—first, I'll shout as loud as ever I can, *Sir Clavileno! Sir Clavileno! Sir Clavileno!* How does it sound? I think very well:—so much for that—let it pass. And now let me write it carefully.

*Sir Clavileno.*

"I think it both writes well, and looks well when written."

All that afternoon, and all the night succeeding, it passed away.

and Clavileno next morning was to have been dubbed knight as sure as a gun. But as Pedestres was coming down stairs that particular morning, he all at once, and in "the twinkling of an é," thought fit to change his mind; not out of mere fickleness, but because on reflection he thought it better to do so. "A wise man changeth his mind—a fool never." Neither did he do it under the idea that changing his mind would make him a wise man—No.—"Purchased friendship and fidelity," said he within himself as he alighted on the mat at the landing, "are not worth having. If I confer honours on my companion before he has won them by his services, he will not only not deserve them, but perhaps he will not value them. I will not, however, say that he does *not* deserve, because I have had no proof of knowing it; but, on the other hand, I have no reason to say, he merits rewards from me, as he has had no opportunity yet of discovering that, for it is not three days since our first introduction. Let it wisely rest, therefore—time will discover all things. Were I to follow my first bent, it would look like buying his interest and truth for the journey, and, perhaps, add to which—his protection. Now that would appear cowardly in me. No—he shall not be knighted just yet; but if he conducts himself with love, valour, and loyalty till we return, it will then be more of justice than of generosity to give reward, however bounteously.

"As to the extravagance of the idea, I think nothing of it at all. Did not royalty once confer no less on *part of the back-bone of a dead ox?*

"And, as to its homogeniousness—softly! it is the most appropriate combination and meeting of separates that the adhesive gum-pot of man's imagination could ever have glued together—they stick like wax. But let us, nevertheless, analyze and divide—for even a chemical combination will allow of this: let us cleave the word in twain, just in the middle; let us decant off half the word, and then examine the parts separately, and when that is done, what remains? Two halves, forsooth, which cry out—'When we are united, we bespeak ourselves to be—*a wooden peg!*'

"Oh, Clavileno, thou *ligneous walking-stick!* Tell me what other name, searched out through all the three thousand and sixty-four languages, the number spoken by all the inhabitants of this world, could have sat more happily on thee? No, no, it fits thee to a Q, an R,—what letter is it?—a T—it fits thee to a T, Clavileno."

It is, however, to be observed, that this is only the *Christian* name, (if I may so say,) that is, the first name; and if we attach the other, or sirname, it will not only make matters more expressive, but will, at the same time, give great dignity and importance to the whole affair. Had Pedestres, then, not altered his purpose, Clavileno would always have been addressed thus—

*Sir Clavileno Walking-stick;*

or, what I think still better—

*Sir Clavileno Wooden-peg:*

and which latter name, it has lately been decided, he shall ever retain. Now, however, as matters have changed, and now that his blushing honours have faded, to all his challenges he subscribes himself—

"*Clavileno Wooden-peg.*"

Although it cannot be argued, that the word Clavileno is a strict and pure onomatopœia, yet it carries a great and manifest perfection with it—*the name bespeaks the thing.* The second word also (I mean the *family* name, and which he declares shall descend to his latest posterity) is an anglification of the first; and to this, I think, there can be no objection. The ancients, as well as we moderns, were fully alive to the value of apposite designations applied either to persons or things:—witness Jupiter. Was he not called Jupiter for that reason and no other? Was it not so with Hermaphroditus, and with Julius Cæsar, and with Augustus? Did not the Peripatetics enrol themselves under the same genus? and the Stoics—the Platonian academicians of the sacred grove? and for the love of a like onomatopœia, Aristocles with the broad shoulders became Plato.

And, lastly, what think you, Sir Reader, of the name *Pedestres*, for one who intends to wander on *the feet of his hind legs?*

*(To be continued.)*

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

"MEAN!" cried he, "why, what is all human flesh but so many fractional parts of one entire mass? All the minute particles of the same substance may be contemplated as a whole, which would, by the principle of affinity, pervading all materialism of the same or like nature, combine, were they freed from constraint and set at liberty from foreign matrix, which restrain and detain them. The material particles, however, which make up the great body of human existence, are all bound together by a sympathetic chain, an invisible spirit, or one general soul runs through the whole race, rendering it out of the power of man to injure his prototype without inflicting pain upon himself. There is a reciprocal, vibrating essence, spirit, or soul connecting soul, *vulgariter*, called sympathy, which makes every lash laid upon the back of the slave resound throughout the world, and thrill upon the nerves of all classed among the animal *homo*. This truth I feel and know, so that the longer I live the more I suffer. I cannot, without plunging into the grave, disengage and separate myself from myself, which is all human nature, and of that bulk I form a sensitive particle. In this sense, then, I have suffered repeated deaths, and all kinds of the most cruel punishments. My bones have been all broken upon the wheel, my back has been lacerated, and the flesh torn off from it many hundred times; and last summer, when I was on a tour in Italy, I had both my shoulders dislocated, the pain of which I feel to the present hour."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "how sir?" forgetting, at the moment, that he was speaking only in metaphor.

"I will tell you," continued he. "Thefts and crimes which are not capital are punished at Rome, and some other towns of Italy, by imprisonment, or by what is called the cord. This last is performed in the street. The culprit's hands are bound behind with a cord which runs on a pulley: he is drawn up twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and, if lenity is intended, he is let down smoothly in the same manner he was drawn up. In this operation the whole weight of the criminal's body is sustained by his hands, and a strong man can bear the punishment inflicted in this manner without future inconvenience; for the strength of the muscles of his arms enables him to keep his hands pressed on the middle of his back, and his body hangs in a kind of horizontal position: when, however, they intend severity, they proceed differently, and I was unfortunate enough to witness one of these cases. After drawing the criminal up to the greatest height to which the machine would admit of

[1] Continued from p. 112.

he was suddenly allowed to fall, and then abruptly checked before he reached the ground; the hands and arms by this violence were immediately pulled over the head, and both the shoulders were dislocated while the body swung powerless in a perpendicular line. The cruelty, the surprise, and the suddenness of the action so much affected me, that I am sure if my shoulders had actually, like his, been dislocated, I should not have felt more pain than I did at the time, nor would the sensation have remained longer with me."

I readily enough admitted this to be a most cruel punishment, but not more so than that of the cat-o'-nine-tails. He then told me of the mode of putting criminals to death in Rome, which they sometimes practise, instead of hanging. The criminal being seated on a scaffold, the executioner, who stands behind him, strikes him on the head with a hammer of a peculiar construction, which deprives him at once of all sensation. When it is certain that he is completely dead, the executioner, with a large knife, cuts his throat from ear to ear: this, he said, was the most expeditious mode of putting men to death he had ever seen; it is, in fact, the method now generally adopted in slaughter-houses in slaying cattle and worn-out horses by those who deal in that flesh. The limits of this work will not permit me to give any more instances of this gentleman's eccentricities: the subject of death and punishment was never for a moment out of his mouth. After this, our first interview, he was at no period during the remainder of his life a whole week without calling upon me, many times pressing me to put a halter round his neck, and show him the proper mode of adjusting it to produce a speedy death. He was a very sensible gentleman, and, if mad, it was only upon that particular subject. As I never knew who he was, or where he resided, I have no means of ascertaining his end, but as he disappeared and ceased to visit me suddenly, I have no doubt but he terminated his existence by suicide.

From the fact that many who have committed self-destruction were always, during their lifetime, very inquiring and curious regarding punishment and executions, together with the conduct of malefactors, I infer that public exhibitions of that nature tend to promote the crime of suicide The more we, in imagination or by actual observation, familiarize ourselves and shake hands, as it were, with Death, the less we dread and care about grappling with him. If this proposition be not founded upon a fallacy, what are we to say in support of public executions which are upheld in the senate-house solely upon the ground that they may deter men from crime. But that the proposition is not based upon truth I know, if I may judge from my own feeling and the opportunity I have had of observing others. I never had the slightest dread of hanging; and let it be remembered, that I saw every execution in London from my earliest days, and latterly, for thirty years, was an actor on the stage upon almost every one which happened in either town or country.

My predecessor was of the same opinion, and used to tell me many anecdotes to support his doctrine. In his day they hung at Tyburn: once it happened as he was going up Oxford Road with a malefactor, he was arrested for debt in the cart; this circumstance occasioned the man to be taken back to Newgate, and he was afterwards pardoned. Within six months, however, they were both travelling the same road again, when the culprit said,

"I hope you don't mean to disappoint me this time; it's hard a man can't die a natural death!"

"What do you mean by a natural death?" said the executioner.

"Hanging, to be sure," answered the man. "The fortune-teller told me that the gallows was a natural death for me, as I had always been brought up to it."

"Well, well," said my predecessor, "don't make yourself uneasy; I have no more creditors."

This man had seen all his associates executed, and every other malefactor during his time, yet if he had a second time been saved, he avowed his intention of returning to his usual calling of robbery.

About the autumn of the following year,* on a Sunday evening, a circumstance occurred connected with my professional business, which roused and awakened latent feelings in my breast, for which I had never before presumed to give myself credit. On the morrow, (Monday,) four men were to be executed; my wife and I were taking our tea, it being just dusk, when a gentle knock came at the door. I was at the moment lamenting to my partner the extreme hard case of a fine young man, not more than twenty-two years of age, who was one of the four destined to suffer the next day.

"Sarah," said I, "to-morrow I shall rise with a heavy heart: that young fellow's fate troubles me."

My wife replied, "You must not interfere with these things; if I were you, I'd never inquire as you do about any of the poor wretches, and then they would be all alike to you."

"Ah!" continued I, "but this is such a cruel case; every body is concerned for him; nothing however will move our stony-hearted secretary, and he must die. I wish it were true that the pardon did rest with the king; I am sure he would then be saved; but now you may consider him as dead as Dr. Dodd."

My wife, now, like most of us, could not practise the doctrine she preached, but expressed a strong desire to know the young man's history. "Come," said I, "pour out another cup of tea while I tell it you."

"His father made a fortune in the corn trade, and about five years since retired into Berkshire, to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the society of his family; but, perhaps indiscreetly, invested most of his money in a banking-house, to serve a friend who had recently become a partner in it: he also, being a man of a most benevolent and generous nature, became security for an old acquaintance, who was appointed receiver-general of the taxes for the county. Within the same week the bank failed, and the receiver-general fled the country, carrying with him his last receipts of cash, amounting to an enormous sum of money. These tax-gatherers are like *Briareus*, they have many hands, one of which dipped deeply into the poor gentleman's property. He was now a ruined man, but was never heard to utter a word of complaint; he became apparently insensible to the events passing, keeping his eyes most constantly fixed upon his two favourite daughters, and after the eastern fashion, frequently repeated, 'God is great—we must submit.' It was evident that he was making an internal struggle to raise his mind and feelings above his misfortunes, and set his wife and family an example of fortitude. The conflict was too much for a loving husband and a fond father; the extent came in from the crown, and he became a beggar. He went to bed that night calm and composed to all appearance, but early in the morning was dragged out of his own fish-pond, a corpse.

"I will not stop to describe the family scene the next day, as related to me by a faithful servant, who comes every day to see his old master's son in Newgate, but proceed to speak of the young man. When these misfortunes, like a thunder-bolt, fell upon his father's house, and his paternal home, he was in Paris, finishing his studies for the medical pro-

* I must not be expected to insert accurately either dates or names, having received a hint from Mr. Capper, belonging to the Secretary's Office, that they do not publish the names of actual sufferers after their execution, for many obvious reasons, among which is a consideration and respect for surviving relatives.

fession, from whence letters brought him just in time to follow his parent to the grave, and prepare a lodging for the reception of his mother and sisters the next day, when they were turned out by the process of the law from their once happy home."

"What!" inquired my wife, "did they turn them out so soon?"

"Ah, Sarah," said I, "you don't know how many wicked things are done in the good king's name: when you fall into the hands of one man, you have the chance of his possessing a merciful heart; but when the exchequer takes you in its gripe, all its agents shelter and excuse themselves under the plea of being instruments only in the hands of the law, saying, 'It is a painful duty, but must be performed:' this you know is my case, even upon this very occasion. If I had my own way, do you think I shouldn't see right from wrong, better than these foolishly-called great and learned in the law people do? D'ye think I would suffer such murders as these to be committed?

"This unhappy young man never, for a moment, remitted his attention to his mother and sisters; while former friends or acquaintances retreated, one by one, from the scene of approaching want; many without a nod at parting, or making any effort to serve them. Some staid just long enough to give advice, and then turned to mix with those whose tables were still spread, and where poverty is never seen, or her name mentioned, lest the delicate nervous fibres of the well-fed should vibrate too violently at the unharmonious sound. The few that did notice them after their misfortunes, extended their favours no further than just enabled them to withdraw without committing an act of positive and abrupt rudeness, and defy the world to say they had done nothing. At length, after two years had elapsed, an epoch in their lives, spent in struggles, mortifications, and in receiving discountenances from those whom their father's former bounty had fed; and when the hollow and slippery possessors of wealth had fairly shook them off, poverty, attended by all her train of ills, came upon them.

"I'll have you to understand, Sarah, that things want renovating; we must go back to the golden age, by which is meant the happy age; for although it bears that name, there was then no gold to corrupt mankind. It's a scandal that a world, in every other respect so formed for happiness, should be rendered miserable by a few, who have wealth sufficient, could they digest it, to drink, like Crœsus, liquid gold from his cup. Wonderful is the avarice of man, and direful the effects thereof. This miserable family at length became so much in want, that they were two days without food to eat; while the son was walking the streets, undetermined in purpose, and in a state bordering on madness, brought on by the agony of mind he endured on his mother's and sisters' account, daring not to go home until he could procure something for their relief. In this state of his affairs, as he stood leaning against a post at the corner of Albemarle Street, a person placed his hand upon his shoulder, and with apparent delight, said, 'By G—d, how strange! what brought you here?' To which the unhappy man replied, 'Chance.' 'Ay, it is chance,' rejoined the other; 'come along, it's the strangest coincidence I ever met with.' Then seizing his arm, dragged him down St. James's Street. By this time he recognised in the features of the stranger an old schoolfellow, whom he had not seen since the days of boyhood, while his quondam friend, in a state of ecstacy, kept exclaiming, 'I have had a dream—I have had a dream—it's all but fulfilled—it's all but fulfilled. Are you poor? are you in want?' 'Indeed I am,' said the other—'starving; and to add to my misery, I have a mother and two sisters in the same condition.' 'Better still, better still!' vociferated his companion, who all this time kept his arm fast locked in the other's, and at every step increased his pace. 'Stop!' said our distressed man, 'I am

weak, faint, and hungry—whither are you leading me? and what does all this mean?' 'Mean, mean!' rejoined the other; 'ah! I forgot that you were not only poor, but hungry. Ah! that's cruel in me; I knew it, and did not relieve you. There, there's ten guineas for you.' No sooner, however, were they grasped by the recipient, than the donor violently snatched at them, and occasioned the whole, excepting one, to be thrown upon the ground, which was still retained in the hand. With this, under the impression that his companion was a demented man, he was about to make his escape, and hasten home to the relief of his mother and sisters, when the other seized him by the collar, and swore that he should not leave him, and that he should forthwith restore the guinea. This being complied with, he picked up the scattered coins that were upon the ground. Demanding an explanation of this extraordinary conduct, his schoolfellow informed him that for the last twelvemonths he had been addicted to gaming, and was a considerable loser; but had not, even now, sufficient resolution to overcome his propensity. 'Last night,' continued he, 'after losing a large sum of money, I went home to rest. During the night I dreamt that I run into luck, and won every thing before me, and that all the time I was at play, you stood by me in rags, and hungry, begging for money, saying, if I did not give it, I should have no luck. Notwithstanding this, I refused you, and continued to win until I more than reimbursed myself for all former losses. With this dream strongly impressed upon my memory, I was proceeding to the table, half anticipating its realization. Judge then of my astonishment when on my way I saw you, one that I have not known since our boyish days, and cannot imagine how you came to occupy my thoughts. The hand of fate appears to be in action—I must have you with me; and I must have you poor as I have found you—hesitate not, make no terms, no conditions, but come along with me; the morning play is still on, and I mean to take the tide at the ebb, which shall lead me to fortune.'"

"Bless me," said my wife, "you seem to know all the particulars as well as if you had been there yourself; and if that had been the case I never thought your memory was so good."

I then informed her, that I saw their former servant every day, who had left a good situation when he heard of his former master's son's misfortune; brought all the money he was worth to their aid, and never for a moment thought of anything but the misery of the family, and how he might best save them: "besides," said I, "every particular is put into a petition, a copy of which I have been favoured with."

"But why don't you tell me his crime at once?—what a long story you make of it!" interrupted she. "What has he done? and how do you make out his innocence? Come, come, cut your story short, for I am already interested in his fate, and want to know about it."

"So, ho! do you remember your advice to me just now—not to be too curious and inquiring? Woman, woman, do you not know that it is easier to teach the whole town what is good to be done, than to be one of the people in it, to follow that good yourself. If, however, you wish to hear the story, you must have it as I learnt it myself."

"Well, well," she impatiently replied, "go on."

"Let me see, where did I leave off?—oh! just as his schoolfellow snatched the ten guineas back again. Well, then, he dragged him along into St. James' Square,—a house nearly in the corner, No. —; it was a regular gaming-house, where there were fifty or sixty persons playing at *rouge et noir*. So confident had the gamester now become by the half fulfilment of his dream, that the instant he approached the table, he laid down a fifty-pound note upon the colour black. The dealer proceeded; first crying, '*one*,' then '*five*—red loses.' The gamester kept his eyes fixed upon his companion, in whose presence he supposed the charm to

lie, but touched not the money; black again won, and there laid 200*l.*, which he still left, and was the third time a winner, making 400*l.* He was then reminded by some one at the table that the stake was his property, but he, nodding his head, let it still remain. 'Forty,' said the dealer: this was the worst number which could come: he half doubted of the charm which he had supposed to be in the presence of his hungry and astonished companion; but when the dealer announced 'forty, *apres*,' he violently struck the table with his fist, exclaiming with delight, 'it's a certainty; I knew I was right! A fourth time the coup came off in his favour, and still he left the sum, now increased to 800*l.*, and again won; but observing only 500*l.* paid by the *croupier*, he inquired the reason, and was informed, that the proprietors never answered any sum above 500*l.* unless the punter or player declared the same, and the bank acquiesced to the proposition, adding, 'Now, sir, we will answer any stakes you may choose to play for.' 'Very well,' said the winner, 'as you intended to rob me of 300*l.* had I lost, I'll be d—d if I don't, in revenge, break your bank—the whole remains again on black.' (1,100*l.*) In the sequel he won all their money, being some thousands in pocket; then forcing a hundred pounds upon the young man now in the cells they parted. I may without injury to the thread of the story pass over some subsequent events, and inform you, when the hundred was spent in supporting his family, other advances were made by his winning friend, until he one day said, 'I can no more;—why don't you go and try your own luck? There are minor houses; I will go and show you into one, and lend you a few pounds, but if you do nothing, what is to become of you?' Upon this, very shortly afterwards, the young surgeon suffered himself to be left at a hazard house with a five-pound note in his pocket. Here he won of an individual six pounds, never having occasion to change his own note. Thinking he had done pretty well for the first night, he hastened home, purchasing on his way a bottle of wine at a coffee-house where he was known, in his own immediate neighbourhood, to carry home to his mother, who was now fast declining in health. In payment for the wine he passed one of his six pound-notes and received the change. The following morning he paid a butcher another note, but before noon was in custody on a charge of forgery for the one paid to the victualler: being searched by the officers, the four other fictitious notes were found in his pocket; added to these proofs, the butcher brought his note before the magistrate, which was also pronounced a forgery, and both the parties bound over to prosecute. I need not say that such proofs would prejudice most persons against his innocence, much less hackneyed hands such as we at the Old Bailey. It so happens that I know the fellow who put the trick upon him, one Caleb Nash; all he went to the table for was to win a trifle, and then give change for a note to pass his own bad ones; but it so turned out, that he lost six running, the innocent winner of which is now destined thereby to lose his life. That Caleb is involved six feet one inch in the mine of guilt, and if he were tall enough, like Lucifer, would thrust his wicked deeds into the presence of the Deity. Now Sarah," said I, "look at the cases of these people; the mother, the two daughters, and the fine young fellow himself, and then say if this is anything but a real hell we live in."

"Hush, hush!" whispered my wife, "don't be so wicked; recollect what you are talking about."

It is necessary to inform my readers, that about this time my spouse had been lately much taken up with the doctrine of a certain itinerant dissenting preacher, whose brother had been recently executed: the man was decidedly clever in his way, and I verily believe knew all the Bible by heart: whenever he preached at a chapel in London, I had no peace at home unless I would consent to go and hear him; but I never could

listen to him with any degree of pleasure, because the way I came to know him first was when he called and pretended he wanted to consult me about the cheapest manner of getting his brother's corpse interred, but in reality to get as much money out of me as he could, for selling it to a surgeon.

"Now," asked my wife, "are you sure that this poor young man's affair has been laid before the king?"

"I am sure that it has not," was my reply; "it has, I know, been sent into the secretary's office: but what is the use of granting a prerogative—a power to any individual who never can, by possibility, hear the truth upon any subject once out of a thousand occurring cases, or see any parties who might enlighten his understanding? I have ever noticed that deputed privileges or prerogatives are invariably abused. It is true, the king cannot be everywhere to exercise and claim his own right; but in questions involving life and death, it was peculiarly designed that the king should, in his own *propria persona*, decide in the last resort of legal error and those of mercy. Were I to see him, I would fearlessly remind him, that a mistake once made by the law, afterwards neglected by him, in cases of death, unlike other errors, cannot be repaired, and that if he be a Christian he must expect hereafter to answer for every particular neglect of duty."

"I wish," said my wife dolefully, as I observed her getting into one of her serious moods, "I wish I could send Mr. Cantwell to this poor young man; I know he can comfort him; he is such a good and pious creature, and has such a way with him when people are in distress."

Always anxious to avoid words, and yet desirous to guard her against imposition, I thought I would venture to tell her a tale. "You know," said I, "Mr. B——, our methodistical or evangelical preacher in Newgate; he who married a prisoner."

"Yes."

"Well, then, the other day, when a pretty-looking girl, after a month's imprisonment, was discharged, this celebrated pastor met her at the corner of the Old Bailey, and under the pretext of providing for her, and preventing her again falling into crime, placed her in a lodging to establish a school for her support. In a few months she was upwards of a hundred pounds in debt to tradesmen in the neighbourhood, whom he had induced, by representations, to give her credit. As the lady showed no disposition to discharge these demands, the creditors applied to the pious man, reminding him that they had given their goods on the faith of his name, and as they had learned he generally slept at the establishment, he ought to pay the bills. After some negociation, the good man offered to pay five shillings in the pound upon the debts incurred, which being rejected, the virtuous female took up her residence in a prison, preparatory to taking the benefit of the act; the furniture being claimed by her patron, he was constrained to appear and establish his claim at the Insolvent Debtors' Court, where, with the most consummate effrontery, he underwent an examination—succeeded in his scheme, and conducted the lady out of court under his religious wing. Now, Sarah," I continued, "I know this to be all true, and mention it only to caution you against imposition. I have no prejudices like school-educated people—there are good and bad in every class; but—" at this moment there came a second knock at the door, somewhat louder than the former. My wife went to open it, wiping the corner of her eye with her apron.

In an instant afterwards an elegantly dressed lady entered tremulously, and pale almost to absolute whiteness. My wife, judging some distress of mind oppressed her, guided her into a chair, threw the sash up, and got some cold water, before a word was spoken by any of us.

In a little time she somewhat recovered herself. Opening a small bag,

she placed a purse and a letter upon the table, saying, in a faltering, but supplicating tone of voice, "Please to read"—immediately burying her face in apparent agony of mind between her two hands. My wife in her way beseeched the lady to be composed, while I took up the letter, and read as follows:—

"Sir;

"If you have a heart, and if that heart ever responded to the sound of human misery, I conjure you to read with attention this letter. The writer is also the bearer of it, the business being of a nature not to be entrusted to a third person. The individual now before you, is at this moment one of the most wretched of nature's children, and has no hope even for a mitigation of her extreme distress but in you. Merciful God forgive me, if I am doing wrong. I will not, however, deceive you; it is not only a sense of justice, and an abhorrence of our cruel and hateful laws which move me, but a passion, the strength and force of which I had no comprehension. This is no time for circumlocution or equivocation—I am in love. Yes! and am beloved by one who is innocent, but condemned; innocent, I swear he is, and will avouch the same before God and man—in the presence of all creation—to the end of time and eternity. Oh! sir, sir, can you lend yourself to the destruction of the young and innocent—to take away the life which the Almighty has given, without a cause? Say not it is the law; the law ought not to command that to be done which is wrong, nor will the law be any justification to him who does it, when pleading for mercy at the throne of grace. I say a legion of infernals cannot make him really guilty of one dishonourable act—but they will kill him, though the innocent blood, the natural action of which in me pauses at the thought. Can you? no, you cannot commit so accursed a deed; and yet, if the murder be perpetrated, the bitter cup must come from your hands. To you, therefore, as the last resort, I fly. Behold a female before you, a suppliant for the life of an innocent, and good, but cruelly abused young man, who is now threatened with destruction. If there be the smallest spark of feeling then, left in your heart, one remnant of a sense of justice or manhood, you will not commit an act of such atrocious cruelty—a deed over which angels will weep, and none but fiends rejoice. I am here to ask you to perform an act that the world will applaud, and to forbear to commit one which men and angels will condemn.

"On the table lies four hundred and some more pounds: they are all I can at present raise; but if ever I should become possessed of millions, they shall be all yours—only save the innocent;—do not commit murder—'tis a crime of the deepest die, and denounced by the holy One. More money, however, I will soon bring you, that is to say, when the cause for secrecy is removed, and I can apply at the proper quarters to obtain it. At present my hope is, that as I have not entrusted my scheme with any breathing soul, you will the more readily enter into it.

"You will ask, I know, what I would have you do; I can only answer, find means for his escape—for the escape of him, whom they say has been guilty of forgery—the foul slanderers! Take him out of the hands of the law, in which is embodied more wickedness than was ever enclosed within the walls of that place, where they have shut up all my soul values on this side the grave. Find, I say, means for his escape; no one shall—no one can betray you—I am the sole repository of my own secret. Oh! if I had a masculine arm—an arm of strength, I would rescue him at the risk of ten thousand lives, each life ten thousand times doomed to suffer death.

"I have somewhere read, and often been told, that money has and will again prevail upon these occasions, and that men have been saved even

by you. Is it not known that Dr. Dodd and several others, particularly one person in Ireland, have been saved by some contrivance which, if known to others, can only be practised by you? Heaven looks down and smiles, I tell you, upon the deed. Bring him out of their hands any way! —some way!—You shall never want—shall never lose by the blessed act. My faith, my honour is pledged to provide for you ever afterwards; and I can only assure you, that I shall shortly have the means at my own command. Again, I repeat, save him, and my fortune is yours—say, may I hope—have I assurance it shall be attempted? Bid me breathe with less difficulty, and look as if you intended to aid the righteous and confound the wicked.

"Yours distressed."

As I read this letter I occasionally paused—involuntarily paused to steal a look at the weeping spirit; the angel which had descended to awaken and stir up new feelings in my breast. Some of my old notions flew off as gunpowder explodes upon the application of a match. I had probably at that time seen more women in distress and trouble than any one other individual, but I was never before affected or roused into a full sense of my own innate feelings, and made conscious of so much sensibility to the sufferings of others as this lady. "What a selfish wretch is man, and what a stupid dolt I am!" thought I, as I contemplated the devotion of this woman, "to hesitate; but then what can I do? She is evidently distracted, and is labouring under a mistake as to my ability to serve the gentleman. People never reason justly when their feelings are excited. But how was I to undeceive her in her last hope, and convince her that I had no power at my command?"

"Madam," said I, after several efforts to say something to the point, "the villany of an individual is desperately avenged by the law, but the villany of the law cannot be avenged or counteracted by any one. With regard to the methods to which you allude in your letter of saving life, they have all had their origin in the fanciful imaginations of man. I never knew but one attempt, and that failed; but the gentleman is a surgeon, and must understand these things better than I do."

"Oh, yes, yes! it has been done; indeed, it has been done," exclaimed the lady.

I told her that the public were formerly very credulous, which bred many marvellous tales. "The story of Dr. Dodd's escape," said I, "is unfounded; and with regard to the case in Ireland to which you refer, it occurred in the year 1759. The sheriff of Tyrone was, it is true, fined a 100*l.* and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for suffering William Barret to escape with life after being ordered for execution; and it is said, that the man was suspended the whole time, having a collar which brought him off clear. But if this were really so, which I very much doubt, it was the sheriff's own doing; no person present could have been deceived by appearance: this happened at a remote part of the country, where it is more than probable, it was the general wish of a party, who acted together and who surrounded the place and carried it, with the acquiescence of the sheriff, all their own way; but here in the metropolis, madam, nothing of the kind could be attempted with any probability of success."

*(To be continued.)*

# SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER VI.

In which, as often happens at sea when signals are not made out, friends exchange broadsides.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the precautions of the party on the forecastle, this consultation had been heard by no less a person than the huge Corporal Van Spitter, who had an idea that there was some mystery going on forward, and had contrived to crawl up under the bulwark, and throw himself down on the forestaysail, which lay between two of the guns. Having so done without being perceived, for it was at the very moment that the party were all listening to Bill Spurey's legend of the dog's first appearance on board, he threw a part of the sail over his fat carcase, and thus remained undiscovered during the remainder of the colloquy. He heard them all descending below, and remained still quiet, till he imagined that the forecastle was clear. In the mean time Mr. Vanslyperken, who had been walking the deck abaft, unaccompanied by his faithful attendant, for Snarleyyow remained coiled up on his master's bed, was meditating deeply how to gratify the two most powerful passions in our nature, love and revenge; at one moment, thinking of the fat, fair Vandersloosh, and of hauling in her guilders, at another, reverting to the starved Smallbones and the comforts of a keel-hauling. The long conference on the forecastle had not been unperceived by the hawk's eye of the lieutenant, and, as they descended, he walked forward to ascertain if he could not pick up some straggler who, unsupported by his comrades, might be induced, by fear, to acquaint him with the subject of the discussion. Now, just as Vanslyperken came forward, Corporal Van Spitter had removed the canvas from his body, and was about to rise from his bed, when he perceived somebody coming forward. Not making it out to be the lieutenant, he immediately dropped down again and drew the canvas over him. Mr. Vanslyperken perceived this manœuvre, and thought he had now caught one of the conspirators, and, moreover, one who showed such fear as to warrant the supposition that he should be able to extract from him the results of the night's unusually long conference.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked up to where the corporal lay as quiet, but not quite so small, as a mouse. It occurred to Mr. Vanslyperken that a little taste of punishment *in esse* would very much assist the threats of what might be received *in posse*, so he laid aside his speaking-trumpet, looked round, picked up a handspike, and raising it above his head, down it came, with all the force of the lieutenant's

[1] Continued from p. 126.

arm, upon Corporal Van Spitter, whose carcase resounded like a huge kettle-drum.

"Tunder and flame," roared the corporal under the canvas, thinking that one of the seamen having discovered him eaves-dropping had thus wreaked his revenge, taking advantage of his being covered up, and pretending not to know him. "Tunder and flame!" roared the corporal, muffled up in the canvas and trying to extricate himself; but his voice was not recognised by the lieutenant, and, before he could get clear of his envelope, the handspike had again descended; when up rose the corporal, like a buffalo out of his muddy lair, half blinded by the last blow, which had fallen on his head, ran full butt at the lieutenant, and precipitated his senior officer and commander headlong down the fore-hatchway.

Vanslyperken fell with great force, was stunned, and lay without motion at the foot of the ladder, while the corporal, whose wrath was always excessive when his blood was up, but whose phlegmatic blood could not be raised without some such decided stimulus as a handspike, now turned round and round the forecastle, like a bull looking for his assailants; but the corporal had the forecastle all to himself, and, as he gradually cooled down, he saw lying close to him the speaking-trumpet of his senior officer.

"Tousand tyfels," murmured Corporal Van Spitter, "but it must have been the skipper. Got for damn, dis is hanging matter!" Corporal Van Spitter was as cool as a cucumber as soon as he observed what a mistake he had made; in fact, he quivered and trembled in his fat. "But then," thought he, "perhaps he did not know me—no, he could not, or he never would have handspiked *me*." So Corporal Van Spitter walked down the hatchway, where he ascertained that his commandant lay insensible. "Dat is good," thought he, and he went aft, lighted his lanthorn, and, as a *ruse*, knocked at the cabin-door. Receiving no answer but the growl of Snarleyyow, he went in, and then ascended to the quarter-deck, looked round him, and inquired of the man at the wheel where Mr. Vanslyperken might be. The man replied that he had gone forward a few minutes before, and thither the corporal proceeded. Of course, not finding him, he returned, telling the man that the skipper was not in the cabin or the forecastle, and wondering where he could be. He then descended to the next officer in command, Dick Short, and called him.

"Well," said Short.

"Can't find Mr. Vanslyperken anywhere," said the corporal.

"Look," replied Dick, turning round in his hammock.

"Mein Got, I have looked de forecastle, de quarter-deck, and de cabin,—he not anywhere."

"Overboard," replied Dick.

"I come to you, sir, to make inquiry," said the corporal.

"Turn out," said Dick, suiting the action to the words, and lighting with his feet on the deck in his shirt.

While Short was dressing himself, the corporal summoned up all his marines; and the noise occasioned by this turn out, and the conversation overheard by those who were awake, soon gave the crew of the cutter to understand that some accident had happened to their com-

mander. Even Smallbones had it whispered in his ear that Mr. Vanslyperken had fallen overboard, and he smiled as he lay in the dark, smarting with his wounds, muttering to himself that Snarleyyow should soon follow his master. By the time that Short was on the quarter-deck, Corporal Van Spitter, who knew very well where to look for it, had, very much to the disappointment of the crew, found the body of Mr. Vanslyperken, and the marines had brought it aft to the cabin, and would have laid it on the bed, had not Snarleyyow, who had no feeling in his composition, positively denied its being put there.

Short came down and examined his superior officer.

"Is he dead?" inquired the corporal with alarm.

"No," replied Short.

"Vat can it be then?" said the corporal.

"Stunned," replied Short.

"Mein Got! how could it happen?"

"Tumbled," replied Short.

"What shall we do, sir?" rejoined the corporal.

"Bed," replied Short, turning on his heel, and a minute after turning into his hammock.

"Mein Got, the dog will not let him go to bed," exclaimed the corporal.

"Let's put him in," said one of the marines, "the dog won't bite his master."

So the marines lifted up the still insensible Mr. Vanslyperken, and almost tossed him into his standing bed-place, right on the body of the snarling dog, who, as soon as he could disengage himself from the weight, revenged himself by making his teeth meet more than once through the lanthorn cheek of his master, and then leaping off the bed, retreated barking and growling under the table.

"Well, you *are* a nice dog," exclaimed one of the marines, looking after Snarleyyow in his retreat.

Now, there was no medical assistance on board so small a vessel. Mr. Vanslyperken was allowed a small quantity of medicine, unguents, &c. but these he always sold to an apothecary, as soon as he had procured them from the authorities. The teeth of the dog had, however, their effect, and Mr. Vanslyperken opened his eyes, and in a faint voice cried "Snarleyyow." Oh, if the dog had any spark of feeling, how must he then have been stung with remorse at his ingratitude to so kind a master! But he apparently showed none, at least, report does not say that any symptoms were manifest.

After a little burnt oakum had excoriated his nose, and a certain quantity of the cold salt water from alongside had wetted through his bed-clothes, Mr. Vanslyperken was completely recovered, and was able to speak and look about him. Corporal Van Spitter trembled a little as his commandant fixed his eyes upon him, and he redoubled his attention.

"Mein Got, Mynheer Vanslyperken, how was this happen?" exclaimed the corporal in a pathetic tone. Whereupon Mr. Vanslyperken ordered every one to leave the cabin but Corporal Van Spitter.

Mr. Vanslyperken then communicated to the corporal that he had

been knocked down the hatchway by one of the men when he went forward; that he could not distinguish who it was, but thought it must have been Jansen from his size. Corporal Van Spitter, delighted to find that his skipper was on a wrong scent, expressed his opinion in corroboration of the lieutenant's; after which a long consultation took place relative to mutiny, disaffection, and the proper measures to be taken. Vanslyperken mentioned the consultation of the men during the first watch, and the corporal, to win his favour, was very glad to be able to communicate the particulars of what he had overheard, stating that he had concealed himself for that purpose.

"And where did you conceal yourself?" said Vanslyperken, with a keen, inquiring look; for it immediately occurred to him that, unless it was under the sail, there could be no concealment for such a huge body as that of the corporal; and he had his misgivings. But the corporal very adroitly observed, that he stood at the lower step of the foreladder, with his head level with the coombings; and had, by this means, overheard the conversation unperceived, and had only walked away when the party broke up. This restored the confidence of Mr. Vanslyperken, and a long discussion took place, in which it was agreed between them, that the only way to prevent Snarleyyow from being destroyed, was to try some means to make away quietly with poor Smallbones. But this part of the conversation was not carried to any length; for Mr. Vanslyperken, indignant at having received such injury in his face from his ungrateful cur, did not, at that moment, feel the current of his affection run so strong as usual in that direction. After this, the corporal touched his hat, swung round to the right about in military style, and left the cabin.

## CHAPTER VII.

### In which Mr. Vanslyperken goes on shore to woo the Widow Vandersloosh.

Three weeks of comparative calm now passed away, during which Mr. Vanslyperken recovered of his wounds and accident, and meditated how he should make away with Smallbones. The latter also recovered of his bites, and meditated how he should make away with Snarleyyow. Smallbones had returned to his avocations, and Vanslyperken, intending mischief, treated him more kindly, as a blind. Snarleyyow also, not forgetting his defeat on the quarter-deck, did not renew his attacks, even when the poor lad helped himself to biscuit.

The Yungfrau anchored in the Downs, and Mr. Vanslyperken received dispatches for the Hague. King William having written some letters to his friends, and sent over to them a little English money, which he knew would be acceptable; for continental kings on the English throne have never appeared to have a clear sense of the honour conferred upon them. England, in their ideas, has always been a *parvenu* kingdom; her nobles not able to trace farther back than the Conquest, while, in their country, the lowest baron will prove his sixteen quarters, and his descent from the darkest ages. But, nevertheless, upon the same principle that the poor aristocracy will condescend

to unite themselves occasionally to city wealth, so have these potentates condescended to reign over us.

Mr. Vanslyperken received his dispatches, and made the best of his way to Amsterdam, where he anchored, delivered his credentials, and there waited for the letters of thanks from his Majesty's cousins.

But what a hurry and bustle there appears to be on board of the Yungfrau—Smallbones here, Smallbones there—Corporal Van Spitter pushing to and fro with the dog-trot of an elephant; and even Snarleyyow appears to be unusually often up and down the hatchway. What can it all be about? Oh! Mr. Vanslyperken is going on shore to pay his respects, and continue his addresses, to the Widow Vandersloosh. His boat is manned alongside, and he now appears on the cutter's quarter-deck.

Is it possible that this can be Mr. Vanslyperken? Heavens, how gay! An uniform certainly does wonders with some people; that is to say, that those who do not look well in plain clothes, are invariably improved by it; while those who look most like gentlemen in plain clothes, lose in the same proportion. At all events, Mr. Vanslyperken is wonderfully improved.

He has a loose pair of blue pantaloons, with boots rising above his knees pulled over them. His lower parts remind you of Charles the Twelfth. He has a long scarlet waistcoat, with large gilt buttons and flap pockets, and his uniform coat over all, of blue turned up with red, has a very commanding appearance. To a broad black belt over his shoulder hangs his cutlass, the sheath of which is mounted with silver, and the hilt of ivory and gold threads; and above all, his small head is almost dignified by being surmounted with a three-cornered turned-up and gold-banded cocked hat, with one corner of the triangle in front parallel with his sharp nose. Surely the widow must strike her colours to scarlet, and blue, and gold. But although women are said, like mackarel, to take such baits, still widows are not fond of a man who is as thin as a herring. They are too knowing: they prefer stamina, and will not be persuaded to take the shadow for the substance.

Mr. Vanslyperken was, nevertheless, very well pleased with himself, which was something, but still not quite enough on the present occasion; and he strutted the deck with great complacency, gave his final orders to Dick Short, who, as usual, gave a short answer; also to Corporal Van Spitter, who, as usual, received them with all military honour; and, lastly, to Smallbones, who received them with all humility. The lieutenant was about to step into the boat, when a doubt arose, and he stopped in his advance, perplexed. It was one of no small importance—was Snarleyyow to accompany him or not? That was the knotty question, and it really was a case which required some deliberation. If he left him on board after the conspiracy which had been formed against him, the dog would probably be overboard before he returned; that is, if Smallbones were also left on board; for Mr. Vanslyperken knew that it had been decided that Smallbones alone could and should destroy the dog. He could not, therefore, leave the dog on board with safety; and, as for taking him on shore

with him, in that there was much danger, for the widow Vandersloosh had set her face against the dog. No wonder: he had behaved in her parlour as bad as the dog Crab in the Two Gentlemen of Verona. And the Frau was a very clean person, and had no fancy for dogs' comparing their legs with those of her polished mahogany chairs and tables. If Mr. Vanslyperken's suit was to be decided according to the old adage, "love me, love my dog," he certainly had but a poor chance, for the widow detested the cur, and had insisted that it should never be brought into her house. Take the dog on shore, therefore, he could not; but, thought Mr. Vanslyperken, I can take Smallbones on shore, that will do as well. I have some biscuit to dispose of, and he shall go with it and wait till I come off again. Smallbones was, therefore, ordered to put on his hat and step into the boat with two half bags of biscuit to carry up to the widow's house, for she did a little business with Mr. Vanslyperken, as well as allowing him to make love to her; and was never so sweet or so gracious, as when closing a bargain. So Mr. Vanslyperken waited for Smallbones, who was soon ready, for his best consisted only in a pair of shoes to his usually naked feet, and a hat for his generally uncovered head. And Mr. Vanslyperken, and Smallbones, and the biscuit, were in the boat, when Snarleyyow intimated his intention to join the party; but this was refused, and the boat shoved off without him.

As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken had shoved off, Dick Short, being in command, thought he might as well give himself leave, and go on shore also. So he went down, put on his best, and ordered the other boat to be manned, and leaving Obadiah Coble on board as the next officer, he took with him Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and four or five others, to have a cruise. Now, as Snarleyyow had this time made up his mind that he would go on shore, and Short was willing to indulge him, for he knew that Smallbones, if he fell in with him, would do his best to launch him into one of the canals, so convenient in every street, the cur was permitted to get into the boat, and was landed with the rest of the party, who, as usual, repaired to the Lust Haus of the widow Vansdersloosh; where we must leave them for the present, and return to our friend, Mr. Vanslyperken.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**In which the Widow lays a trap for Mr. Vanslyperken, and Smallbones lays a trap for Snarleyyow, and both bag their game.**

The Widow Vandersloosh, as we have informed the reader, was the owner of a Lust Haus, or pleasure-house for sailors: we will describe that portion of her tenements more particularly by-and-by; at present, we must advert to her own private house, which stood adjoining, and had a communication with the Lust Haus by a private door through the party wall. This was a very small, snug little habitation, with one window in each front, and two stories high; containing a front parlour and kitchen on the basement, two small rooms on the first, and two on the second floor. Nothing could be better ar-

ranged for a widow's residence. Moreover, she had a back-yard running the whole length of the wall of the Lust Haus in the rear, with convenient offices, and a back-door into the street behind.

Mr. Vanslyperken had arrived, paid his humble devoirs to the widow, more humble, because he was evidently pleased with his own person, and had been followed by Smallbones, who laid the biscuit by the scraper at the door, watching it as in duty bound. The lieutenant imagined that he was more graciously received than usual. Perhaps he was, for the widow had not had so much custom lately, and was glad the crew of the cutter were arrived to spend their money. Already had Vanslyperken removed his sword and belt, and laid them with his three-cornered laced hat on the side-table; he was already cosily, as of wont, seated upon the widow's little fubsy sofa, with the lady by his side, and he had just taken her hand, and was about to renew his suit, to pour forth the impromptu effusions of his heart, concocted on the quarter-deck of the Yungfrau, when who should bolt into the parlour but the unwelcome Snarleyyow.

"O that nasty beast! Mynheer Vanslyperken, how dare you bring him into my house?" cried the widow, jumping up from the sofa, with her full-moon face red with anger.

"Indeed, widow," replied Vanslyperken, "I left him on board, knowing that you were not fond of animals, but some one has brought him on shore. However, I'll find out who it was, and keelhaul him in honour of your charms."

"I am fond of animals, Mr. Vanslyperken, but I am not fond of such animals as that—such a filthy, ugly, disagreeable, snarling brute; nor can I think how you can keep him after what I have said about it. It don't prove much regard, Mr. Vanslyperken, when such a dog as that is kept on purpose to annoy me."

"I assure you, widow——"

"Don't assure me, Mr. Vanslyperken, there's no occasion—your dog is your own—but I'll thank you to take him out of this house; and perhaps as he won't go without you, you had better go with him."

Now the widow had never spoken so indignantly before; if the reader wishes to know why she did so now, we will acquaint him: the Widow Vandersloosh had perceived Smallbones, who sat like Patience on a monument, upon the two half bags of biscuit before her porch. It was a query to the widow whether they were to be a present, or an article to be bargained for: it was therefore very advisable to pick a quarrel, that the matter might be cleared. The widow's ruse met with all the success which it deserved. In the first place, Mr. Vanslyperken did what he never would have believed himself capable of, but the wrath of the widow had worked him also up to wrath, and he saluted Snarleyyow with such a kick on the side, as to send him howling into the back yard, followed him out, and, notwithstanding an attempt at defence on the part of the dog, which the lieutenant's high boots rendered harmless, Snarleyyow was fairly, or unfairly as you may please to think it, kicked into an outhouse, the door shut, and the key turned upon him. After which Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the parlour, where he found the widow, erect, with her back turned to the stove, blowing and bristling, her bosom heav-

ing, reminding you of seas mountains high, as if she were still under the effects of a just resentment for the affront offered to her. There she stood, waiting in all dignity for Mr. Vanslyperken to repair the injury done, whether unintentional or not. In few words, there she waited, for the *biscuit* to be presented to her. And it was presented, for Vanslyperken knew no other way of appeasing her wrath. Gradually the storm was allayed—the flush of anger disappeared, the corners of the scornfully-turned down mouth, were turned up again—Cupid's bow was no longer bent in anger, and the widow's bosom slept as when the ocean sleeps, like "an unweaned child." The biscuit bags were brought in by Smallbones, their contents stored, and harmony restored. Once more was Mr. Vanslyperken upon the little sofa by the side of the fat widow, and once more did he take her melting hand. Alas! that her heart was not made of the same soft materials.

But we must not only leave Short and his companions in the Lust Haus, but the widow and the lieutenant in their soft dalliance, and now occupy ourselves with the two principal personages of this our drama, Smallbones and Snarleyyow.

When Smallbones had retired, with the empty bread bags under his arm, he remained some time reflecting at the porch, and then having apparently made up his mind, he walked to a chandler's shop just over the bridge of the canal opposite, and purchased a needle, some strong twine, and a red herring. He also procured, "without purchase," as they say in our War Office Gazettes, a few pieces of stick. Having obtained all these, he went round to the door of the yard behind the widow's house, and let himself in. Little did Mr. Vanslyperken imagine what mischief was brewing, while he was praising and drinking the beer of the widow's own brewing.

Smallbones had no difficulty in finding out where Snarleyyow was confined, for the dog was very busy gnawing his way through the door, which, however, was a work of time, and not yet a quarter accomplished. The place had been a fowl-house, and, at the bottom of the door, there was a small hatch for the ingress and egress of these bipeds, the original invention of some thrifty spinster, to prevent the maids from stealing eggs. But this hatch was closed, or Snarleyyow would have escaped through it. Smallbones took up his quarters in another out-house, that he might not be observed, and commenced his operations.

He first took out the bottom of one bread bag, and then sewed that on the other to make it longer; he then ran a string through the mouth, so as to draw it close when necessary, and cut his sticks so as to support it and keep it open. All this being arranged, he went to where Snarleyyow was busy gnawing wood with great pertinacity, and allowed him not only to smell, but to tear off the tail of the red herring, under the door; and then gradually drew the herring along until he had brought it right under the hatch in the middle, which left it at the precise distance that the dog could snuff it but not reach it, which Snarleyyow now did, in preference to gnawing wood. When you lay a trap, much depends upon the bait; Smallbones knew his enemy's partiality for savoury comestibles. He then brought out his bag, set up his supporters, fixed it close to the hatch, and put the red herring

inside of it. With the string in one hand, he lifted up the hatch with the other. Snarleyyow rushed out and rushed in, and in a moment the strings were drawn, and as soon as drawn were tied tight round the mouth of the bag. Snarleyyow was caught; he tumbled over and over, rolling now to the right and now to the left, while Smallbones grinned with delight. After amusing himself a short time with the evolutions of his prisoner, he dragged him in his bag into the outhouse where he had made his trap, shut the door, and left him. The next object was to remove any suspicion on the part of Mr. Vanslyperken; and to effect this, Smallbones tore off the hatch, and broke it in two or three pieces, bit parts of it with his own teeth, and laid them down before the door, making it appear as if the dog had gnawed his own way out. The reason for allowing the dog still to remain in prison, was that Smallbones dared not attempt any thing further until it was dark, and there was yet an hour or more to wait for the close of the day.

Smallbones had but just finished his work in time; for the widow having been summoned to her guests in the Lust Haus, had left Vanslyperken alone, and the lieutenant thought this a good opportunity to look after his four-footed favourite. He came out into the yard, where he found Smallbones, and he had his misgivings.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

"Waiting for you, sir," replied Smallbones, humbly.

"And the dog?" said Vanslyperken, observing the strewed fragments of the door hatch.

"He's a bitten himself out, sir, I believe."

"And where is he then?"

"I don't know, sir; I suppose he's gone down to the boat."

Snarleyyow hearing his master's voice, had commenced a whine, and Smallbones trembled: fortunately, at that moment, the widow's ample form appeared at the back-door of the house, and she called to Mr. Vanslyperken. The widow's voice drowned the whine of the dog, and his master did not hear it. At the summons, Vanslyperken but half convinced, but not daring to show any interest about the animal in the presence of his mistress, returned to the parlour, and very soon the dog was forgotten.

But as the orgies in the Lust Haus increased, so did it become more necessary for the widow to make frequent visits there; not only to supply her customers, but to restrain them by her presence; and as the evening wore away, so did the absences of the widow become more frequent. This Vanslyperken well knew, and he therefore always pressed his suit in the afternoon, and as soon as it was dark returned on board. Smallbones, who watched at the back door the movements of his master, perceived that he was refixing his sword-belt over his shoulder, and he knew this to be the signal for departure. It was now quite dark, he therefore hastened to the outhouse, and dragged out Snarleyyow in the bag, swung him over his shoulder, and walked out of the yard door, proceeded to the canal in front of the widow's house, looked round him, could perceive nobody, and then dragged the bag with its contents into the stagnant water below, just as Mr. Vanslyperken, who had bidden adieu to the widow, came out of the house. There was a heavy splash—and silence. Had such been heard

on the shores of the Bosphorus on such a night, it would have told some tale of unhappy love and a husband's vengeance; but, at Amsterdam, it was nothing more than the drowuing of a cur.

"Who's there—is it Smallbones?" said Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Yes, sir," said Smallbones, with alarm.

"What was that noise I heard?"

"Noise, sir? Oh, I kicked a paving-stone into the canal."

"And don't you know there is a heavy fine for that, you scoundrel? And pray where are the bread bags?"

"The bread bags, sir? Oh, Mr. Short took them to tie up some vegetables in them."

"Mr. Short! Oh, very well. Come along, sir, and no more throwing stones into the canal; why you might have killed somebody —there is a boat down there now, I hear the people talking." And Mr. Vanslyperken hastened to his boat, which was waiting for him; anxious to ascertain if Snarleyyow, as he fully expected, was in it. But to his grief and disappointment he was not there, and Mr. Vanslyperken sat in the stern sheets, in no pleasant humour, thinking whether it was or was not a paving-stone which Smallbones had thrown into the canal, and resolving that if the dog did not appear, Smallbones should be keelhauled. There was, however, one more chance, the dog might have been taken on board.

*(To be continued.)*

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## TRAITÉ DE POLITIQUE À L'USAGE DE LISE.—1815.

Lise, qui regne par la grace
Du Dieu qui nous rend tous égaux,
Ta beauté, que rien ne surpasse,
Enchaine un peuple de rivaux.
Mais si grand que soit ton empire,
Lise, tes amans sont Français,
De tes erreurs permets de rire
Pour le bonheur de tes sujets.

Combien de belles et de princes
Aiment l'abus d'un grand pouvoir, &c. &c. &c.

Eliza, as a queen you reign,
A host of rivals in your train,
Live as your subjects, and obey
The charms by which you hold your sway.
But sovereign as your power may be,
We Frenchmen have the liberty
To lecture whom we please.

As such, we humbly beg that you
Will deign to take a hint or two;
Our views are simply these,
The inuendos we may make
Are offered—for your subjects' sake.

How many belles as well as kings
Abuse the power dominion brings!
What lovers and what states there are,
The hapless victims of despair!
But then, my queen of love, do you
A different policy pursue,
And tyranny abjure:
And mind, in case of a revolt,
Your boudoir doubly bar and bolt,
The state is there secure.
This hint we hope our queen will take,
We give it—for her subjects' sake.

Women and kings are just the same,
Both conquer for the sake of fame;
Both far in search of victory stray,
And all they conquer must obey.
Oh! what coquettes these sovereigns are,
Do not, like them, attempt a war,
But prudently resign
Their "ruses de guerre" in every form,
Whether investment, siege, or storm,
The stratagem or mine,
Do not another conquest make:
Be quiet—for your subjects' sake.

We cannot easily define
If monarchs reign by right divine,
One point we readily can prove,
Eliza's throne is given by—Love:
Let others abdicate or reign,
Resign their sceptres or maintain,
As changes may arise;
One thing your subjects know as true,
The sceptre Love confers on you
All power of change defies;
That is, if our advice you take,
And wield it—for your subjects' sake.

Yet, if you wish to rule mankind,
Do bear this axiom in mind,
Live as a good princess, and see
Your subjects have their liberty;
And then shall love your crown compose,
And with his choicest flower,
The fairest, loveliest gem that grows
Wreath for our own Eliza's brows,
An emblem of her power:
Yes—Love your diadem shall make,
Then wear it—for your subjects' sake.

JOHN WARING.

# "THE BOUNCING AMAZON."

## CHAPTER I.

*Othello.* Where will you that I go?
*Brabantio.* To prison.
*Othello.* What if I do obey?

"Do draw the curtain; the sun burns out my eyes," said Theseus.

"This room is insufferably gloomy," said Lysander.

"The room would be well enough if the doors and windows were not so ill-placed and the ceiling so low," said Demetrius.

It was very clear that the three gentlemen were out of temper, and only agreeing in discontent. The slave at the door was heard speaking loudly.

"Who comes now, in the name of Dis?" said Lysander.

"How should I know?" said Demetrius.

"If you two were not so fond of hearing your own tongues, you would desire Formio to let Nedar in."

The old gentleman entered, looking peculiarly sagacious.

"The top of the morning to you," said Theseus, picking his teeth with his stylus.

"How's Helena?"

"Pray, Lysander, oblige me by minding your own business," said Demetrius.

Theseus looked at Lysander, and Lysander squinted at Theseus.

"Why does not one of you ask me the news?" said old Nedar.

"We always save ourselves so unnecessary a trouble."

"Wonder rather why nobody asks you to be silent."

"And thank the gods for our civility."

"This is too bad, but I'll forgive you; indeed, you shall hear whether you wish it or not."

"Of course we shall."

"Nedar's here."

"It concerns you all, and thee, my most exquisite Theseus, thrice nearly."

"I do not understand your measures:—are we to be fined for pulling the janitor's robe over his ears the other night?"

"Or for pulling out the linch-pin of Phanion's chariot? Marry, if the fine be as light as her rep——"

"Hush! she's going to be married."

The three young gentlemen opened their eyes.

"Clotho!"

"Lachesis!"

"Atropos!"

"Now don't be so profane:—three bad omens for one day."

"One of them is worked out—you are here."

"But who is the happy Vulcan?"

"Phalerius, the banker, who intends to invite all his wife's connexions to the nuptial."

"I hope, then, that he has engaged the Parthenon; half the male population of Athens will be there."

"Fie, fie!—it is said that she has confessed all her irregularities to him."

"What an instance of heroine-ism!"

"What an instance of impertinence!"

"What an instance of memory!"

"I declare I won't stay another moment: that is, after I've told you what I came to say."

"Well, out with it."

"You know, Theseus, my friend, that in your last Asiatic campaign you did not behave in the most proper way to a certain Ægle."

"So she said."

"And she, being heiress apparent to the Amazonian throne, has been set aside by the unanimous voice—squall, I mean—of the virtuous sisterhood, with the single chance of recovering her position by bringing yourself and your two good-for-nothing friends prisoners to the capital."

"Who is to succeed, then—her pretty sister, Hippolyta?"

"No, her no less pretty sister, Phædra, I believe."

"Well, the crimson robe would become her white shoulders well enough; I won't help to defraud them. There's an estate I must look at in Campania, and perhaps you, gentlemen, will assist me with your advice in managing it."

"Certainly, shall we start to-morrow?"

"You forget the race; Musca stands in my tablet for a hundred against Ichthus."

"True; the day after."

"What will Vestalia say to our forgetting her symposiac a second time?"

"Ah! we must go there. Well, the third day?"

"Thespis is to play, for one day only."

"What's to be done?"

"Pray, do not disturb yourselves: you have not heard the rest of the story. Hippolyta has espoused—"

"Whom—for Jove's sake?" said Theseus, starting up.

"Her sister's cause, and the two have mustered an army for the purpose of captivating you—"

"She has done that already," said Demetrius.

"Capturing, I should have said. Hippolyta has taken this course most disinterestedly, considering that, at present, she has very little chance of the throne; but that if any honest Athenian's sword should divide Ægle's pretty neck, she will have a better."

"I do not believe she has so sordid a motive," said Theseus. "She is candour and loveliness itself, and—"

"Most generous Theseus, if she should, by any accident, strike you down, you will be finding excuses for her, while her diamond-headed axe is finding the crevices of your helmet."

"Psha! have you any thing else to tell?"

"Oh, ho! you always save yourself the unnecessary trouble of asking me questions. Well, Phædra has joined the army, in order to save appearances, and the three graces are in full march upon Athens. They dispatched a handsome strapping courier, with a demand for the surrender of you three, last night, which courier dispatched an unfortunate cobbler in the market-place, who was indiscreet enough to attempt a kiss."

"She did quite right. But what's the plebeian to me? Why was I not informed of this—and what reply was sent?"

"Don't put yourself in a passion. What was the use of sending to a man who passes half his life on his couch, and the rest in drinking?"

"You libellous——"

"Pooh, *we* know. The government replied, with great intellect, and brilliant wit—that—guess——"

"That what, beast?"

"That—do you guess, Lysander?"

"Styx and Acheron, Nedar—I shall——"

"Don't be in a passion—*that they would consider of it.*"

"Plato seize their insolence! Consider of giving *me* up, I—who have—oh! may the bones of their fathers be spit upon."

"Depend upon this, you'll all three be taken into custody."

"They dare not."

"They dare—and here's the warrant—Servio, Milo."

Two officers of the archons entered, and informed the trio that they were prisoners. Demetrius tossed one of the myrmidons through the window, and Lysander threw the other down upon Nedar with such force, as to bring both to the ground. A guard entered, resistance would have been madness. Theseus, Lysander, and Demetrius, were taken off to the gaol. As they entered at the gate a slave requested to speak to the latter.

"Nedar wishes you all happiness; says that the second bad omen is worked out, and inquires whether you have any message for his daughter."

"Tell him to go to the devil."

## CHAPTER II.

"A new foundation, sir, of ladies, with
Most masculine authority."

THE SILENT WOMAN.

Queen Phædra reclined upon a couch, which, though rude in workmanship, manifested an attempt at luxury in the disposition of the beautiful skins with which it was covered, all the produce of the hunting of distinguished courtiers, it being then regarded as honourable to supply an ermine robe to the Queen of the Amazons, as it is now to receive one from the majesty of more modern states. One bare and magnificent arm supported her head, the hand of the other rested upon the head of an enormous hound, whose ivory fangs seemed to guard the throne. Another dog of the same species lay near—behold a classical lion and unicorn. The Queens of Spain had no legs, such a dismemberment was not in vogue in Amazonia—for the state

could not have had better ones to stand on than those which the brief robes of her majesty disclosed to the knee. A bow and arrows inclined upon the back of the couch, which was placed nearly in the centre of a handsome tent, gracing a plain about fifty modern miles from the city of Glaucopis.

" Selina."

A pretty waiting-maid appeared.

" Where is Hippolyta?"

" Making the rounds, and setting the watch, your majesty."

" I shall be glad to see her, with Ægle."

" I will seek her, your majesty." Then, in a lower tone, as she departed. " As for Ægle, anybody who likes may see for her, I am not going to lose my character by associating with such——"

(Hush, thrice virtuous Selina. Would that his Grace of Exeter could have heard so bright an example of female morality.)

" Here we are, Phædra. What's the row?"

" Hy dear Hippolyta, will you never divest yourself of such phraseology? You must have acquired it from Hercules, when you were the little girl whose great delight was to ride on his club."

" Has the courier returned?"

" Yes, and it appears that she has been exposed to insult, which compelled her to use slightly forcible measures in return. I am ashamed to tell you what happened——"

" Did Theseus venture to repeat——"

" For shame, Ægle—I wonder you can mention him. Do you think there are no men but Theseus in Athens. But I wanted to tell you that the reply to our demand for the wretch and his friends is, that the Athenians will consider of it."

" We march upon Athens to-night."

" We will wait another day."

" You were always a dawdler."

" No, I was not."

" But you were, and that was just what Theseus said of you."

" How you talk of the creature."

" And pray what is our expedition for?"

" What an——who is there?"

Selina begged to inform her majesty that Martine was without. Her majesty directed Martine's admission.

" Good day to your majesty, and to you, Hippolyta, and you, Ægle. You need not look so downcast, my love, as you have luckily escaped the great moral error of imprudent relationships—the increasing the population. I have just been visiting one not so happy, I mean Elucina, and have been expostulating with her on the folly she has been guilty of. I said, ' Supposing there were support sufficient for every body that might be born, one great objection is removed. O! you think it strange the gods should not have made provision for the whole world. But what, if we consume every thing, will people a thousand years hence do, particularly in the northern islands, where the population increases as fast as that of fishes?' Elucina did not know, but thought—"

"Thought people a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long, may take care of themselves, and so do I, dear Martine."

"Ah, Hippolyta, if we could but devise some check to—"

"We are going to find a partial one—we advance upon Athens to-morrow."

"With all my heart."

Selina entered for the third time, and informed the queen that three strangers had arrived, and wished an audience of her majesty.

"What kind of people? how do they look?"

"Oh! no great beauties—all tall, and rather awkward, I should say, and yet they seem to have something attractive about them."

"Double the guards, and we are ready."

Three ladies were introduced, and the waiting-maid seemed to have given the most correct possible description of them. When did a woman ever fail in a bird's-eye view—or indeed, when does she fail at all?

"We have the honour to salute the Queen of Amazonia. We are Athenian washer-women, who finding the city is likely to be besieged, and having little to bind us to its walls, except our clothes-lines, have resolved to escape, and join your majesty; and beg to be employed in any way in which we can be useful."

"You are welcome. Is Athens prepared to resist a siege, or will her rulers purchase peace by giving up the miscreants we require?"

"They cannot. Theseus and his two companions were conveyed to prison, from whence they effected their escape on the day we left the city."

"Escaped—and where are they supposed to be?"

"It is not known—but it is imagined they are endeavouring to sail for Italy."

"Where may Italy be!" whispered Phædra to Martine.

"It is an island on the southern coast of Africa, full of burning mountains."

"Shall we follow them?"

"Better learn all the strangers know, before we decide."

"What, strangers, is the distance to this Italy?"

"About ten days' journey, if it please your majesty."

"Are ye acquainted with the way?"

"A child might lead an army thither—the path is smooth as your majesty's cheek, and the climate bright as your eyes."

"Ha!" said Ægle, and whispered Phædra.

Demetrius pinched Lysander, who winked at Theseus.

The queen started.

"Take these strangers into custody."

And a second chapter leaves our heroes prisoners.

## CHAPTER III.

"Horridly stuffed with epithets of war."

"Pray, Theseus, have you any disposition to make of your property?—the estate in Italy we were going to survey, or anything else—the smallest trifle thankfully received," said Lysander.

"I don't see that my chance is worse than yours."

"Oh! I never committed flirtation with a princess in my life."

"Nor I," added Demetrius, looking virtuous.

"Then I pity you; as you will die without reflecting upon such a pleasure. And now do not plague me; I want to say my prayers."

"Shall I assist your memory?"

"Silence! our third bad omen is fulfilled."

"Well, then, we must follow your example."

The gentlemen are at their devotions, which work a little rusty in the mouths of such confirmed rakes. Their brevity was compensated by their fervour: Theseus vowed a hecatomb, Demetrius an antelope, and Lysander his left mustachio, in case their pet divinities would favour their escape. Having arisen from their knees, and removed the wooden bench, the only furniture of the prison tent, the captives began to look at each other with a serio-comic expression of wonder what was to be done next. The rustle of a robe was heard, the awning drawn aside; a female entered with her face concealed by a veil. She looked round for a moment, and the next, Ægle was clasped to the bosom of the Athenian.

"Theseus, what madness brought you here!"

"Simply a desire to see my Ægle."

"Hem!" said Demetrius and Lysander together.

"You will inevitably perish."

"I have seen my Ægle."

"You shall be saved."

"We are very much obliged," said the two supernumeraries.

"Ye must remain; one only can be released."

"Oh! let it be Theseus, by all means." And they turned away for a private conference.

"We will cast lots," said Theseus.

"We will do no such thing."

"I will save Theseus; his friends must abide their fate," said Ægle, removing her upper robe and placing it upon her lover. "It suits you well, my Theseus."

"I wish it was like the skin of Cerberus, and would hold three."

"Away, away."

"Farewell, my friends, you shall not fall without my effort to save you."

"Follow that path—the word is Diana—the sea is before you, on the shore are fishers' boats—here is gold."

Theseus left the tent; Ægle watched his departure with starting eye-balls.

"He will escape—he has crossed the—ha! he is accosted by a sentinel—no, thank Artemis, he is undiscovered—another—it is Hippolyta—all is lost."

Ægle rushed from the tent, and an arrow from the watchful warder's bow passed into her heart.

"We may as well make a run for it, Demetrius."

"We are unarmed—stay—we can wrench out some of these tent pins! What a noise!—these women have no repose about them——"

"That was the voice of Theseus—this way."

They rushed through the tent door—the guard was fitting another shaft, when a blow from Lysander's hand avenged poor faithful Ægle. But the camp was roused—the clash of arms and the beat of drums awoke the echoes of Attica—fires were lighted—and the confusion of a barbarian army was exemplified, Theseus shouted to his friends, and they forced their way to his side over a long line of dead. The three resolved to fall together.

Phædra advanced rapidly at the head of the royal guards, whose silver axes gleamed in the flickering light of the fires. Hippolyta hastened to join her sister, when Martine arrested her step.

"Do not be rash, Ægle has fallen—should my aim be steady, you are the Queen of Amazonia."

Hippolyta hesitated—what is a sister to a crown? Martine's bow was raised, the queen's guards had halted, for the fierce desperation of the captives inspired them with respect, if not with fear. It was momentary.

"Upon them," cried Phædra—they were the last words she uttered.

"Hippolyta is Queen," said Martine, as she received the dagger of Selina in her breast. The avenger threw herself upon Demetrius, but was hurled backwards to the very feet of her sovereign.

New honours make men arrogant—upon women they work differently.

"They are not such good-for-nothing wretches, after all," thought Hippolyta, "and I am queen. *Halt!*—Athenians, you are pardoned."

"We are very much obliged to you."

Some weeks afterwards—but Shakspeare has told the rest almost as well as I could do it. Adieu.

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## EPIGRAM.

BY DR. PUNEVER, M.D., A.S.S.

"The great O's poison'd!"—"Can't be true; what stuff,
What drug, what potion could be strong enough?"
"The venom, scorpion-like, himself supplied;
Forc'd his own words to eat, he writhed, and died."

## CAPTAIN CHAMIER'S BEN BRACE.

*Ben Brace, the last of Nelson's Agamemnons.* By CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N. Author of "The life of a Sailor," &c. 3 vols. Bentley, London.

BRITISH seamen have always fought with enthusiasm, and enthusiasm they have always inspired, whenever they have been either written or talked about by any thing with a heart better than a split block, or a condemned dead eye. Much of this high feeling is indigenous and inherent in the British animal, it runs in his blood, he is pugnacious for the mere pleasure of fighting, and generally victorious from the mere zest with which he sets about thrashing his enemies. Now all this is very well, but were it not for other considerations, would be prone to degenerate into brutality and ferocity, and the warrior would be converted into the savage. It cannot be expected, nor is it, perhaps, desirable, that the refinements of education should polish the subordinate class of seamen to which we allude, nor have they, as yet, very extensively had that effect. But other, and very powerful causes have been in operation, which have elevated the mere instinct of courage to the noble sentiment of heroism, and taught the British sailor that respect for himself, his hardships, and his privations, that have brought all the noble virtues in their train, among which the beaming forehead of Mercy has ever shone conspicuously.

This elevation of character, this feeling of superiority, that exists in spite of his ignorance, and in the midst of his isolation from the rest of his species, so characteristic of the British seaman, we hope we may still say of the present day, arises almost wholly from two causes; the first, the example and the influence of his officers, the second, the inspiriting and elevating stimulus of nautical literature.

With the first cause, on reviewing this work, we have nothing further to do, than to say that this stimulus has, in a degree, extended aft from the forecastle, and the same song that has cheered the captain of the forecastle, has not wholly been ineffective upon the feelings of the captain himself.

Mere nautical literature was at a very low ebb until the time of Smollett; that vivacious, witty, and very graphic author, was the first who turned the public attention to the physical singularities, and moral idiosyncrasies of the sturdy British tar. But he only described, he sought neither to elevate or improve. He pourtrayed with the fidelity of a Moreland; and filth, consequently, too often made up the greatest part of the picture. Had it not been for his sterling humour, the nautical parts of his writings would have been intolerable, After this, for the lapse of nearly fifty years, Jack was permitted to play the fool, fight and conquer, without attracting any notice to his mere personal and distinctive character. He certainly had improved a little —and but a very little, and that improvement arose merely from the reflex of his superior officers. Even the stirring times and the menacing events of the Parker mutiny, drew little attention to the mass, beyond securing to them a somewhat more liberal allowance, and a greater protection from the caprices of tyranny.

Classes of men, like nations, must have their peculiar literature before they can be justly described, either as flourishing or much better than semi-barbarous. As yet, no generous writer had started fearlessly from the ranks of literary routine, either to direct or do justice to the energies of the British sailor, who consequently, was generally regarded by his brethren of the sod as little better than a courageous brute at sea, and a blustering fool on shore.

Dibdin wrote, and at once a halo of light danced upon the sailor's brow. The songs spoke to his heart, humanized and ennobled it. He now knew the value of his own bravery, and consequently, honoured the bravery of his enemy. He affixed immediately a higher notion to the word duty; and his duty henceforward became his pride and his pleasure. These songs gave him principle and taught him patriotism. They braced his heart in danger and softened it in repose. They did more, they converted passion into sentiment, and planted in his bosom self-veneration.

From that time Jack was somebody, and not only somebody, but somebody of consequence also. But still, something also was wanting, the more properly to elucidate his character, and make the world acquainted with his sterling qualitiesin the detail, and thus individually improve upon the opinion that the public began to have of him generally from the songs of Dibdin. As yet, to the world at large, he was nothing but an abstract idea, though a noble one. Dibdin, not being a sailor himself, could not supply the deficiency. All was vagueness and uncertainty, till Captain —— flashed forth upon the Orlop deck, the light of literature, and the mutiny at the Nore became a classical event.

The nautico-lyrical poet had prepared the way—the novelist stepped forward, and the navy was provided with a literature that is peculiarly its own, and so excellent, that it may successfully compete with that of "camp, or court, or grove.

We, of all persons, cannot be expected to enumerate the able novel writers that have done honour to themselves, and improved the condition, and advanced the estimation of all those connected with their service—the list is ample and brilliant; for each class of officers has found its chronicler, and the work now before us, has undertaken to describe the noblemindedness and the high moral superiority of the man-of-war's foremast man.

The character of "Ben Brace" is genuine, he is the glorious type of a glorious class; certainly not the *beau ideal*, but actually the *beau real* of a thorough British seaman. "The last of the Agamemnons!" how sonorous, how Homeric is the title; and how true! Ben Brace tells his own tale, in *propriâ personâ*—and how beautifully he tells it! His idiom is critically classical—not a flaw to be found in his main-deck dialect. It is racy with the flavour of the grog tub, and redolent of tar and oakum. His metaphors, they fly out as freely as the pennant in the breeze, his reasonings are as close as yardarm and yardarm, and as consecutive as the marines and afterguard tailing on the main braces, and his conclusions invariably chock-a-block. The land lubbers don't, perhaps, understand this. How should they, poor fellows, they've never had any education—a man must go to sea to learn something.

Well, Chamier has hooked Ben Brace on to Lord Nelson—from the first trip of the latter to the death that ratified his immortality on board the Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar. We have, therefore, a complete biography of our greatest naval hero, in the very complete and graphic phraseology of this best of all Bens. But the reader will never understand its excellence, until we give him a specimen of it. Where shall we choose? It is a matter of indifference, for should we be so unadvised as to point out this or that particular part as the best, we have only to turn over another leaf, and find a still better.

But, before we extract, we must premise that, though Nelson's life is the main stream of the story, there are several excellent episodes—Ben's own affairs being the best. He has just returned to his old father and mother, in their cottage in Cawsand Bay, he has the rhino in his pouch, and the attorney's clerk is rather importunate for the old gentleman's rent—the clerk looks warlike. Now, Ben, go on.

"'What!' says I, 'have you cleared for action, and come into the enemy's port to battle the watch with him? I'm for you, my hero'—and I seized him by the throat. The little quill-driver fixed his hands upon my shirt-sleeves; his face was as red as a lobster, and he blustered out something about assault and battery. 'Here's assault your battery for you,' says I; and I gave his nose a broadside. He came at me, after this, twirling his hands as if he was spinning rope-yarns; but I touched him up on his figure-head, and soon darkened his top-lights: for, do you see, I was young and stout, and he might as well have knocked his fists against a stone wall as against my head—for my skull had grown thick like a black fellow's. Well, it all finishes by my rolling him in a dirty puddle, and by giving him a salute, which was more honoured in the breach than in the observance, as I learnt by heart.

"'I hope, sir,' says I, 'there's nothing personal—but you are a d—d backbiting, dirty, dishonest scoundrel, and much better in the mud than in an honest man's house.' So saying, I shut the door, and came to an anchor.

"'Oh! Ben, Ben, you have ruined us!' said my mother; 'to-morrow we shall certainly be turned out, and all our furniture sold. You had better be off at once, or he'll have you for striking him: he'll take the law of you.'

"'I tell you what it is,' says I, 'I'll set up my damaged shirt here against his nose, and I think I've the best of it.'

"'Never mind, dame,' said the old fisherman. 'To find Ben at such a moment is worth all the money in the world! Now the attorney may go to ——. I could dance a hornpipe and kick up Bob's a-dying.'

"Night came on, and a precious night it was. Mother was for giving me their bed, and father talked of pricking for the softest plank; but I said, 'No, I'm the youngest, and the best to caulk the seam;' so I took up my station in the old chair. Though I have stood by Nelson's side when the proudest victory ever gained was won, yet I never felt as I did at that moment. I thought somehow I could fly: I felt so light, so happy. Well, the old pair blessed me,—I that had left them, and had occasioned such distress to them, and who, had I remained, might perhaps have saved Jane also. Then father snapped his fingers, and says he, 'A dog-fish's eye for that snub-nosed attorney's clerk! we'll manage somehow.' And they went to bed.

"I slept like a top, and was making up the lee-way of my nap, when I heard a row at the door, and I saw the little shark, the clerk's master, with his precious assistant, who was marked with a pair of beautiful black eyes, and his nose as big as a cocoa-nut.

" ' Hulloa! shipmate,' said I, ' you must have run stem on to the chimney-sweep, and taken some of his soot to paint your figure-head.'

" ' Here is the account of rent due for this house,' said he to my father: ' do you intend to pay it?'

" ' How much is it, old Snuff and Twopenny?' said I.

" ' Four pounds, Mr. Impudence,' said he.

" ' Have you got a receipt?' said I.

" ' No,' said he.

" ' Then you may trudge back and get it, old Shiver-the-Mizen.'

" ' Where's the money?' said he.

" ' Here,' said I, ' and more besides.'

" ' I'll have you up before the magistrate,' said the clerk, ' for the assault upon me last night.'

" ' You be d—d!' said I.

" Upon which the attorney whispered to his clerk, who ran away home, whilst the old one blockaded the port. He soon returned with the receipt.

" ' There's your money, my boy,' said I; ' and I don't want any receipt for the attack you made upon me last night, and tore my shirt; I see you show that *as plain as the nose on your face*. So, brush, old Sweepings and Tape-strings. Nothing personal, you know—but curse me if ever I saw such an ill-begotten bandy-legged beggar, with eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket, and mouth like a sick cod-fish.' So away he went."

Here is something of the manner, and something of the matter, of Ben Brace. However, as we have begun upon Brace's own life, instead of his master's, Nelson, for he was his steward on shore, as well as being his coxswain on board, we will veer and haul upon it a little longer. Brace has a sister, a sweet girl, who has been seduced by one Tackle, a clever, brave, overbearing blackguard smuggler. In his second visit to his parents he meets, without knowing her, this sister, and travels with her and her sickly, delicate infant, in the same waggon. She has been deserted, and her intention is now to leave her child with her parents without making herself known, and then to commit suicide. Ben relieves her, of course. As yet, they know not each other. Jane has placed the child in a basket; Ben stumbles over it at the threshold of her father's cottage—it is taken in—and a letter discovers the name of the poor child. Ben rushes out to find the mother; having, with great difficulty, prevailed upon his parents to receive and bless her. He sees something, that, at first, he supposes to be a ghost!

" I gave a start back, and I felt a cold shiver run through me, as if I had touched a dead one; then came again the same low, dismal moaning, and I got as much a coward as the two captains in Benbow's action. ' Why,' says I to myself, ' Ben Brace, are *you* afraid, and Nelson's coxswain?—not a bit of it;' so I tried again. I went steadily along the house saying my prayers, when I distinguished a woman seated like under the lee of the stone, in order to shelter herself from the inclemency of the weather.

" ' Hulloa, messmate!' said I, ' you have got a bad berth of it here: why, you will be blown to pieces before morning.'

" ' Leave me,' said the woman,—' leave me to die! I have lost my child for ever; it has been taken from me; and I have waited here watching the door which encloses my infant, but is closed against me.'

" I recollected the voice in a moment: it was that of the poor forlorn creature who had come down with me in the waggon, and whom I now knew to be my own sister. My heart swelled, and my voice was almost

stifled; I was just able, however, to stammer out, 'Jane, Jane, come to a brother's arms!'

"'Is it you, Ben?—now I die happy! You'll be a father to it—won't you, Ben?' and she jumped upon her feet and threw her arms round my neck. 'Now—now promise me not to let it starve, and I will go and die elsewhere.—Oh! my heart! my heart! I feel it breaking whenever I think I am to quit this place and leave it there: but I'll stay until daylight; I have been at the window twice, but I did not hear it cry; but the wind shook the small shutter, and may be it drowned its noise.

"I kissed Jane, and she gave me back a hundred. She hung round my neck, and she cried like a baby; it was some time before I took her by the hand, and told her that father and mother had forgiven her, and that the door would be opened to her, and that she must come with me.

"'Never, Ben—never could I look,' she said, 'upon father and mother again! they will curse me, and I shall go mad. No, as yet I do not know if they have cursed me—and that is some happiness. Oh! my child! my child!'

"'Your mother has taken the child,' said I, 'and I have been to the ferry to search for you.'

"'Then it was you that kicked the basket! Oh! how my heart failed me when I saw my child kicked in the dirt, and did not dare to rescue it.'

"'Come along, Jane,' said I; and I dragged her to the threshold: 'come, Jane, and be a daughter to the old ones;' and I rapped at the door. I felt her tremble, and she sank down at my feet. My father opened the door: he could not bring a light, for the wind was boisterous.

"'Here she is, father,' said I.

"'Where?' said he.

"'Here at my feet.'

"The old man rushed toward his child; he seized her by the arm. 'Jane, Jane! do I live to see you again; to bless you, my lost one—to comfort you! Here's your child asleep, and here's your mother; come, cheer up!'

"My mother looked at her daughter as she lay on the floor, for we had lifted her in. I got the big arm-chair; but I saw Jane shudder at the sight of it, and she hung her head down to the ground. I went to my mother and I touched her arm: 'Mother,' said I, 'your promise.'

"But she looked at her daughter in a strange unforgiving manner. By degrees I coaxed her nearer and nearer; and no sooner did I place Jane's hand in hers, and she felt the touch, than she burst out a-crying and blessed her child. I never saw such a scene. There was Jane dripping wet lying along the floor; she never spoke or cried; she was dried up by grief: and there was her father, the rough old fisherman, whose life had been one struggle against the storms of heaven, now beaten, fairly beaten by a woman's silent sorrow. My mother had raised Jane's head and placed it on her knees; whilst I stood behind my father, endeavouring to shame my tears.

"Well, we got all hands to bed; and the next morning I arose with the conscience of a man who has done a good act: I was as light as a cork, and skipped about like one of the figures we see in Punch's box. Before we piped to breakfast, I was on my road to Susan's, which was about a hundred yards from our house. She was up, and received me very kindly: she saw I was in high spirits, and asked me the reason.

"'Jane's come back, Susan,' said I. 'Why, what do you look so contemptuous about? She is forgiven; and you'll come, I know, and see her, and be her friend, as you used to be.'

"'No, no, Mr. Brace,' she answered; 'that I can never do. Think what the world would say if I was the friend of a bad woman! I should be thought no better than she was. No, it must not be, and I cannot consent to have a sister-in-law whose conduct has been so reprehensible.'

" ' That's a long word, Susan,' said I, ' and perhaps it's a good one; but it sounds like as much as to say, you never will shake hands with my sister again; that you won't be her friend now that she most requires it.'

" ' Certainly, Mr. Brace,' said she; ' that is what I mean.'

" ' Then you never shall say that you are Mrs. Brace; and the sooner you are Mrs. Tapes, the sooner you may repent of this ungenerous conduct. I tell you what it is, Miss Susan,' (you see I came the captain over her,) ' your heart is not in the right place, or you would feel for one of your own sex, and rather endeavour to raise than to trample on her.—So, good-b'ye to you! we part company from this moment: and hereafter, when that attorney has cheated you out of your person and your property, you will think of the sailor—the coxswain of Nelson.'

" Then I took off my hat, and making her a proper bow, lifting up left leg to keep the balance even as I bobbed my head and right hand: ' Good-b'ye to you, Miss Susan! I hope you may feel the satisfaction which I feel at this moment; for although I leave the girl I have loved ever since I was the height of a fire-shovel, yet I know that I have done what is right.' I just took a last look, and I saw her lift her apron to her eyes, then run into her house.

" ' There,' said I, as I nearly run foul of the attorney, ' there's a clear coast for you to smuggle upon, old Tapes: but use her well, for she is a nice craft after all, and we part friends: so, tip us your flipper, and good luck to you both!' "

We have staid so long on the Nile* that we have no time to dwell on the more glorious and fatal victory of Trafalgar, which is told, if possible, in a still more powerful manner. But Brace has not all the burden of narration upon himself. He has a queer devil-may-care sort of fellow, occasionally his shipmate and messmate, who now and then spins out a very funny yarn of his own: this facetious companion rejoices and makes every one else rejoice in the euphonious title of Tom Toprail. Tom's marriage at Portsmouth is, perhaps, the most humorous, certainly the most ludicrous part of the novel. The general reader may, perhaps, think it overcharged: we can assure him that it is by no means so. Seamen of ardent temperaments, after a long confinement on board a man-of-war, when they first put their feet on shore, really become jovially insane, and are actuated by none of the impulses common to their less exalted fellow creatures. It is not pride that impels them to these ludicrous displays of riding outside coaches, with streamers flying and fiddlers scraping. They know, at the time, that it is abominably foolish, but we are inclined to think that they are moved to these absurdities more by a spirit of mad daring than by any other impulse. Whatever may be the cause, the facts are ridiculous enough, and are intolerably more disgusting in their actual perpetration: in Chamier's description they are not only farcical but grotesquely humorous, without ever departing from the actual fact. As these displays, gradually becoming more unfrequent, will, through the improvement of the seaman's *morale*, soon altogether cease and be matter only of history, it is consolatory to have the remembrance of them perpetuated by an historian so able as is Captain Chamier.

* We had extracted Ben's version of the battle of the Nile, which we were afterwards forced to expunge for want of room.

But to return to Brace. At the battle of Trafalgar he gets lopped of an arm, and at the same time that he loses his master, his admiral, and his friend, he loses also an eye. But here we must notice a discrepancy that we cannot exactly explain. If Homer nodded, surely the "last of the Agamemnons" may be allowed to take a nap. In the second volume, Ben tells us very shortly, that being a cripple in June, 1806, he went down to Gosport and married Susan, she then being, with some children, the widow of the lawyer Tapes. Well, being a married man, he then tries back, and after much yarning, spins us out, most excellently, the battle of Trafalgar, which battle crippled him. Well, in the third volume, coming up with the body of Nelson, and performing a prominent part at the funeral ceremonies, according to his late lordship's request, he repairs immediately to Merton, communicates with Lady Hamilton, and then goes down, not to Gosport, but to Rochester, to see his wife, and had the satisfaction of finding a warm heart and a warm cottage ready to receive him. We hope that this is all right, for the sake of Ben's veracity, for we should almost break our hearts if we found him tripping. But we really cannot find, as he never left the body of his old friend until it was interred, how he could have possibly got married to Susan *after* he became crippled, for in another page, he says explicitly thus, "My duty drove me to him who had ever been my friend; and when my heart beat right again, I resolved to obey his last command, and go to Merton. *As yet* I had not seen my wife, for she was living *near Rochester*, on fifty pounds a year," &c. The mistake that Ben makes about the seals on Tackle's secret papers is still more egregious, but as the acute lawyers and counsel did not find it out in the memorable trial of Brace *versus* Hawk, we shall also let it slip by in silence.

Had we not mentioned these trivial errors, so beautifully do we think that Captain Chamier has done his work, and so candidly do we express our opinion of its excellence, that our notice would have appeared fulsome in its encomiums. Enough of this. The fifty pounds a year permitted to Ben's wife as long as the seals of Tackle's secret remained unbroken, are found to be insufficient to support the wife and family decently, so Brace becomes, and glories in the metamorphosis, a Greenwich pensioner. All this part of his life is rich and genuinely natural. We like the old sailor better as a pensioner than in any other capacity. The tale now begins to wind up rapidly; his few old shipmates die off—old Tom the last. His sister's daughter, by Tackle, of whom he has a long while lost sight, and who was a *protegée* of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, has, in the interim, married a post captain, a lord, and a young lord of the Admiralty to boot. The meeting between the uncle and niece is too good to be omitted.

"Well, I got thinking of one thing and another, when I was startled by the noise of a carriage which drew up alongside the gates, whilst two chaps in cocked hats and long canes, who had been standing abaft, jumped down, opened the cabin door, and out comes the captain and his wife. Up I got directly, and steered towards the gate; for I thought I had never seen so fine a concern, with such a crew. The gentleman was a man about five-and-forty, togged off to the nines; and he gives his arm to his lady, and makes sail right towards me, steering for

the governor's house. Well, I did as we always did—saluted a stranger when he came into port; so, as they went by, I took off my hat and scraped my leg. The lady was looking the other way at a gingerbread barge belonging to the Lord Mayor, which was bringing down a batch of hungry fellows to eat small fish; but the gentleman took off his hat, and said to his lady, for I heard him, 'My dear, you did not see that gallant old fellow who welcomed you to Greenwich.'

"She gave a hasty cast of her eye, and they went on. 'Well,' thought I, now we have exchanged salutes, I'll just ask the admiral's name; so I steered up to the gates and hailed the servants,—although, to be sure, they looked more like Austrian generals than English footmen.

"'What cheer, lads?' said I; upon which all these land-lubbers began to grin. 'Cheer!' said one; 'who cheered? I should think, old boy, you didn't give a cheer when the Frenchmen whipped off your arm, or bunged up your eye?'

"'Then you're just on the wrong tack,' said I; 'for it was at Trafalgar, and I did not value my arm, no, not a shilling, when I thought of the victory.'

"'Ah!' said one of them, 'that happened before we were born, old boy, and we are not going to believe all you choose to tell us about that.' —'What a rum coat the old fellow has got on!' said another. 'And twig his cocked hat.'—'Why,' said the coachman, 'I wonder he walks about, when the pigs might mistake his legs for cabbage-stalks!' Upon which they all set up a laugh; and one fellow takes his white gloves off and claps them in his pocket, whilst the other asked who had the honour of making my clothes.

"'I say, my lads,' said I, for there was a crowd of pensioners and idlers gathered about, 'is that the way you answer a civil question? I thought you servants were taught better manners.'

"'Servants!' they all exclaimed: 'mind your own business, old boy, and don't talk about what you don't understand.'

"'What!' said I, 'are you ashamed of your rigging—are you ashamed of your master's clothes? Now look here,' says I, as I showed the Greenwich mustering suit: 'these clothes are the reward of honest service for my country. I have fought for it—bled for it—whilst you powder-monkeys have only cleaned your master's shoes, or carried away the plate on which he fed.—What, strike me!' said I, for one of the fellows raised his stick; 'strike Brace if you dare, and we'll haul you through every pond in the place, and wash the flour off your head under the pump. Don't commence action,' said I to half a hundred of my messmates: 'but only let them fire the first shot, and we'll soon see if we, old as we are, can't tackle them to their hearts' content. I only asked a civil question—I wanted to know to whom the carriage belonged, and I was then going to take them over and give them something to drink the king's health, when they began to jeer an old man of seventy-five with only one arm. But what can you expect from chaps who are ashamed of their own colours and their master's livery?'

"These flamingoes began to think it was no good battling the watch with us; so they all three got upon the forecastle of the coach, and they steered away for a public-house. 'Here's after them!' said about a dozen of the old ones; 'and we'll get them into a line for their impudence!' and I was left alone by the gate. But as for the line business, that was a failure; for the servants, not liking to get amongst the old boys, remained on the coach-box, and drank their beer aloft, and shortly returned. I was backing and filling about the place—for the weather was warm, and I felt better by being in the air—when I saw the servants come down by the run from the box, clap their scrapers all right and square, and handle their sticks like the drum-major of a regiment. I turned round, and I saw the lady and gentleman coming towards the carriage, accompanied by Sir William. I heard him say, 'I dare say your lordship will find

him at his wife's cottage, for he generally goes there about this hour. Poor old fellow! he was rather ill last night, and he is getting very aged for a sailor.' ('Well,' thinks I, 'what can the doctor mean by a great age for a sailor?' but I heard his reason.) 'When they first enter the navy,' the doctor said, 'they are habituated to much ardent spirits, and the continued use of them is more pernicious than all the fatigues they undergo. Oh, here is Brace!' he said. I took off my hat, and made a bow. 'This is Lord Nelson's old follower, for whom your ladyship inquired.'

"She looked at me—I knew her, for the mole in her forehead was as plain as the seal on a letter. I did not do what my heart prompted me to do—run and kiss her, and welcome her who had come to me at the very moment when I was most beset with difficulty; for I thought it would be wrong for me, an old sailor in the Greenwich uniform, to take hold of a lady covered up with silks, and with a bonnet over her jib large enough for a coal-scuttle! Well, I was fairly aback; and it was of no use turning the hands up to brace about, although I had got stern-way and was backing a small distance off. I can't write what I did feel—it was uncommon to me. I felt as if I could have hugged her and kissed her; and yet somehow I felt as if the thought was a kind of presumption:—I thought my heart bade me go forward like a man and an uncle, and then I thought discipline kept hauling me back: it was a regular squabble between affection and duty; but when the heart's in the right place, affection will carry the day, without neglecting one's duty. The servants were looking—the coachman had placed himself as upright as a pump-bolt—Sir William had just called me—his lordship was eyeing me; when what does Jane do, but she drops her rain-preventer,—and she gets headway upon her, runs me right aboard, claps her arms round my neck, falls to a-kissing me, and bursting out a-crying, said, 'Uncle Ben, uncle Ben! let this prove that I have not forgotten you!'

"'My eyes and limbs!' said old Lanyard, as he hobbled away, 'that is a queer go, surely; there's old Brace a-kissing the lord's wife!'"

"I am thinking that I should have been done outright if I had not been afraid to touch her: my stick fell out of my hand, and somehow my arm got round her waist, and says I, 'Blessings on you, Jane! you have hove in sight when the enemy were likely to capture me; and now that I see you—ay, and see you happy—I don't care how soon I die. Lord love you, Jane, and bless you! I always knew your heart was a good one—I knew that you would come and see me.'

"'Give me your hand, my fine old fellow,' says his lordship: 'Jane has often told me of your kindness to her, and the manner in which you behaved to her during one very trying hour of her father's——"

"'Belay all that, your lordship,' said I, interrupting him; 'not a word about it: I'm at this moment in great distress about that affair, and if Jane—I beg your honour's pardon, but I can't help calling her Jane—will just let your honour unlay the strands of this difficulty, you will make me and Susan happy for ever.'

"'Oh!' said Jane, 'I insist upon going directly to Susan: I have never seen her since I was a little child, and I remember her pretty face.'

"'It's better you did not, Jane,' said I; 'for you never will be able to make out her features—she's grown old.'

"'No, no,' said his lordship: 'get into the carriage, Brace, and we'll drive to the cottage. Come, Jane, let me hand you in first.' And he walked off with his wife.

"Well, it was a fine sight to see those footmen who had jeered me, standing at attention, one fellow holding the door open, and the other standing like a marine at muster, whilst I, the old sailor, was handed into the carriage by a lord. I felt I had always done my duty in this life, and therefore I was not ashamed to look any man in the face."

We must make no more extracts from this very excellent story, but pass it rapidly in review to its conclusion. The dilemma into which this most renowned of Bens had fallen, was precisely this:—Old Tapes, of whom we have before made dishonourable mention, notwithstanding his wealth, and his most decided wish to the contrary, found himself very likely to die. On his death-bed he leaves all his wealth to Mistress Benjamin Brace, his sister-in-law, on the proviso that the document containing his secret and Tackle's has not been opened; which opening is to be ascertained or preserved by the sealing-wax being, or not being, unbroken. The document, in the presence of the executors, is to be burned unread, and then the fortune to go to Brace's wife. Brace gets into an omnibus to go up to town with this momentous seal, of course, unbroken, but in the omnibus, as the driver, after the manner of the most approved of the drivers of omnibi, waits his full couple of hours until his long trough is full, Ben, to wile away the time, breaks the first envelope, which was his own, with his own seal sealed, but unfortunately sealed immediately over the seal of the Tapeserian document. So, in removing the one the other is broken adrift, and thus, to all appearance the fortune is lost, as the interdicted seal is now, to all intents and purposes, broken, and so almost is Ben's heart, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his wife and children. He meets the executor, with a small squad of lawyers, one of whom is the heir, providing the conditions of the will have not been complied with. Ben knowing of the mishap, is wary, and will not produce the document, though with all the uprightness of the British sailor, he confesses, that he believes that the seal is broken and that the letter is open. Upon this Lawyer Hawk chanteth his "O be joyful," and beginneth to administer the wealth to himself, and Ben returns disconsolate to Greenwich Hospital, and buries the papers, tied up in his silk handkerchief, at the bottom of his chest.

His new friend, the young lord, and the husband of Brace's niece Jane, is determined to bring the matter into court, and the issue is tried in the Common Pleas. All this is exquisitely written. The impudent warping of the truth and the insulting of witnesses, so much the present practice in our courts of law, are admirably described. When will this nuisance be abated? However the document is, after much ingenious pleading to and fro, at last handed up to the judge: it is examined, and the broken seal appears, after all, only to be one affixed to a supernumerary envelope, the two seals of the real and substantive document being still untouched; consequently, the fortune remains with the Brace family, and the story concludes.

From this brief outline and these cursory extracts, the reader may form a tolerable judgment of the materials, and of the excellent manner in which they have been employed, that constitute this admirable naval novel. It will be dear to every man before the mast. The messes of his Majesty's ships will, we are sure, club up to buy each one a copy of it. The foremast man will now see that heroism is not altogether confined to the quarter-deck. To him, these pages will be a cheering contemplation; and we doubt not that they will make many a bad man good, many a good one better.

As a work of literature, we pronounce it is deserving high praise.

It is consistent throughout, and in that consistency is to be found the brightest features of its excellence. The language is germane to the matter; and the reader will find that, though it never rises in refinement of expression beyond what might be expected from a man in wide trowsers and a straw hat, it is sufficient for the deepest pathos, the most exalted sentiment, and the broadest humour. Is not this the exact praise that is given to the pastorals of the ancient poets? Why is it not, therefore, amply due to the author of Ben Brace? When we first opened the book we began to fear that we should weary of the eternal technicalities of the noble sailor, but our alarm was soon dissipated. At the termination of the third volume we wished for three more in the identical and forcible palaver of honest-hearted Ben Brace.

Captain Chamier, making Ben his mouth-piece, has touched upon delicate points:—the flogging, general to the two services, and the impressment peculiar to the naval one only. We heartily agree with Chamier on the first point; on the second, we have a difference, a very slight difference of opinion. But rising, as we are now doing, fresh with admiration from his work, we shall not, in this place, enter the lists against him. We will merely humbly state, that Sir James Graham's plan should be tried before it be condemned, as it certainly is from the lips of the last of the Agamemnons. But, perhaps, in this instance Ben is only giving himself more headway than his commanding officer approved; if so, we have not another word to say on the subject.

In conclusion, we are about to pay Captain Chamier a compliment: he may not like it—that we cannot help; but, as he deserves it, he shall have it; and if it galls him sorely, he must call to mind the memorable speech of Alexander the Great, in which he said, that if he were not Alexander he would wish to be Diogenes. It is true we never thought much of the good taste of this speech, for surely there was some little difference between the conqueror of armies, the destroyer of nations, and the dirty defiler of a tub, who disgraced mankind in his own person, and reviled it in all others. Ben Brace is surely a character as much superior to the cynic as an Englishman to the Chimpanzee. We do not know whether, in an honest Christian way, he may not compete with Alexander himself. Now, what we have to say is this; that were not Chamier the identical Chamier he is, perhaps the future winner of victories, and, we trust, the future admiral, we heartily wish that he had been the humble hero that he has so strikingly pourtrayed:—the active foretopman in his youth, the gallant admiral's coxswain in his middle age, and the venerable and garrulous Greenwich pensioner in his decline,—in fact, his own brilliant creation, an incarnation of Ben Brace. But, perhaps, this would be too much glory for any single individual, and we had better let Captain Chamier remain just the good, clever, pleasant fellow that he is, and wish that such he may live many, very many years.

# DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

## CHAPTER XXIV.

February, 1836.

THE Burmahs are decidedly a brave nation, the government being despotic, their rulers are cruel, but the people are not. I state this, as cowardice and cruelty usually go hand in hand. The character of the people is good temper and generosity, and they are excellent materials to work upon in judicious hands. I witnessed acts of courage at the early part of the war, before the Burmahs found out how impossible it was to cope with our superior arms, which were most surprising, and which excited our admiration. They are peculiarly a warlike nation, and of war they are fond. Every man is a soldier, and when ordered out to join the ranks, obeys without receiving any pay, providing his own arms. This fact, at once establishes, that they are inclined to war. Their arms generally consist of a double-handed sword, a weapon of great force, and very large spears; but every one that can possess a musket will, and if it has not a lock, they will fire it with a match. It is in this point that the Burmahs are so deficient in arms: we used to consider it a very courageous act to venture to fire off a Burmese musket, they were in such a wretched condition: and to crown all, every man *makes his own gunpowder*. Now it may be easily imagined what stuff this must be; as, previous to an expected combat, each Burmah sits down and composes the article to the best of his knowledge and belief. The consequences are, that when these muskets do go off, which is ten to one they do not, it is again ten to one but the bullet falls short, from the inefficacy of the powder. There is another singular fact, and one which proves that they have been used to muskets but a short time: it is that they have no bullet-moulds or leaden bullets. All their bullets are of iron, hammered as round as they can hammer them at the forge; of course the windage produced by this imperfect missile, occasions it to deviate much from its intended direction.

The guns on their stockades and war-boats are equally defective, from bad powder, and the hammered bullets. It is difficult to know where they could have collected such a curious assemblage. Sometimes you will fall in with a small brass piece of exquisite Spanish manufacture, at others, you will find the strangest forms that can be conceived. I rather think they were purchased, or taken as a part of the duties on vessels trading to Rangoon. I recollect one at the first taking of a stockade: we knocked off the trunnions of an old iron gun, and left it there as useless. The Burmahs re-occupied the stockade, and we had to take it a second time, when we found that they had most ingeniously supplied the want of trunnions with iron hoops and rivets, and the gun was fired at us before we entered. I doubt whether they would have hit upon the expedient at Woolwich

[1] Continued from p. 194.

Yard. At another time, we entered a stockade which had kept up a brisk fire for a few minutes, and, to our surprise, found that they had made *wooden* guns, very well bound and braced with iron hoops. Of course these guns would not fire more than two or three shot each, as the touch-holes were inflamed, and were soon so large as to render them unserviceable; but I mention these points, to prove the perseverance of these people, and the efforts they made in their own defence. After the first campaign it is true that they deserted, and the levies were made by force; but the reason of this, for I inquired into it, was not that they had any objection to fight, but that, fighting without pay, they wanted to go home and put the seed into the ground, as otherwise their wives and families would starve.

The Burmah war-boats are very splendid craft, pulling from eighty to one hundred oars; the Burmahs manage them very dexterously, and will pull them from seven to eight miles an hour. They have a war-boat dedicated to the duty, which brought intelligence that saved the nation at the time of the war with the empire of Pegu, in a space of time so short, as almost to appear incredible.

As I before observed, the gun mounted on the bow is of little effect, but their spears are really formidable. At a night attack upon some of our vessels, anchored off a stockade which they wanted to regain, I had an evidence of the force with which they are thrown. The sides of the vessels were covered with them, sticking out like porcupine's quills, and they had entered the plank with such force, that it required a very strong arm to pull them out again. We lost some men by them; the effect of a hundred spears hurling through the air at the same time was singularly appalling to our men, who were not accustomed to the sound, especially during the night. I heard several of the sailors observe afterwards that they "did not like that at all," and I am sure they would have infinitely preferred to have been met with fire-arms. Some of these spears were sixteen feet long, sharp at both ends, and with an iron head, weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds. I have seen bows and arrows in the possession of the Burmahs, but never have observed that they used them in their conflicts with us. They appeared to despise them. The system of warfare and defence pursued by these people, is, undoubtedly, excellent for the peculiarities of the country. Their stockades are usually built of any thick teak timber, or rather squared trees, which are much too strong to be penetrated by any other than battering cannon, and, in consequence, were invariably carried by escalade. Some of them are built of bamboos, running from a foot to two feet diameter. These are equally strong, with the peculiarity that if you fire cannon at them the bamboos yield, admit the shot, and then close again. If these stockades are not close to the river side, they usually have a deep ditch round them, and are further protected by what was more serious to us than the escalade, which were abbatis of pointed bamboos, stuck in a slanting direction in the ground. The slight wounds made by these bamboos, brought on lock-jaw, and too often terminated fatally. In the attacks upon us at Rangoon they made their approaches with some degree of military skill, throwing up trenches as they advanced. Their fire rafts on such a rapid river were

also formidable. They have wells of petroleum up the country, their rafts were very large, and here and there were old canoes on the rafts, filled with this inflammable matter. When on fire, it blazed as high as our maintop, throwing out flames, heat, and stank quite enough to drive any one away.

I have mentioned their mode of warfare and their deficiencies, to prove that if the Burmahs had been as well provided with every species of arms equal to our own, the country would not have been subjugated. Their system of defence is good, their bravery is undoubted, but they had no effective weapons. I strongly suspect that they will, now that they have been taught their inferiority, use every means to obtain them; and if so, they will really become a formidable nation. As one proof of their courage, I will mention, that at every stockade there is a look-out man, perched on a sort of pole, about ten feet or more clear of the upper part of the stockade, in a situation completely exposed. I have often observed these men, and it was not till the cannonade had fairly commenced on both sides, that they came down. And when they did, it was without hurry; indeed, I may say, in a most leisurely and indifferent manner. Of their invulnerables and their antics I have already spoken.

In countries governed despotically, life is not so much valued as it is in others. The very knowledge that it may be taken in a moment at the will of the rulers, renders even the cowardly comparatively indifferent. When we are accustomed from our earliest years to anticipate an event, when it actually arrives, we meet it with composure and indifference. The lad in England who is brought up to thieving, and who is continually reminded by his parents, that he *must be hung* before he is twenty, goes to the gallows, when his turn comes, with much *sang froid*. So it is in a despotic country, where the people witness the heads of their fellows roll on the ground, and surmise how soon their own turn will come. I had more than one evidence of this during my stay. In one instance I wished to obtain information from a prisoner, but could extract none. He had been sitting between the carronades on deck for twenty-four hours, and some of the men or officers had given him a bowl of grog and a couple of cigars, with which he was busy when I interrogated him. As he professed ignorance, I told him that if he would not give me the desired information, I should take his head off; and I sent for the serjeant of marines, who appeared with two of his party, and with his drawn sword. We called him out from between the guns, but he begged through the interpreter to be allowed to finish his grog; to which I consented: when that was done he was again ordered out, but requested leave to finish about an inch of cigar which remained in his mouth. To which I also acceded, not being in a particular hurry to do that which I never intended to do. During all this the man was perfectly composed, and did not show the least alarm at his approaching fate. As soon as the cigar was finished, he bound his long hair up afresh, and made preparation. I again asked him if he would tell, but he pleaded ignorance, and stepped forward, went down on his knees and took off the cloth from about his loins, which he spread on the deck to receive his head, and then putting

his hands on the deck, held it in the position to be cut off. Not a muscle trembled, for I watched the man carefully. He was, of course, remanded, and the sailors were so pleased with him, that he went on shore with more grog and more tobacco than he had probably ever seen in his life.

The Burmahs have, however, a means of extracting information from spies, &c. which I never saw practised by them, although it was borrowed from them. It was in our own quarter master-general's office that I witnessed this species of torture, so simple in its operation and apparently so dreadful in its effects. It consists in giving one single blow upon the region of the heart, so as to stop for some seconds the whole circulation. The way by which this is effected is as follows:—the man—the Burmahs are generally naked to the waist—is made to sit down on the floor; another man stands behind him, and leaning over him, takes a very exact aim with his sharp bent elbow at the precise spot over his heart, and then strikes a blow which, from its being propelled so very mechanically, descends with increased force.

The effect appears dreadful; the dark hue of the sufferer's face turns to a deadly white; the perspiration bursts out from his forehead, and he trembles in every limb. I never witnesssed such apparent agony. These blows repeated three or four times, will unman the most resolute, and they will call for death as a favour.

There is a point which demands the most serious attention of the Indian government, which, connected with those I have already mentioned, makes the Burmese nation more formidable; it is, the great contempt they have for the sepoys. And what is equally true, the fears which the sepoys have of them. The Burmahs are only afraid of the white faces, as I shall very soon establish. They despise the sepoys, although they are so well armed. Now, that the sepoys are good troops, there can be no doubt; they have proved it often; but, at the same time, they are not, as some of the Indian officers have asserted in my presence, the best troops in the world, and preferable to Europeans. That they are much easier to control, and that they excel in discipline, I grant, because they are never intoxicated; but they have, in the first place, very little stamina, and are, generally speaking, a small and very effeminately-built race. Still they have fought well, very well; but they never fought well against the Burmahs; and for this simple reason, that superstition is more powerful than courage, and subdues it. The sepoys are very superstitious, and have the idea, which was never eradicated, that the Burmahs are *charmed men*, and they never went out against them willingly, even when they were headed by the English troops. As for the contempt of the Burmahs, it was notorious. I have myself seen one of the Burmah prisoners at Rangoon lift up a piece of timber that six of the sepoys could hardly have moved, and throw it down, so as to make it roll at the feet of the sepoy guard who watched him, making them all retreat several paces, and then laugh at them in derision. But it requires greater proof than the above. The Burmahs had stockaded themselves about seven miles from Rangoon, and it was determined to dislodge them. Colonel S—, who was very partial to the native troops, was ordered on this service, and he requested

particularly that he might have no troops but the sepoys. Sir A. Campbell did not much like to consent, but, as the stockades were not higher than breastworks, and the Burmahs not in very great force, he unwillingly yielded to the Colonel's arguments. Fifteen hundred sepoys were ordered out, and the Colonel went on his expedition. The Burmahs had good intelligence that there were no European troops, and when the sepoys arrived, they did not wait to be attacked, but attacked them and put them completely to the rout. One half of the sepoys were said to be killed, the others came back to Rangoon in parties of ten or twelve, and in the utmost consternation and confusion. Sir A. Campbell was, of course, much enraged, and the next day a European force was dispatched against the Burmahs. On their arrival they witnessed a dreadful and disgusting scene. A long avenue had been cut in the wood, and on each side of it were hung by the heels at equal distances, shockingly mutilated, the naked bodies of the seven hundred and fifty sepoys killed. The Burmahs did not, however, attempt to resist the European force, but after a few shots immediately retired. Now this is a very important fact: and it is a fact which cannot be denied, although it has not been made known. In India there is a nominal force of three hundred thousand men, but they are scattered over such a vast extent of territory, that, allowing they could be made disposable, which they could not, it would require many months before they could be collected; and if the Burmahs despise the sepoys, and the sepoys dread the Burmahs, the only check against the latter will be the European troops; and of them how many can be called out? Not ten thousand, at the very utmost; and the difficulty of collecting them was well known at the commencement of the Burmah war. There certainly is a great difference between attacking others in their own territories and defending ourselves, but if the Burmahs could hold out against us, as they did, for nearly three years, without arms to cope with us, what might be the consequence if they were supplied with arms and officers by the French or any other nation? I was at Pondicherry some time after the war had been carried on, and I found that the French authorities there were quite alive to this very unexpected quarter from which India might be assailed. If the French were to lead 100,000 Burmahs, they would march through India, for we could muster no force which could oppose them. We have now a footing in the country, and it must be our object to prevent the ingress of any other, and to keep the Burmahs as quiet and as peaceable as we can. But our very intercourse will enlighten them by degrees, and we have more to dread from that quarter than from all the hordes of Russia or Runjeet Sing, and the whole disaffection of India.

If ever an officer deserved to be created a peer for his services, it was Sir Archibald Campbell. The events of a war in a distant country are little known in England; but had it not been for the perseverance and gallantry of that officer, in opposition to every species of difficulty and privation, the war with Burmah would not now have been ended. His forcing his way into the interior with such a handful of men was a most extraordinary feat; still more extraordinary was the success attending it, and the remarkable and unexpected death

of the great Burmah general, Bundoolah, the very first time that he was engaged with the Europeans. It is singular that the Burmahs considered his life as charmed against all shot or cutting weapon, and that he was killed in his tent by a missile wholly unknown to them—a shell, which fell into it and burst on his table. But as I have more to say relative to the Burmahs, I will, in my next chapter, enter into a short narrative of the expedition to Bassein. It was a bloodless one, although very important in its results; and circumstances occurred in it which will throw much light upon the character of the nation.

*(To be continued.)*

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## WHERE IS SHE?

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! where is she? Each scene remains,
Where oft at blushing morn she roved,
The warbling birds in tuneful strains,
Still carol from the wood she loved;
Sunbeams their glowing radiance fling
O'er each fair flower and waving tree,
All bloom beneath the smile of spring,
All breathe of life—but where is she?

The softening shades of eve descend,
Around the hearth her kindred meet,
How oft they mourn the gentle friend
Who once enjoyed that converse sweet:
Now, at the hallowed hour of prayer,
They lift the hand, and bend the knee,
Oh! there was one who loved to share
Those orisons—but where is she?

Say, need we ask?—in you blue sky,
Removed from pain, from care, and woe;
She tastes a bliss more true and high
Than all her dearest joys below:
She walks with spirits pure and bright,
From sin, from bondage she is free,
And while we view those realms of light,
Say, should we murmur—where is she?

In faith and trust on earth she dwelt,
In calm seclusion's path she trod,
Deeply her Saviour's love she felt,
Who died that *she* might live with God;
The Christian's hope our sadness cheers,
The Christian's rock our stay must be,
Then let us cease our selfish tears,
Nor ask in sorrow—where is she?

# THE CHARITY SISTER.

## A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.
OTHELLO.

ROSABELLE DE CLAIRVILLE was the sole and motherless child of a French nobleman of high rank in the court of Lewis the Fifteenth: her father, the Marquis de Clairville, had married late in life, and loved his little daughter as much as it was possible for an old French courtier to love any thing. She was a beautiful, lively child; excessively indulged, but, thanks to the natural goodness of her disposition, not spoiled. She was petulant, but affectionate; expecting attention, and accustomed to admiration; replete with talent, but idle, and apparently incapable of continued application; from her teachers and regular lessons she acquired very little, but, at the same time, she learnt a great deal that nobody taught her. Her dancing-master could never succeed in drilling her into the stiff courtesy and solemn step of the *minuet de la cour*, but in the cotillion and lighter dances then in vogue, he equally failed to destroy the innate grace and elastic freedom of her movements. In music it was the same: "Mademoiselle has voice and ear," said the despairing professors, "but we can teach her nothing." Her father sighed and frowned; but Rosabelle would throw her arms round his neck, and sing his favourite troubadour ballad so sweetly, so simply, so feelingly, that even the heart of the old courtier asked, "Is not *this* music?" "Leave your daughter alone, marquis," said a sagacious female friend; "put within her reach all the means of education, and wait her time."

The marquis had been rich, but was so no longer; the profession of a courtier is a very expensive one, and he had come to the decision of placing his daughter *en pension*, and retiring three or four years to his estate in the south; but the observation of his friend, and the entreaties of his child, prevailed: "O do not put me into that horrid prison, dear papa! I shall die—you will never see your poor Rose again—let me go with you! I will pay *such* attention to Monsieur l'Abbé and Mademoiselle Clery—and I shall be so happy and so *free!* not as we are at Versailles; but I shall run about in real woods, and see real waterfalls, and gather wild flowers, and help the haymakers, and hear birds sing that are as free as myself, not pent up in aviaries and gilt cages—and O papa! such a garden as I will have!" And enchanted at the picture her imagination had drawn, she jumped, in spite of her little hoop-petticoat and high-heeled shoes,

about the room in all the ecstasy of a true child of nature. "Yes, indeed," inwardly exclaimed the marquis, "nature does play us strange pranks sometimes! this child she intended for a Swiss mountaineer; but it has pleased her capricious ladyship to place her in a French court. Her mother, a dignified descendant of the De Courci's, and her father—myself——!" The marquis shrugged his shoulders, and took a large pinch of snuff.

Rosabelle was a privileged pet in the courtly circle in which her father moved; she could, without reproof, say and do things no one else could say or do; the stiff little *demoiselles* of her own age, who had now and then a peep at home from their schools, regarded her with astonishment and dread; and some of her grown-up friends dreaded her also, for Rosabelle was too acute and observant, was an excellent mimic, and delighted in petty mischief; her little railleries and bon-mots were applauded and repeated, and many more than she ever said were, from various motives, attributed to her. All this tended to nourish a dangerous habit of mind; her father was condemned for not bringing her up like other children, and educating her *selon les règles;* and even those who loved her best, were not sorry to find that he intended, from whatever motive, to withdraw her into retirement for a certain period. The step was at length decided on; the marquis, with a desperate effort, tore himself from Paris and Versailles, doubtful whether he should be able even to breathe in any other atmosphere, and regarding the sacrifice he thus made for his fortune and his daughter, as an act of more than Roman heroism. Rosabelle was between twelve and thirteen when she accompanied her father to his long-deserted château in Provence, the romantic and beautiful.

About three years after their departure, a young English nobleman was presented, and exceedingly well received, at the French court. Lord Altamont was five-and-twenty: his father had died early in his minority, and on coming of age he took possession of a very large fortune. He was now on his travels, and had visited some of the northern courts, together with Vienna and Italy. It was his intention, on leaving Paris, to proceed to the south, and take Madrid and Lisbon on his way home.

Lord Altamont was a favourable specimen of his class and country at that period. Grave, dignified, courteous; lofty and firm in principle, full of spirit and honour; but a somewhat cold and highly-polished exterior veiled in him warm and deep affections, and a sensibility, perhaps too acute and irritable, mingled with a certain degree of romance, which his close and habitual intercourse with the world had not yet worn away. His abilities were of the first order, and had been carefully and judiciously cultivated; he was ambitious, and looked forward to a brilliant career, intending, however, that his first object, on his return home, should be his marriage.

He felt that in his choice of a wife he should be fastidious, and even peculiar; money he would rather she did *not* possess; noble birth, high breeding, and beauty, were indispensable; scrupulously correct not only in principle and conduct, but in manners, dress, and conversation; like Cæsar's wife, it was to be impossible to *suspect* her

of levity; gentle and calm, but dignified, and even proud;—a magic circle was to be drawn around her, that all were to feel it impracticable to pass. He could recall to his memory no woman that, as his wife, he should entirely approve of; his mother he thought might, when young, have approached nearly to his *beau idéal;* but, though an excellent wife, even she had been wanting in that excessive conjugal tenderness and devotion which *he* should expect. His sister was decorum itself; but whether she had a heart at all, was a question not yet solved. "One point I have quite decided on," and he glanced at the circle of graceful and factitious beings that surrounded him, "I will never marry a foreigner, and especially a Frenchwoman."

"Well, my lord," said the young and handsome Count de Beauvilliers, advancing towards him, "so you really have made up your mind to leave us for those barbarous countries of the south? You English have great courage—but why did you not make Paris your *bonne bouche,* and have quitted it only for England?"

Lord Altamont had no intention of feeding the vanity of the Parisian, therefore took no notice of his queries; but said, as from a sudden recollection, "By-the-by, count, you have an uncle in Provence, an old friend of my father; I should have great pleasure in being introduced to him."

"I will give you a letter—but, no," continued the count, archly, "I think I had better not, for there is *la belle cousine,* as well as the old uncle."

"True," replied Lord Altamont, "I have heard so; and, moreover, that she is to be madame la comtesse—is she not?"

"*Ma foi!*" replied the young Frenchman with a shrug. "I scarce know myself whether she will be or no. My father recommended our union on his death-bed, her father desires it; she cares nothing about it, no more do I: but this is the way we manage these matters here; our papas and mammas are so obliging as to take all the trouble off our hands."

"Is she not very beautiful?"

"I dare say she is; I recollect her a very pretty, though a wild and romping child; but were she perfection itself, I have no intention of falling in love with her."

"Why not?"

"Because I have to marry her, you know."

"Very true—I forgot. But supposing any one else were to marry her?"

"Ha! that would be quite another thing: *you* go and marry her, my lord, and bring her to Paris, and I promise to fall in love with her directly."

"Thank you," replied the Englishman, "but why not accompany me?"

"Not now, it is impossible: I have," continued the count, speaking slowly, and turning his eye-glass towards a lady, "*une petite affaire de cœur,* which nothing could induce me to break off at this critical moment."

It was a beautiful spring morning when Lord Altamont caught the

first glimpse of the Château de Clairville, charmingly situated on the slope of a hill; beyond it the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that loveliest and mildest of seas, danced and sparkled in the sunbeams; all around bore an air of cultivation, improvement, and cheerfulness. Lord Altamont left his carriage, ordering it to proceed to the gate of the principal avenue, and to wait there for him, while he himself strolled up a green, shaded, and flowery lane, evidently leading to the same point. He lingered along it, in the full enjoyment of all that the songs of birds, the scent of violets, the wild roses clustering along the hedges, and the ground carpeted with daisies, could give; he lingered in a sort of mental intoxication, thinking of nothing and enjoying every thing, when he was startled by a laugh near him, then a light quick footstep, and through an aperture of the hedge sprung a girl dressed *en paysanne*, her hair loose over her shoulders, and in her hand a broad straw hat with blue ribbons, with which she was hunting a superb butterfly. Lord Altamont stopped, and according to the polite usage of those times, instinctively took off his travelling-cap—when, lo! the fatigued butterfly rested on his head, and in an instant the broad straw hat, blue ribbons and all, was on the top of it.

The young girl, on perceiving whose head she had so unceremoniously docorated, remained for a few moments the picture of astonishment and confusion; then again the ludicrous appearance of the stranger, contrasted with his look of grave surprise, overcame every feeling but that of the ridiculous, and she gave way to one of those uncontrollable and irrepressible fits of laughter, so well known by, and so easily excused in, the young and light-hearted.

She made an attempt to recover her hat, but this the stranger quietly opposed, and taking her hand prisoner, asked if she imagined he would suffer her to repossess herself of her hat without paying the accustomed tribute. At this the girl's laughter ceased, she looked round in dismay, and a blush, partly from fear and partly from anger, crimsoned her face and neck: "Sir, I beg you will give me my hat—it was quite unintentional—I saw nothing but the butterfly—let go my hand!" While she thus spoke, Lord Altamont gazed with admiration, and perhaps with too great freedom, on the most perfectly beautiful face he ever beheld; at the same time his quick tact made him perceive that she was no peasant girl. "You would have good reason to laugh at me," he said, "if I made no conditions; but I will not be severe with my lovely prisoner—allow me to replace the hat on *your* head, and that is all I ask." She shook back her dark luxuriant hair, and looked up to him timidly yet confidingly; he raised the hat from his own head, (away flew the butterfly,) and placed it gently and becomingly on hers: he *would* tie it, and the bow which she could have fastened in a moment, he took (from his inexperience, no doubt) fully three minutes to arrange; but he kept his word; and she bounded back through the aperture with the fleetness of a fawn, and disappeared he could scarcely tell how or in what direction.

Lord Altamont was received in the kindest and most hospitable manner by the old marquis, who ordered an apartment to be immediately prepared for him, and pressed him to become his guest for as

long a time as he could spare. Having dressed for dinner, his lordship proceeded to the saloon, where the marquis introduced to him the usual guests of a great man's table in retirement. Monsieur l'Abbé, a secretary, the parish priest, the family lawyer, and the family physician. But Lord Altamont felt more interested when on the opening of a door at the upper end of the apartment the marquis said, "Allow me to introduce you to my daughter, Mademoiselle de Clairville—Rosabelle, Lord Altamont, the son of the esteemed friend you have so often heard me mention." A young lady, followed by her governess, advanced; the camblet petticoat and laced boddice were exchanged for a silk robe and an ornamented stomacher, the wildly-flowing tresses were gathered up and carefully disposed curl above curl, but still she was the same, the heroine of his morning's adventure, the light-footed butterfly hunter, the beautiful owner of the blue-ribboned hat!

What detains Lord Altamont so long at Clairville? Week after week glides by, and still he is there! Madrid and Lisbon are forgotten: his home itself ceases to be longed for; his ambitious projects sleep, and the fancy-formed image of his stately bride is altogether obliterated; all his wise and prudent resolutions are upset, and by whom? —a wild *French* girl, a regular *petite étourdie*—a graceful, a beautiful romp certainly, yet a mere romp, scarcely out of the nursery. True, she was all this; but had she been only this, she would never have won her English lover. She was open and artless as the day; her temper, though impatient, was generous and endearing; her affections warm: the poor blessed her, although her benevolence was often ill-directed, and all doated on her, even the Abbé and Mademoiselle Clery, although she was, as they said, the plague of their lives.

But there was another strong source of attraction—her child-like yet evident preference of Lord Altamont; the careless indifference or laughing raillery with which she returned the compliments and attentions of the young men of the neighbouring families, formed a marked contrast to her manner towards him. She was never known to listen so patiently to the instructions of any one, and he delighted to instruct her, as her mental powers were evidently very superior to what they had hitherto appeared to the secondary minds that surrounded her. They studied together, they walked together, they rode and danced together; poor Mademoiselle Clery had no sinecure, and in spite of all her vigilance, they often managed to escape from her. The marquis was not blind to all this, but he affected to be so; his pride had been hurt at the delays of his nephew, the Count de Beauvilliers, whom he had intended for the husband of his daughter, and he justly thought that the young, wealthy, and noble Altamont was more than an equivalent; he regretted that he was a foreigner, especially that he was an Englishman and a Protestant, nevertheless he made up his mind to the match.

Lord Altamont received a letter from his mother:—"What can detain you, my dear son, so long in the south of France? By this time we expected you would have been at Lisbon. It is desirable that you should spend the autumn among your tenantry, and in extending your personal acquaintance with the families of the county: certain cou-

munications and preparations will also be necessary previous to your first appearance in the House of Peers. We think, as the season is so far advanced, you had better give up Madrid and Lisbon, and embark from the Garonne."

Lord Altamont crushed the letter in his hand and paced his apartment with agitated steps: the crisis had arrived. "I," said reason, "disapprove of this match:—marry an Englishwoman, extend your connexion among the nobility of your own country, where you will find the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and the most virtuous women in the world. The marriage you contemplate will disappoint all who wish you well, and will deeply wound your mother and sister. A Catholic!—a giddy, spoiled, *French* girl!" "I," said love, "am quite of a contrary opinion. Rosabelle de Clairville is sprung from a lineage far more ancient and noble than that of the Altamonts; the blood of the Montmorenci flows in her veins. Few Englishwomen can rival her in beauty; none can exceed her in excellence of disposition or in warmth of affection; she is very young—that is a fault that will mend daily; she is giddy,—watchful care and judicious precept will give steadiness to her mind, and, consequently, dignity to her manners; her only serious faults are those of being a Catholic and a Frenchwoman, and for those she is not accountable. Your mother and sister and every one else will begin by admiring and end by loving her. It is not as though you transplanted her from the hotbed of Paris; you gather her a fresh, unsullied, and secluded flower; place her in your bosom, your pride and ornament, and wear her there for ever!" Reason had not a word more to say, or if she had it was not listened to. The laws of the Ottoman empire were not more completely annulled by the *petit nez retroussé de Roxalane*, than were those of the empire of reason on this momentous occasion.

Lord Altamont proceeded to Rosabelle's little studio, where she was seated amid books and flowers, half-finished drawings and embroidery.

"I am so glad you are come," she said, running for her book; "now only hear me read this English passage."

"Rosabelle!" said Lord Altamont mournfully: she looked at him.

"Good heavens, how pale you are! What is the matter?—you are not well."

"I have received a letter: I am recalled to England: I must leave you."

"Leave me!" repeated Rosabelle, as if, for the first time, the possibility of such an occurrence presented itself, "Leave me!" the book dropped from her hand, the blood receded from her cheek and lips, and she seemed as if about to fall:—he threw his arm round her.

"Do you love me, Rosabelle?"

The colour returned mantling over face and neck, and tears rushed to her eyes as she almost sobbed out, "Very, very much."

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, to be sure I will," and in another moment she was folded in his arms, and his lips were pressed to hers; in which interesting predicament Mademoiselle Clery found them to her inexpressible asto-

nishment. Let those upbraid who have "more cunning to be strange."

The château was soon all bustle; the delighted old marquis had an immediate interview with the bishop of the diocese, and managed matters so well that the difficulties at that time attending a marriage between persons differing in their religious creed were speedily removed. Several ladies offered their services on the occasion, and in ten days after the proposal the marriage took place, according to the rituals of the two churches; and, although the preparations were hasty, and as much privacy as possible was observed, yet the ceremonial was in all respects befitting the high station of the parties.

In the preceding interval, Lord Altamont had been pleased to observe that Rosabelle had suddenly assumed a more serious and retiring manner; he argued favourably from this, and perhaps gave too much weight to what was simply the result of her new situation.

The marquis was very eager for a return to Paris; the young couple were too much wrapped up in each other to care about it; however, as it appeared essential that Lord Altamont should not delay proceeding to England longer than could be helped, a fortnight after the marriage they all set out for Paris.

Travelling was not so rapid then as it is in our days: a journey from Provence to Paris was a serious undertaking, even with all "appliances and means to boot;" yet it was much enjoyed by the happy party. Along the whole route the houses of the marquis's friends were open to them, and the admiration excited by the young and beautiful bride gratified the pride and affection of the new-made husband.

They arrived in Paris, and at the door of the magnificent hotel temporarily secured for their reception, several of their intimate friends, French and English, were waiting to receive and welcome them. The Count de Beauvilliers was not among them; he had been obliged to attend the court at Versailles, but he had left a note of congratulation, promising himself the happiness of their society as soon as he could escape from his court duties.

It was at Versailles the count heard from a hundred tongues of the exquisite beauty and the *naïve* grace of the young Lady Altamont. She was quite the rage; she was surrounded; she was worshipped. "What a shame for us to let an Englishman run away with such a prize! Why, Beauvilliers, what have you been about? We had always heard *you* named as the future guardian of this treasure!" The count smiled and shrugged his shoulders, but when alone he bit his lips and frowned.

A member of the royal family had been dangerously ill, and no company was, for the moment, received at Versailles; but when the count's term of attendance had expired he was commissioned to inform the Marquis de Clairville and Lord and Lady Altamont that the court would remove in a few days to the Tuileries, where their reception would take place.

One evening about three weeks after their arrival in Paris, Lady Altamont stood alone in one of her splendidly-illuminated drawing-rooms; it was her first *soirée*, and she eyed with girlish delight the

tasteful and costly arrangements that had been made; her eye glanced on a pier-glass, in which her own beautiful form was brightly reflected, and a blush of pardonable vanity passed over her cheek; through the mirror she perceived a figure glide into the apartment and pause near the door as though regarding her: she turned hastily round, and advancing, perceived a very handsome young stranger, with a certain *air distingué*, approaching towards her. She felt a momentary surprise at his unannounced appearance.

"Have you so entirely forgotten me, Rosabelle?"

She sprang towards him: "My dear cousin, is it you at last? How you are altered!—how you are improved!"

Privileged by his relationship, he saluted her. "And you are altered, Rosabelle, and improved, yet I never could have mistaken *you* for an instant."

"Well, come, let us sit down; we shall be able to have a few minutes chat before anybody arrives."

"Stay one instant," he said, detaining her, "and let me look at you!—let me look—on all that I have lost!"

Rosabelle felt somewhat confounded; an obscure recollection of a marriage having been once meditated with her cousin rose to her mind, but she was quite ignorant that any serious correspondence on the subject had taken place between her father and the count during the last twelvemonth; therefore, after the first moment of uneasiness had passed, she felt very much inclined to laugh at what she considered a sudden fit of heroics on the part of her cousin, brought on by the remembrance of their former childish love-making.

"Come, come, Albert, this will not do. I have grown older and wiser since you used to talk nonsense to me. Bless me! I can scarcely think you the same Albert that dressed up in my father's cocked hat and pig-tail with his old embroidered waistcoat, blue and silver, the flaps reaching below your knees—"

"Rosabelle! cease for Heaven's sake! Lady Altamont!"

"And I," she continued, not heeding him, "do not you remember?—lost myself in your mother's highest *coiffure* and her largest hoop and silk petticoat; and you were to be Henri Quatre, and I the fair Gabrielle! Ha! ha! ha! many a talk we will have over those old times:—and have you forgotten the tricks we played to the snuffy Abbé, with the squeaking voice? and the cross-looking old lady with the long nose and spectacles?"

Beauvilliers found that, in spite of himself, he was obliged to change his ground, and quit for the present his sighs and sentiment. They were seated on a sofa, and both in the midst of a fit of laughter, such as the polished count had not enjoyed since they last met, when the marquis and Lord Altamont entered. The uncle and nephew flew into each other's arms and embraced tenderly after the fashion of their country; but in Lord Altamont's reception there was something restrained although perfectly polite, and intended to be cordial.

The rooms soon filled: the young hostess was the theme of universal admiration; for although France can always boast of the most graceful, talented, and attractive women, *beauty* is not common, and therefore the surpassing loveliness of Lady Altamont produced the

most decided effect. Beauvilliers seldom left her side, and when he did his eyes were rivetted upon her; their looks often met, and that with a certain degree of intelligence, as any well-remembered tune, or peculiar step or figure recalled their old dancing lessons, and many an association thereunto belonging. Lord Altamont did not dance much that evening, and, although exceedingly attentive to his guests, was observed not to be in his usual good spirits.

The next day he received a letter from his mother, in answer, after a considerable delay, to his communication of his marriage. She evidently regretted it deeply, more than she chose to express; she earnestly requested that he would remove his young wife as speedily as possible from Paris, and bring her to the family seat in Sussex, where she and her daughter at present resided. A somewhat cold, but polite message to the bride and her father from the two ladies, concluded the epistle. Lord Altamont was perusing it in his lady's dressing-room, with a degree of pain which surprised even himself; he raised his eyes and looked at Rosabelle; she was practising a step before her long dressing-glass; suddenly she stopped, and seemed lost in thought. "What are you thinking of, Rose?"

"I was trying to recollect the pretty *chassé* step Beauvilliers does so well: now look here, do you think this is it?" and away went her little feet in more evolutions than his lordship could follow.

"I dare say that is it," he replied; "I am sure it ought to be, it is so pretty. Do you like your cousin very much?"

"Yes—no!" said Rosabelle.

"Yes—no—which do you mean?"

"I like him, and I do not like him; I like him for what he has been; he was such a good-natured playfellow, and so full of *espièglerie!* but now, you know—now I do not care so much about him."

"But I think he cares about you."

"O, that he does! I think he likes me better than ever."

"Take care of him, Rosabelle; do not encourage him—you understand me?"

Rosabelle for a moment looked grave and puzzled. "Well, to be sure, what queer beings men are. I do not comprehend them a bit—what nonsense they talk! there now, do not open your mouth again; I will not let you speak," and she placed her hand before it, which, as in duty bound, he kissed, and gently removing, said, "I have received a letter of congratulation from my family; you are not yet perfect enough in English to read it; they press our departure; as soon, therefore, as the introduction at the Tuileries is over, you must leave this gay and brilliant scene, Rosabelle, where you are so flattered, so worshipped; and you must go with me to a serious, formal, and strictly regulated English mansion in the country, where you will hear no flattery, where you will have no admirers, and where you will be rebuked for much that here you are praised for."

Rosabelle looked down, and the tears rose to her eyes; after a moment's pause she threw her arms round her husband's neck and whispered tenderly, "But you will be there, Altamont, and the dull English mansion will be Paris to me."

He pressed her to his heart, and felt that she had triumphed.

Beauvilliers was by no means a cold-hearted profligate; he was young, vain, rich, and dissipated; was a great favourite in society, yielding freely to its follies, and to some of its vices. But in regard to Rosabelle, whatever there was bad in his nature, was brought into action; regret and disappointment edged and embittered his feelings; towards her he felt, or imagined he felt, the most unbounded passion, and towards her husband the most implacable revenge; but he had the *tact* to veil his designs as perfectly as possible. Lord Altamont's generous nature was above suspicion; he had condemned himself freely for the emotions of jealousy he had at first experienced, and resolved to punish himself by leaving totally unnoticed the intimacy between the cousins, during the remainder of his short residence in Paris. He was rewarded by the guileless simplicity of his wife's conduct, and by the evidently unwearied tenderness of her affection: he could not altogether free himself of doubts concerning Beauvilliers, but he felt that *she* was safe.

The introduction at the Tuileries took place, and was in all respects most gratifying to the pride and affection of Lord Altamont.

"What was that, Beauvilliers," said a young courtier to the count, "that the king said about transferring this fairest flower of our soil to the chilling bosom of England?"

"O, I do not know; some set speech, I suppose, the Pompadour taught him."

"Ha, ha! well, I do not wonder at your being in a pet; upon my soul I pity you."

"Pity me!" replied the nettled count, "envy me, I suppose you mean."

"What! for losing such a wife?"

"No, for gaining such a mistress."

The word went round and was believed; for Lady Altamont had been now two months married, and it was quite time, according to the moral code of Paris, that a lover should be fixed upon. Something like remorse, however, stole over the mind of Beauvilliers, but it was checked and stifled: his vanity and revenge at least were gratified.

An early day was fixed for the departure of the Altamonts. Late on the previous afternoon Rosabelle was in her dressing-room, surrounded with all her preparations: her cousin entered. "Is that you, Albert? I will speak to you in one moment; I am as busy as a bee."

"Hateful preparations!" exclaimed the count; then lowering his voice, "Rosabelle! Rosabelle! did you but know how miserable I am——"

"I know how miserable you ought to be, at losing such an incomparable pair of cousins as we are. Fanchette, here is the parcel of silk shoes you were looking for."

Fanchette came from the ante-room, and took away the parcel, casting a glance of doubtful meaning at the woe-begone countenance of the young count; for reasons best known to herself, on returning to the ante-room, she closed the door.

"You do not listen to me, Rose—you care nothing about me, and yet you are all and every thing to me."

"We are your friends, and your cousins, Albert; and I am sure

you will be sorry when we are gone—but do not lean your elbow on that lace cap, you will crush the bows."

"My cousin, my friend!" he repeated; "and is that all, Rosabelle? you, who were to have been—pity me, pity me, I know not what I say."

He paused, Rosabelle was silent, the light package she held slid from her fingers, she turned deadly pale, and her eyes became rivetted to the ground. The count felt encouraged; he knelt, took her unresisting hand in one of his, and passed the other round her waist. "I will follow you to England," he whispered; "I cannot live without you, Rosabelle—give me but one word, one look of consolation, and of—*hope!*"

During the last few minutes the spotless mind of Rosabelle had received with infinite difficulty the impression of the real meaning of the count. She gently disengaged her hand, and rose; she said not a word, she only *looked* at him—but that look entered into his soul; he could not endure it, he hid his face in his hands; she turned from him and quietly left the room. He remained on his knees a minute or two, then snatched up his *chapeau-bras*, and stole down the back stairs.

Early the following morning Lord Altamont received from the count a farewell note, pleading illness for not taking personal leave.

Rosabelle bade adieu to her kind old father with a heart full of regret and affection; and it was some time before the novelty of her journey, and the fond attentions of her husband, could soothe her. Their passage was stormy, and the day they landed at Dover was wet and dreary; it seemed an ill omen, and, like the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, Rosabelle looked back mournfully and desiringly to the sunny shores of France.

They proceeded immediately to Sussex. Moorlands was a fine and flourishing estate; the pleasure-grounds were neat, formal, and carefully attended to; there was a rookery, and an avenue of magnificent and venerable trees; no shrubberies; an extensive and well-planted orchard, a flower-garden rich in sweetness and beauty, but set and prim, with a bower at the end, a sun-dial in the centre, and a fountain on each side. The mansion was of the Elizabethan era; it had neither the dignity of the castle, nor the beauty of the villa; it was ugly, large, and substantial, with the appearance of warmth, comfort, and dullness.

The church bells were rung, and the villagers dressed in their best, poured out to meet their lord and his bride. At the gate of Moorlands, the out-of-door servants were arranged to welcome them; and, surrounding the lawn, and lining the steps of the mansion, stood the in-door domestics, male and female, to usher the noble pair into the hall, where stood the lady dowager and her daughter. All this was not the enthusiasm of Rosabelle's country-people; the villagers neither sang nor danced, nor strewed her path with flowers; yet she was pleased and surprised at the neatness, order, and respectful homage, of these separate groups; and, in spite of her being French, they seemed equally pleased with her; with her extreme youth, her remarkable beauty, and the courteous and feeling manner in which she

acknowledged the expressions of their devotion. She knelt to receive the blessing of her mother-in-law, and affectionately embraced her sister.

After a few days residence at Moorlands, her impressions of the new scene, and the persons that surrounded her, became somewhat developed. Her heart opened towards the mother of her husband, who was stately, yet gentle in her manners, even in her temper, and sensible in her conversation; but in spite of all her own efforts to the contrary, she felt a repugnance to his sister. Miss Altamont was older than her brother, plain in her person, cold in her address, a rigid observer of all forms, proud, shrewd, and severe. She spoke French tolerably well; an advantage her mother did not possess.

Formal visits were made by the nobility and higher class of gentry in the neighbourhood, and these visits were as formally returned; then came a round of dinner parties. Lady Altamont was very much admired, very much liked, and very much found fault with.

"My dear mother," said Miss Altamont, "I think it would be as well to give a hint or two to my brother's wife, on many little points of conduct which she does not pay that degree of attention to, which she ought; no doubt her youth, and her being French, form excuses for the present, but will not continue to do so. I am sure there is nothing essentially wrong about her, yet the opinion of the world ought to be respected. (A favourite maxim of Miss Altamont.) For example, can any thing be more contrary to our customs than a married woman dancing? that she may occasionally make one, when required, in a cotillion or a country-dance, is all very well in a small party; but really, to make such a decided pursuit of it as Lady Altamont does, to be engaged five or six deep, when unmarried ladies are sitting down, is rather too bad. Then there is altogether a certain freedom of manners and conversation; the ladies draw back from her as if a little alarmed, and the gentlemen crowd round her, looking at and listening to her, in too marked a manner. Her broken English, too, they all pretend to like so much; no wonder, for she does come out with the oddest things; more than once I have been obliged to spread my fan before my face, to conceal my blushes. And her little pert French maid, I assure you, my dear mother, turns the housekeeper's room upside down. The whole thing is disreputable; there must be something decisive said or done: the opinion of the world ought to be respected."

"You had better," replied the dowager, "speak to her yourself, or to your brother; I do not like to interfere."

"What is the use of speaking to my brother? he thinks her perfection, and would attribute to any motive but the right one, my venturing to point out these little errors."

*(To be continued.)*

## STANZAS ON THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I HEARD a voice—a breathing sound,
Unlike the beings round me, speaking;
It seemed as though my soul had found
*All*, that through life it had been seeking.

"Saul! Saul!" it cried—the echoes round
From mount to valley rang delighted;
Ashamed I fell unto the ground,
As one by sudden lightning blighted.

And when I woke again, my sight
Was gone, Cimmerian darkness bound me;
But in my soul there burned a light,
Which ne'er till then had shone around me.

That voice had rent the veil asunder,
That passion round my spirit drew;
For in its deep melodious thunder,
The Saviour of the world I knew:—

I knew the Lamb that bled for *all*,
In sacrificial robes of white;
I felt my heart from human gall
Washed in that stream of living light.

Be joyful then, my soul, and sing,
Like captive freed from all his chains;
O'er earth and sea the tidings wing,—
Messiah! the Redeemer reigns.

Bow, bow, Judea, in the dust;
Imperial Rome, thine idols fall;
There is but ONE, in whom to trust,—
ONE sinless sacrifice for all.

That Cross, on which the Saviour bled,
The anchor of our hope shall be;
They'll rise again—the pulseless dead,
And "face to face" their Maker see.

When by angelic heralds blown,
The trumpets sound, the sleepers rise,
Then God shall bid them claim their own,
To worship Him in endless skies;—

To worship Him with heart and tongue,
To hymn the Lamb's eternal praise,
With golden harps divinely strung;
And voices tuned to seraph lays.

Put on—put on, my soul, thy shield,—
A soldier of the Cross I'll be;
Though wounded to the death, to yield
To none but Christ the victory!

# LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.[1]—No. II.

Γνωθι Σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th February,* 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

IN my last letter I told you that every part of the body is composed, *almost entirely*, of a delicate network formed by the interlacing of minute arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents; and I endeavoured to give you a clear notion of the manner in which the arteries and veins are distributed—how they arise and how they terminate—the differences which distinguish veins from arteries—and also the differences which characterise the two kinds of blood which they contain and convey. I have now to speak of the absorbents and nerves, and explain the manner in which they are distributed throughout the entire body, so as to perform their share in making up that wonderful tissue, of which our organs consist.

There is, arising from every point of your body, a countless number of little vessels which are at this moment, and every moment of your life, actively engaged in the pleasant task of eating you up. They may be compared to a swarming host of long, delicate, and slender leeches, attached by their innumerable mouths to every point in your fabric, and having their bodies gradually and progressively united together, until they all terminate in one tail; which tail perforates the side of one of the large veins at the bottom of the neck on the left side; so that whatever is taken in at their mouths is all emptied by the other extremity into that vein, where it becomes mixed with the blood contained in that vein.

Now, my dear John, for a moment turn your eyes inward—contemplate these greedy little cormorants—complacently if you can—observe their activity—remark their unwearied assiduity—behold the rapid perseverance, the unerring certainty and beautiful precision with which they are devouring you. See! mouthful after mouthful is going—going. They never tire, nor are they ever satisfied; for every atom which each mouth sucks up, and converts into fluid, is instantly conducted along the body towards the tail, by which it is discharged into the vein mentioned above. Thus, though for ever feeding, they are for ever hungry. It is true they take but small mouthfuls at a time: but when it is considered that these mouths are millions in number, and that they are never shut, but are constantly at work, night and day, you will easily see that the entire body would speedily be melted down, as it were, and carried away into the blood, if there were not some contrivance to rebuild the body as fast as these little vessels pull it down and carry it off.

These vessels, which I have just introduced to your notice, are the *absorbents.*

[1] Continued from p. 143.

I have said that the absorbents arise, by open mouths,* from every point of the body. Now, if this be true, it is clear that *some of them* must arise from the *internal surface of the bowels.* And so they do—and those which do so, have an additional office to perform. Like all the other absorbents, it is their office to decompose, liquefy, and carry away the solid body into the blood; but, besides this, they have to absorb and carry into the blood the nutritious parts of our food, called chyle, and from which chyle the damage and dilapidation committed by the absorbents is to be repaired.

Now this chyle has somewhat the appearance, and also some of the properties, of milk; and the Latin word for milk, is *lac*—and, therefore, those particular absorbents which arise from the internal surface of the intestines, and which have to perform the additional duty of absorbing, that is, *sucking up* this *lac*, are, on that account, called *lacteals.* As I have before observed, it is the office of the other absorbents (and indeed of the lacteals, too, when they have no *lac*, that is, chyle, to suck up) to absorb the solid body; and as fast as they absorb it, they convert it into a fluid. This fluid has something the appearance of water, and one of the Latin words for water is *lympha*—and therefore this fluid has received the name of *lymph*, and on that account, those particular absorbents, which never contain any thing but this lymph, are called lymphatics, in order to distinguish them from the *lacteals*, which do sometimes carry something else than lymph—namely, chyle. For the sake of perspicuity, I shall call those absorbents, which take up the chyle, *chylous absorbents.*

If you place a looking-glass before you, and with the finger and thumb of your right hand take hold of the lashes of your lower eyelid, and gently draw it down so as to expose its edge to your view, you will observe upon that part of its edge next the nose a small eminence, and on that eminence a minute black spot. This black spot is a little round hole: it is, in fact, the open mouth of an absorbent—a particular absorbent, called *punctum lachrymale.* Tears are secreted for the purpose of moistening the globe of the eye, and under-surfaces of the eyelids; but when there happens to be more tears secreted than are necessary for this purpose, then it is the office of that absorbent to suck up and carry away those superfluous tears. There is one punctum lachrymale on the edge of each eyelid.

You can see the mouth of this absorbent with the naked eye—at least you can see that there is something or other there which looks like a black spot, but which a common microscope demonstrates to be the mouth of an absorbent. But the mouths of the absorbents generally are so much more minute than this, that they cannot be seen in man, even by the aid of the most powerful microscope. In some fishes, however, they can be seen with the naked eye.

Although the punctum lachrymale is much larger than the mouth of a regular absorbent, it will serve, nevertheless, to give you an idea of their minuteness and general appearance—or rather, what would be their general appearance if they could be seen.

The absorbents, therefore, arise from every point of the body.

* This was the doctrine of the Hunters.

Their course is not straight, but waving and devious; and as they proceed towards their termination, they are perpetually inosculating, that is, uniting and again separating. In this manner they form a wonderful web or network, whose meshes are spread over and through the entire body. They all eventually terminate and empty their contents into the veins at the bottom of the neck. The office of the lymphatic absorbents is to take up molecule after molecule of the solid body, convert it into the fluid called lymph, and carry it into the blood. The office of the chylous absorbents is to suck up from the intestines the nutritious chyle, and convey that also into the blood. These two sets of vessels, therefore, may be compared, not inaptly, to two parties of Irish labourers—the one party being occupied in pulling down the old building and carrying away the rubbish; while the other is equally busy in bringing new materials wherewith to rebuild it as fast as it is pulled down.

You have probably often heard the word "*disperse*" applied by persons to the disappearance of tumors. Patients often ask their medical attendant whether he wishes any tumor they may happen to have (an enlarged gland, for instance) to *break* or to be *dispersed*. The proper term is *absorbed*; and when a tumor, by means of friction, or voluntarily disappears, it is because it has been sucked up by the absorbents, and carried into the blood of the veins.

As an absorbent passes onward from its origin towards its termination, it every now and then stops, recoils upon itself, and rolls itself up into an irregularly-shaped ball, (varying in size from that of a millet-seed to that of a hazel-nut,) and then proceeds as before. While the absorbent is in the act of forming this ball, it is excessively minute—beyond the reach of the most powerful miscroscope. These balls are exceedingly numerous in the mesentery—that part which, in the lamb, is called the fry: they are to be generally found in the neighbourhood of large blood-vessels, under the lower jaw, before and behind the ear, at the bendings of the knee and thigh, and in the armpit. These little balls are the *absorbent glands*, and there is scarcely an instance of an absorbent vessel reaching its termination in the veins, without having first formed one or more of these glands.

Now, as these glands are merely a congeries of astonishingly minute absorbent vessels, it is clear that the lymph and the chyle, which these vessels convey, must traverse these glands before they can enter the blood. The chyle and lymph are, in fact, *strained* through several of these curious little sieves, and this straining produces some necessary alteration in their nature; but of what particular kind is not known. I need not tell you, after what I have already said of the distribution of arteries and veins, that these latter vessels everywhere accompany, and interweave themselves with, the absorbent vessels and glands.

Now that you understand the nature of the different offices or functions performed by the lymphatic and chylous absorbents, you will easily comprehend what is called the modus vivendi, that is, the *manner how* we live, viz. in a state of perpetual decay and regeneration—perpetual pulling down and building up again. There is not a square inch in your whole body which is the same as it was ten

years ago. That which was *you* ten years since, is now *not you, but something else*—it has been resolved into its original elements, has undergone new combinations, and is at this moment, perhaps, flourishing in the shape of some goodly water-dock or field-thistle; or more humbly, but still usefully, employed in stopping the bung-hole of a beer-barrel. "*Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?*"

The fact is, that we are dying every hour, nay, every instant; and the only difference between this death and the final consummation of life (as far as it regards the body) is, that in this hourly and gradual death the place of every dead molecule is instantly supplied by a living one; while, in the other case, all the parts of the body perish at once and together, and are not reproduced. You are then a new and a different being, exercising the same faculties, but doing so with different organs. You still exercise the faculties of vision, of hearing, and tasting; but the eye with which you see *now* is not the same eye with which you saw ten years ago. It is a new eye, and you hear with a different ear, and taste with another tongue. Indeed, the eye of to-day is not the same as that of yesterday: for a part of the eye of yesterday has been taken up by the absorbents and carried into the blood, and has been conveyed out of the blood in the shape of perspiration and breath; while the deficiency thus produced in the eye has been supplied by a part of yesterday's dinner: so that you are now performing the act of vision with a part of the pudding which you ate at that meal. This is not romance nor speculation, but a literal fact. Is not this of itself sufficient to show you the vast importance of attention to diet? Does it not clearly demonstrate to you the *manner* in which improper diet operates so as to injure the health and perfection of your organs? Is it not manifest that if you use a diet which your assimilating organs cannot perfectly assimilate, that the deficiencies produced in your eye by the action of the absorbents will be either not supplied at all, or supplied with new matter of an unhealthy quality, so that the new eye will not be so good and perfect as the old one?

From considering the different functions which the chylous and lymphatic absorbents perform, you will readily understand why we grow in youth and cease to grow in manhood. It is because in youth the chylous absorbents which bring new matter into the system, and the arteries which convert this new matter into flesh and blood, are more active than the lymphatics, while in manhood the activity of all is accurately balanced. In old age the lymphatics are most active.

I forgot to mention before that the lymphatics absorb not only at their mouths, but also through the porosity of their coats.

While the manner in which the absorbent glands are formed is fresh in your memory, I may as well describe to you the manner in which the *secretory* glands are formed. This will give you an opportunity of observing the difference between the two, both as it relates to their formation and to the functions which they severally perform. We have just seen that the office of the lymphatic and chylous glands

is to operate upon the lymph and chyle during their passage through them, some change, the nature of which is not understood, but which, doubtless, has the effect of assimilating them *more and more nearly* to the substances to which they are destined eventually to be assimilated *perfectly*. But the office of a secretory gland is to elaborate or manufacture (if I may so speak) out of the blood a new and distinct fluid, which new fluid is called a *secretion*, as the bile, the saliva, &c. &c. This term, secretion, it is true, is a very absurd term: for secretion signifies separation, and separation signifies the state, condition, or circumstance of existing separately, but it does not signify the *thing separated*. It is, however, sometimes better to retain an old word, though a bad one, than run the risk of obscurity by introducing a new word. You are probably aware that the word "*gland*" is derived from the Latin word, *glans*, which signifies an acorn. It was given them from the supposed resemblance of some of the glands to the appearance of acorns.

There are several theories to account for the manner in which a secreting gland is formed. The most generally accepted as well as the simplest is that of Ruysch. According to Ruysch, secretory glands are formed by the convolution of minute hair-like arteries in the same manner as we have just seen lymphatic glands formed by the convolution of lymphatic vessels—at a certain point of the convolution the blood contained in the arteries is converted into the peculiar fluid which it is the office of the gland to secrete; at this point the arteries lose the structure peculiar to arteries, and assume that of excretory ducts. An excretory duct is a small vessel whose office it is to convey the new secretion from the point at which it is formed to the parts where its presence is required. But all this will be made more clear by tracing some particular artery until it terminates in the formation of some particular gland and its excretory duct.

Within the mouth and in its neighbourhood are numerous glands called *salivary*. Their office is to secrete the saliva. Three of the salivary glands are of very considerable size: the rest are very minute. Let us trace an artery until it forms any one of these single minute glands, say one of those called *labial*, which are situated on the inside of the lips.

One of the external carotid arteries, say the right, gives off several branches smaller than itself. One of these branches is called the *facial artery*. The facial gives off several branches smaller than *itself*, and one of these is called the *submental*: the submental gives off several branches smaller than *itself*. One of these very small branches goes to the under lip, becoming in its course more and more minute. Dipping into the substance of the lip, and still diminishing in size as it traverses and assists in forming the ultimate tissue of the lip, and having at length acquired the requisite degree of hair-like minuteness, it suddenly turns upon itself and rolls itself up into a little corpuscle of the size, probably, of a mustard-seed. This little body is the labial salivary gland we have been in search of. While the artery is in the act of coiling itself up, it is still becoming more and more minute; till, having reached this second requisite degree of minute-

ness, the blood contained in it suddenly ceases to be blood and becomes saliva. This change is produced by the influence of the minute nerve which accompanies it.

At the moment when the saliva is thus produced the artery begins to lose the characteristic structure of arteries, and gradually acquires that of an excretory duct. The saliva now travels along the duct to its termination on the inner surface of the under lip, where it is discharged from the open extremity of the duct into the mouth. The excretory duct is extremely short; for those glands are mostly situated immediately beneath the skin. The skin, you are probably aware, covers the inside of the lips and mouth as well as the outside, although on the inside it is much finer and more delicate.

This is the way in which all secretory glands, except one, are formed—that one is the liver.

The size of the secretory glands is extremely different, varying from the wonderful minuteness of the ceruminous glands of the ear, whose office is to secrete the wax, and which are, I believe, the smallest glands in the body, to the great magnitude of the liver, which is the *largest*. But a very large gland is, in fact, only a vast number of these very small ones conglomerated into one mass, and united and, as it were, glued together by cellular substance. Knowing, therefore, how one is formed, you know how they are all formed. Thus the three large salivary glands of which I have spoken, are only a conglomeration of such small ones as I have just described, having all their minute excretory ducts united, so as to form one, two, and sometimes three larger ducts. Into these larger ducts the smaller ones empty themselves; and the large ones, in their turn, empty themselves into the mouth; and so of all other secretory glands. The liver only differs from other secretory glands in this—that each of the little glandular bodies of which it is composed is formed by the coiling up of a vein instead of an artery; and the secretion of the liver, that is, the bile, is produced from black venous blood instead of vermilion arterial blood. The little veins which form the glandular structure of the liver, having converted their blood into bile, terminate in excretory ducts, like the arteries which form the salivary glands, and these minute excretory ducts unite to form larger, which eventually empty their bile into the gall-bladder and bowels.

Thus, you see, the glands, like every other structure of the body, (except the nails, hair, enamel of the teeth, and scarf skin,) are composed of arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents. It is true, that in the actual formation of the gland there is only an artery concerned; but this artery could not produce the required secretion without the aid of a nerve; it is, therefore, accompanied by a nerve: but this artery and nerve are, like the rest of the body, constantly undergoing decay and reparation; and these cannot be effected without the presence of lymphatics and arteries. There are accordingly lymphatics arising from the gland, which are constantly engaged in absorbing it; and there are arteries as constantly engaged in reproducing what the lymphatics have removed; and there are veins also, whose office it is to carry back to the heart whatever portion of blood has not been consumed in the work of reproduction.

I have now to speak of the fourth principal structure which enters into the composition of the ultimate tissue of the body—I mean the nerves. The brain accurately fills the cavity of the skull. With its general appearance you are probably acquainted, from having seen the brains of animals.

The spinal marrow is a tail-like elongation of the brain; which elongation passes out of the head through a round hole in the back part of the skull. So great is its resemblance to a tail that it has been called *cauda cerebri*, that is, the *tail* of the brain.

From the brain and spinal marrow there arise forty-three *pairs* of nerves—twelve from the brain, and thirty-one from the spinal marrow. The nerves are whitish cords, and every large nerve consists of a bundle of small ones, and these small ones consist of bundles of still smaller, as a skein of thread consists of a number of single threads, and as every single thread consists of a number of still smaller threads, viz. the fibres of the flax. As a large nerve proceeds from its origin to its termination, every now and then one or more of the threads of which it is composed parts company and takes a course of its own. As *these* proceed, one or more of the strands of which *they also* are composed disjoins itself from the fellowship of the others, and takes a course of *its* own; and so on, until the whole have been separated into microscopic filaments of undistinguishable minuteness. You will observe here a remarkable difference in the manner in which nerves are distributed from that in which arteries are given off. The branch of an artery arises directly *from that artery*. There is a communication between them: so that the contents of the parent artery flow into the branch which proceeds from it. The larger veins also are formed by the absolute union of smaller ones; so that the contents of the smaller flow into and mingle with the contents of the larger: but between the large nerves and the branches which proceed from them there is *no union nor communication whatever*—they are merely in juxtaposition—a bundle of separate threads bound up together, and inclosed in one common sheath. When, therefore, a nerve gives off a branch, that branch merely *parts company* to travel along another road. Every nerve, therefore, however minute, is a distinct thread, having one of its extremities fixed in the brain or spinal marrow, and the other in that point of the body on which it terminates. If it were not for this peculiar arrangement, all our different sensations would be jumbled into one. If we touched a round body with one hand and a square one with the other, before the two impressions reached the brain they would become mingled together, so that the idea we should derive from these two impressions would be a sort of hybrid idea of a something neither round nor square.

There is one pair of nerves which I have included among those arising from the brain, which possesses striking marks of difference from all other nerves. It is called the great sympathetic pair. I should have observed, that all the nerves are sent off from the brain and spinal marrow *in pairs*. This pair of nerves has given origin to endless discussions—some asserting that it arises from the brain; others that it does not—some that it has one office, some another. Fyfe says, "It is either formed originally by the reflected branch

from the second of the fifth pair, and by one or two, and sometimes three small filaments, sent down from the sixth pair, whilst in the cavernous sinus; or, according to the opinion of some authors, the sympathetic sends off these small nerves to join the fifth and sixth pairs."

Mr. Green says, "This nerve is so essentially distinguished from the other nerves of the body, that it may be described separately, or as a separate system of nerves."

"It consists," he says, "of a considerable number of ganglia, (hardish knobs,) of which the number and size differ not only in different individuals, but in the same individual, on the two sides of the body; and of branches which in part connect these ganglia, or form junctions with the other nerves, and are in part distributed to the internal organs. It extends from the base of the skull, on each side of the vertebral column (backbone) through the neck, chest, and abdomen, as far as the coccyx, (that is, the lower extremity of the backbone,) forming from above to below, numerous ganglia: those in the neck are few in number, but in the rest of its course it generally forms one ganglion between every two vertebræ (bones of the back;) these are severally connected, by one or more filaments, with each other, and with all the nerves of the spinal marrow; and the uppermost cervical ganglion (ganglion of the neck) is connected with most of the cerebral nerves (nerves of the brain.) Lastly, it detaches filaments to the viscera, (organs of the belly and chest,) and those which are distributed to the abdomen, (belly,) form connexions with a numerous set of ganglia in this cavity, which are placed about the trunks of the large vessels." Thus Green traces it no higher than the base of the skull; but an anatomist has recently, if I mistake not, traced it completely round the brain—and thence downward on either side of the spine, until that portion of the nerve which descends on one side of the spine unites with that descending on the other side at the extreme lower point of the backbone. During its whole course there are little knobs situated upon it at short intervals, so that it has something the appearance of a cord, with marbles of different sizes strung upon it—or of a chain—or of a small knotted rope with its two extremities joined so as to form a sort of necklace as it (the necklace) hangs round a person's neck, falling gradually to a point in front. The upper part of the chain encircles the base of the brain, as the upper part of the necklace encircles the neck, and then descends on either side of the spine as the necklace descends on either side of the front of the chest; and then the two descending portions are united at the extreme point of the spine below. From the little knobs or ganglia, numerous nerves are given off which unite with almost all the nerves coming off from the brain and spinal marrow; and sending numerous filaments also to the organs concerned in nutrition, as the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, liver, &c. &c. Thus, whether the sympathetic arises from the brain or not, it is manifest that it is intimately connected with those which certainly do; and, as the question is not yet settled, I have chosen to consider it as arising from the brain, in order that your notions of the functions of the nervous system may be as simple and little perplexed as possible. The little knobs with which the sympathetic is studded, have been considered by some as so many

*little independent brains,* whose office it is to supply the organs of nutrition with motive power. And they say that this arrangement was made in order to remove these organs beyond the influence of the *will,* which has its seat in the brain. The absolute necessity that these organs should not *be under* the control of the will, and the fact that they *are not,* together with the additional fact that this pair of nerves does supply them with motive power, seems, I think, to favour this notion. But however this may be, it will be sufficiently accurate for our present purpose to consider all nervous influence as derived from the brain; and from the spinal marrow, which is merely an elongation of the brain.

The brain itself I believe to be a secretory gland, of which the nerves are the excretory ducts, and the nervous fluid the secretion; and it is formed, like all other secretory glands, by a most wonderful convolution of inconceivably minute arterial branches. The artery which principally supplies these branches is the *basilary.* Thus the brain, like every other structure, consists of arteries, nerves, and veins; and there is little doubt but that I might add *absorbents also,* although these last have not yet, I believe, been discovered.

I have now given you an account of the general *structure* of the body—sufficiently brief and rough, but nevertheless sufficiently accurate and minute, to enable you to understand the nature of the several functions performed by the several organs of nutrition, whenever I have occasion to speak of these functions and these organs. This general structure is so simple, that you can never forget it. You have only to remember, that whenever you are considering and presenting to your mind's eye any part of the body—whether it be the stomach, the liver, the heart, the bowels, or the arteries and veins—whether it be the solid bones, a mass of flesh an inch thick, or a delicate filmy membrane no thicker than the gilding of your picture frames—it is still the same. It is still nothing more than a matted congeries of arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents, held together by, and wrapped up, in the meshes of the cellular web. Cellular *web* is a better term than cellular *substance:* for when spread out it has a good deal the appearance of a *spider's web,* and has, moreover, of real *substance* extremely little indeed.

Take four threads of different colours—a scarlet one to represent the arteries, a black one to represent the veins, a white one for the nerves, and a silver one for the absorbents. Dip them in melted wax, and then roll them up into a firm ball. This will give you a rude idea of the manner in which minute thread-like vessels can be so arranged as to form a solid mass; for it is easy to fancy three of these threads to be hollow tubes, filled with fluid like arteries, veins, and absorbents. The wax, which every where surrounds them, and glues them together, will afford you some notion of the principal office of the cellular web, which is to hold the different parts of the intimate structure of the body together by entangling them in its meshes, as the wax unites the threads by virtue of its *stickiness.* If instead of dipping the threads in melted wax, you had dipped them in a solution of phosphate of lime, (which constitutes the *hard* part of bones,) the ball, when dry, would have given no bad representation of the structure of the bones.

Now suppose the former ball—that formed of the threads dipped in wax—to be submitted to a pressure capable of flattening it until it becomes no thicker than a film of tissue paper. This will show you how the same structure which forms the thick, solid, and gross parts of the body, may be so arranged as to form also its most delicate membranes.

A knowledge of the nature and structure of *membranes* is of the highest possible importance in all that regards the regulation of our diet; for the stomach and bowels are lined with one of those most delicate, and *therefore* extremely irritable and highly sensible, and easily offended membranes, called the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels. It is with this membrane that all which we eat, and all that we drink, comes directly in contact. Here then is another powerful reason for caution in what we eat and drink. This membrane is no thicker than gold-leaf, and you know very well that you can scarcely touch a leaf of gold without injuring it—without deranging, and even tearing it. Remember, when you are eating your dinner, that the membrane on which every mouthfull falls, is no thicker than a leaf of gold.

In contemplating any part of the body, knowing as you now do, that it consists of arteries, veins, nerves, and absorbents, you will please always to bear in mind what are the offices or functions which these structures severally fulfil. You will recollect, that it is the function of the lymphatic absorbents to eat away the body; that of the arteries, (or rather the vital blood contained *in them*,) to restore what the lymphatics have eaten away; and that of the veins to carry back to the heart the refuse of the blood—that is, what remains of it after the arteries have done with it. When the blood has parted with its living elements while in the arteries, the veins carry it away in order that it may receive a fresh supply of these living elements. But the arteries could not carry the blood from the heart, nor the veins return it to the heart, if they were not supplied with the power of moving. This motive power is afforded them by the nerves—or rather a fluid conveyed by the nerves. This fluid, however, does not, I conceive, travel along the nerves like a tangible fluid in a tube, but like the electric fluid along a wire. The nervous fluid, therefore, is to the organs of the body what steam is to a steam-engine. And as this fluid is conveyed by single filaments of nerves, it is clear that wherever there is an artery, vein, or absorbent, there must also be a nerve to enable those vessels to convey their fluids, which they do by a motion of their own, or of neighbouring parts.

You may conceive the universality of the nerves and blood-vessels, by the fact, that you can scarcely insert the point of the finest needle into any part of your body, without producing pain and bleeding; which proves that the point of the needle has wounded both a nerve and a blood-vessel.

We have seen that the nerves all arise from, or are, at least, intimately connected with the brain and spinal marrow; and we have seen that the spinal marrow is but an elongation of the brain. Now we all know what a powerful effect the emotions, such as fear, anger, &c., have in depressing and exciting the brain's action. Considering,

therefore, that all the organs of the body derive their power of action from a fluid brought to them by the nerves *from the brain*, by whose action that fluid is produced, it is easy to comprehend how it happens that moral causes can exert so momentous an influence on the health. *Sis memor mei.*

E. JOHNSON.

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## SONG OF THE WATER-DRINKER.

OH! water for me! Bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.
Oh! water, bright water for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health.
So water, pure water for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, Water, I will drink nought but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing Hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;
Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when Evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
How gently, O Sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink Water, pure, cold and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night;
So, hurrah! for thee, Water! hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
Hurrah! for bright water! Hurrah, hurrah!

E. JOHNSON.

# MOSSGATE FARM.

## A COUNTRY STORY.

BY UMBRA, AUTHOR OF THE "MILL CHURCH," &c. &c.

"The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"
COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

FARMER DUTTON was an agriculturist of the old school; he looked after the land and cattle himself, instead of trusting to other people, and, consequently, from a very poor man, he rose to be tenant of Mossgate, one of the richest and largest farms in the county. It was a favourite maxim of his, "never ask another person to do anything for you that you can do for yourself;" and of course to keep this adage up, he, together with those about him, were obliged to labour hard. At the time I became acquainted with him, he was blessed with a prudent wife and three children. Lucy, the elder girl, was then about eighteen, and Mary, perhaps, about thirteen; the other child was a boy of five years old. If they did not partake of the extravagant luxuries of life, yet Dutton and his household enjoyed all the substantial comforts which are necessary for a rational mind. If there was not a superfluity, still there was plenty, not only for themselves, but many a time for the kind-hearted Lucy to alleviate the cravings of the hungry mother and her starving babe. Now I am no political economist; but I cannot help thinking, that if our farmers of the present day would but be content (as decidedly their fathers were) with the good things which a bountiful Providence makes to spring up within their very reach, with the produce of their native soil, and the dress and manners handed down to them by those whose grey hairs, as they laid them down to rest never to wake again in this world, were brightened by the sunshine of happiness and peace; if they would but be content without aping those who are in stations of life above them; or the enervating customs of foreign lands; I really think that they themselves would be doing away with at least one half of the evils of which they now so loudly complain. But as I am not going to give a *lecture* upon the state of the farming interest; or remedies for removing the great distress borne by the daughters of the poor agriculturists, who strut about in their silk dresses, and sing French love-ditties to the harp; or their delectable brothers, who drive their tandems, and boast of their wines;—I shall introduce my readers to "Mossgate," which, doubtless, will be more generally interesting than the opinions of a young gentleman who is more accustomed to twist a goose quill than a goose's neck, and to talk soft nonsense to a pretty girl, whilst looking

into her eyes for love, than betting upon the greatest quantity of eyes ever found in a "kidney potatoe."

The antique building, bearing the name of Mossgate, had originally been the manor house; but, as the increasing refinements of the age spread their influence over its occupants, equally with the surrounding gentry, it had been deserted by the family for the more handsome and *élite* edifice, which now might be seen from the high road, equipped in all the "airiness" of modern architecture. But notwithstanding the Manor Hall, as it was ycleped, could boast of its splendid suits of apartments, its fashionable appearance, and its extensive park—the old red brick farm-house of Mossgate was always my favourite, with its large gable ends, towering chimneys, and ceilings intersected with stupendous beams, whose giant strength called to mind the "olden time." I loved, too, the lattice windows, shrouded with jasmine and roses, that sighed their sweetest breaths into the chambers; and the capacious hearths, with their snug seats on either side;—in fact, to me, there was a charm hung over the place, which could never be compensated by the most costly magnificence, or elaborate displays of art.

It was evening—hour of fondness and of rest—when the weary cotter quits his labour to seek happiness in the bosom of his wife and children—when a drowsy spell folds the lids of the infant, and the silken leaves of the flower—when the sun slowly sinks upon his crimson couch, and the curtains of shade fall upon the world. It was evening when Lucy Dutton sat beneath the spreading boughs of an oak tree, that had been covered by the snows of many winters—that had braved the blasts of tempests and the blights of ages, and yet reared its head—proud type of England's glory. It is her trysting place—and there she sits, in the spring-time of her days, wrapped in the beauty of the bursting bud. Her little hand is hid within that of one she loved;—happy—happy girl! Her head is turned away, her eyes downcast, and there is a blush—the blush of innocence and love—gently stealing over her cheek. Beautiful creature! the perfumed wind is playing with the curls of her dark hair, which fall down upon her neck and shoulders, making them a covering, finer than the choicest mantle ever weaved. Lucy Dutton certainly is a pretty—a very pretty girl—she is the belle of the village—all the maidens look up to her as their model in dress—she never puts on a new gown, but the next Sunday there are to be seen half a dozen like it: she is not only the pattern for outward appearance, but she is so good, so kind, that no one can help admiring, and many envying her—for who has more beaux than Lucy? "Isn't there John Keats the blacksmith's son, William Watts the miller, and a score of others, always following her about, and making so much of her? and don't some even say that the young 'squire himself is passionately fond of her?" Thus would those doomed to mope in single blessedness at "No. 50" vent themselves upon the village beauty. But as for Lucy, it has never once entered her simple thoughts that she is handsome enough to attract any other person, or to engage the affections of any one but Charles Wheatly, and to him she has given her first and only love; and although the young farmer cannot repay it by

riches or lands, he does devotedly, by that which is better than all these, the affection of an honest and a faithful heart. This is he who now presses the hand of our heroine to his lips—that has caused by the fervour of his words that gentle dye which tinges her cheeks. They are indeed a picture as they sit, heedless of the passing time, sipping the sweets of purity and joy. His broad manly form reclined upon the grass "where daisies grow," contrasts well with her slender figure, which perhaps is more delicate than from her station in life might be expected. Far o'er the distant hills the god of day is withdrawing his light from the earth; here tinging the woods with a softened hue, there bathing them in blood. And above, the sky stretches in one cold blue expanse, which can be seen between the green leaves of their trembling tent. The tall spire of the village church peeps out from among the foliage, now enshrouded in a greyish mist, and the voice of the bells comes startling with its soothing melodies upon the scene. Who does not love to hear the bells? and at evening too, how doubly sweet! they seem to harmonize the spirit, and, as we gaze upon the spotless firmament, to send it soaring away through the blue vistas into heaven, to mingle with the hosts of spirits in another and a better world. Again, how intensely delicious is it when the silence of nature is alone broken by those holy chimes, to wander forth with one we love—by whom we are beloved! To be alone with *her* when the cares of the world are hushed, and we are living but to impart and receive happiness. What were the thoughts of the young couple—what their words I will not dare to say; let them be pencilled by those who have been, *or sigh to be*, thus situated. But long they sat beneath that old oak tree, and watched the fading light. The sun had disappeared, leaving nought but a deep stain upon the horizon as they sauntered to the farm; seeming, by their lingering steps, willing to prolong the happy meeting.

"I am sure your father will consent," said the young man, as they reached the stile into the field leading to the house.

"Lucy Dutton, is that you?" exclaimed a voice from the other side of the hedge. The lover bit his lip until the blood almost started, for he guessed the speaker to be the young 'squire, Herbert Fitzhurst; and he was not mistaken, for they were immediately joined by a gentleman in a shooting dress, whose easy manners, and the familiar way in which he accosted them, bespoke him to be of rank and education far above those into whose company he had intruded himself. He would hear of no denial, but insisted upon accompanying them to the farm, if it were only to see old Dutton, and inquire after some dogs that he had entrusted to him to train.

Mossgate lay right before them, the smoke from the lofty ivy-clad chimneys curling among the green boughs of the overhanging trees, made it look like the home of Peace—and so it was! The apple trees bent o'er the garden walk with their load of fruit, and the little tidy beds were covered with the choicest of autumn's dark-lipped flowers. They reached the threshold: the door opened into a large room in which the family were assembled, ready to partake of their frugal meal. In the nook by the side of the hearth, on which blazed some immense logs of timber, shedding sufficient light around to pre-

clude the necessity of candles, sat old Dutton, with one leg passed over the other, and embraced tight to it with his clasped hands, and his eyes fixed upon the glowing fire as if lost in thought. The mother busied herself in her household duties; and in the corner the younger children whispered their guileless fables, or played with the spaniels.

"Ah! how are ye to-night?" cried the young 'squire, stepping into the apartment towards the hearth.

The old man started as though he had been touched by a serpent; but immediately recovering himself, returned the salutation in a respectful but cold manner.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit, Mr. Herbert? It is late, and I do not like to have my evenings intruded upon, even by my landlord's son!"

"Now, now, Farmer, do not be angry, I have but caught your pretty daughter, and her *wealthy* beau, billing and cooing like a pair of turtle doves, and have brought them home to their nest. I think you ought to thank me, rather than frown," retorted he of the shooting dress.

"Well, well," replied the farmer, "but I think them old enough to be their own keepers."

"Can Lucy draw your honour a glass of the eighteen-month cider?" said the good wife, looking up from her work.

"Ay, ay, dame, from her I can refuse nothing. Although her father is but cross at times, his daughter is always kind, and as lovely as good-natured."

Lucy with a blushing face hastened to procure the beverage, and if possible, by any little manœuvre, to get the 'squire out of the house, as she plainly perceived his visit was any thing but welcome to her father. Suffice it to say, she was successful, and Mossgate again sank down into the abode of peace and quietness, as the old man, with his children around him, bent the knee before a throne of grace, to seek for those blessings, and that sustaining hand, which can only be given from on high. The father knelt in the midst, his hair gently silvered o'er by time, imparting to him the look of a patriarch, with his flock gathered around him. The voice of the suppliant rose unto the heavens. What a holy calm was then on Mossgate! How serenely happy were its inhabitants! The last fond "Good night" was spoken, and sleep soon closed the eyes of the farmer's family.

Days sped by, until one sunny morning, while the dews still hung on the grass, and the lark had scarcely reached its region of spring song, Lucy, as she was going to visit a poor sick woman, again encountered the young 'squire.

"Hey day, Miss Dutton! I am indeed favoured by meeting my little nymph at so early an hour," he ejaculated, as he came up to her.

Lucy returned his salutation with a formal courtesy.

"Nay now, no pouting, no angry looks, for really they spoil your pretty face."

"Mr. Herbert, I do not like such language," said Lucy, hastily, as she turned away from him.

"Lucy, dear Lucy, do not be angry," exclaimed the 'squire, as he endeavoured to hold her back. "I have loved you long, and truly; for the sake of heaven, do not drive me to distraction!"

"Sir!" ejaculated the frightened girl, "you astonish me as much by the manner in which you have forgotten your own station in society as well as mine. I intreat you to let me go."

"I will not, Lucy, unless you will promise to try to love me. Yonder park, the Manor Hall, Mossgate, all shall be yours, in return for your wayward heart; but if you deny me, remember who is your father's landlord. There is a year's rent due—you must, you shall be mine."

"Oh cruel, cruel man! Mr. Herbert, unhand me, sir—I say, unhand me."

"By G—, but he shall!" exclaimed Wheatly, as he sprang from behind a fence they had just reached, and aimed a blow at the young 'squire, which took a sufficient effect to make him release his hold from his fair victim.

"Coward!" vociferated the incensed farmer, "is it thus that you would betray innocence? Oh, dastard! if you had but justice, I should fell you on the spot."

The face of the 'squire was white with rage: he attempted not to return the blow; but muttering some discordant words between his clenched teeth, slunk away. Lucy had fallen into her lover's arms, where she still lay, like a linnet seeking shelter from the talons of the hawk.

It was not long after the pair had reached the farm-house, ere they were aroused by a violent knocking at the door, which they had closed as though fearing some impending danger. "Who can it be?" exclaimed Lucy to Wheatly, who yet loitered in the house, loath to leave his charge until her father should return and enable him to impart the direful adventures of the morning. "Who can it be?" and she ran with a light step and unfastened the door at which the knocking continued. "Why, Master Joblin," said she, as the door flew open, and discovered the form of the worthy parish constable, "what brings you here?" for, poor innocent girl, she little guessed his errand.

"It's a rather unpleasant business, miss, but, you know, one must do one's duty."

"Duty, Joblin! what do you mean? is there anything wrong in the parish?"

"No, miss, not that I knows on; but I mus'n't stand talking here; duty must be done. Isn't Master Charles Wheatly in the farm?"

"Yes he is; but what do you want with him? he's in the next room—won't you step in?"

Poor Lucy, when she found that Master Joblin's visit was to arrest her lover for assaulting 'Squire Herbert, could hold her calmness no longer. She hung round the neck of him she dearly loved: she clung to him in agony, and fain would have hindered the officer of justice from executing his cruel mandate. But her tears and passionate entreaties were all in vain; for Joblin said that "duty was duty," and that if he

did not do it, however much it was against his heart, he should not only lose his place, but be punished himself.

Alas for Lucy, she was not even allowed to accompany Wheatly to jail. She laid her head on her mother's lap and wept bitterly. This was the first poisoned pain that Lucy had ever felt, and it was made doubly hard to bear by the thought that she was the cause of Wheatly's suffering. That night the scene at the farm-house was one of sorrow rather than of peace. So chequered is human life.

Fitzhurst's was no vain threat; his malicious temper had not half wreaked its vengeance on the offending family, for there was yet a more direful calamity about to burst on Mossgate, perhaps to blast it for ever. Early the next morning the whole of the furniture belonging to the Duttons was seized by their obdurate landlord for the year's rent owing for the farm, which the farmer was totally unable to pay in consequence of his having lent a very considerable sum to a friend in distress, who proved himself to be a rascal by absconding to America, immediately after he had obtained possession of the money. Thus was their all swallowed up; but however much it had embarrassed them, they little contemplated such an evil as that which now hovered over them. How unfeeling, how demon-like must the heart of that man be, who, under the garb of suffering, can create such pity in the heart of his nearest and dearest friend, as to induce him to intrust his whole wealth into the hands of the poverty stricken, and then to betray such trust, to rob him of his riches, and leave the lender without a penny, to lament his ill-placed confidence.

As the hardened man employed by the squire carefully noted down each minute article in the house, things that had been there for years and years, the old farmer looked on with a calm and resigned countenance, but when he rudely seized the "family Bible," the record of the household, his spirit gave way before the storm, and clasping Lucy in his arms, he sobbed aloud.

"Father, do not weep," said the affectionate girl as she gently withdrew herself from his embrace, "I will go to the Hall—I will tell him that I will be his slave—anything if he will not hurt my father."

"Nay, nay, child," said the old man, "it may not, shall not be; though we are in poverty, we will not be branded with dishonour. God will send help in his own good time; he will not, Lucy, forsake those that trust in him."

"How drear and desolate was the assembled group!—they must leave their home—their all, to wander houseless in the pitiless world. The dogs came whining round the children's feet, as if to share in their sorrow and tell them that they would not desert them, and old Neptune licked his master's hand, and, gazing in his face with a supplicating look, seemed to implore him not to weep, but to caress his old favourite as he had been wont.

The young squire drove down to the farm to see his cruel orders executed, and to feast his eyes with the sight of those miseries that he had caused. His, alas! is no uncommon character in the world; there are many who are not only sure to punish those who have offended them however innocently, but who delight and glory in the

sufferings they inflict. He was dressed with more than ordinary care, as if to contrast his exquisite appearance with the wretchedness of his hapless victims, and by his hilarity of manner to plunge them still deeper into gloom.

"Farmer Dutton," he said, addressing the heart-broken parent, "you have no one to blame for this step but your foolish daughter; it is still in her power to replace things on their original footing. If she will but do as I wish her, Mossgate shall again teem with plenty; I will forgive the rent, nay, even make the farm over to you; if not—you may depart pennyless, and starve."

"Herbert Fitzhurst," replied the old man, "you will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave—you will, perhaps, hunt my orphan children like foxes from the country; but remember, foolish youth, there is a God who will protect the fatherless, and punish the guilty. Who knows but that Herbert Fitzhurst may die more wretched than the houseless wanderer?"

"Tut, tut, old man, none of your threats and cant to me. The question is, will Lucy be mistress of the hall, and save her father? If not, you leave this house within an hour—mark my words, but one hour."

"No!" exclaimed the agitated father, "Lucy despises your offer—which too, you are well aware, if accepted, you could never perform—as much as she loathes your villany. Wife—children, we will leave Mossgate. Come, come, my dears, we are in the presence of the tempter; so much wickedness cannot go unpunished. We will leave Mossgate!" and the tears started from his eyes. "Come, Nep, we must not let you remain behind."

"The dog is not to go," said Fitzhurst pettishly. "Have you not placed him in the list?" turning to the tool of the law.

"Surely all the dogs are down, even your ain, your honour, an' they were on the preemises," was the precise reply.

"What! tear away my dog?" exclaimed the old man as they endeavoured to disengage Neptune from his master; "the poor fellow that has been my companion ever since a pup—that saved my boy from drowning! No, no, monsters, ye shall not have him;—but—but I had forgot myself. Take him, sirs, take him, and had ye not better take my children too?"

At this moment, perhaps attracted by the noise of the scuffle, a stranger gentleman entered the apartment; he was elegantly attired in a suit of black, and his manners were those, if not of a foreigner, at any rate of one who had resided much among the gay scenes of the continent. "Is not this Mossgate?" said he to little Mary Dutton, as he stood upon the door-step.

"Yes, sir," replied the child, awed by the superior appearance of the stranger.

"And does worthy old Dutton reside here still?"

"He did, till very lately," returned the farmer, stepping forward; "but who may he be, who takes an interest in the fate of the unfortunate?"

"Unfortunate! say you; has aught then happened to him? I

have a friend who knew him well; can you tell me where he now resides?"

"I, sir, am that poor old man. Yesterday I lived in this house in peace and quiet—to-day those that I love are torn from me—my furniture seized—and myself turned out with my helpless children to seek our graves far from our once happy home."

"Old man," returned the stranger, "your tale is indeed bitter, and he who is dear to me as a brother, will grieve to hear it. But may I not tell him how this misfortune came?"

"Those near to us can tell better than I, sir. Were good Master George at home, instead of seeking his pleasures in distant lands, this would not have happened. But I cannot blame him either, for what comforts had he here? The Hall was no home for him."

"Hold, fool!" exclaimed the young squire, "you have already said too much. What right have you to impugn either the actions of my brother, or myself?"

"Herbert Fitzhurst," replied the old man calmly, "your deeds are indeed too wicked for me to meddle with. I have already been too long in your society; I will depart, lest so near an intercourse breed infection."

The farmer and his family slowly took their way down the highly-cultivated garden, many of the flowers of which had been planted by the hands of Lucy. What is there that we rear ourselves, that is not dear to us! The unknown cast a contemptuous glance at the young squire, and followed the outcasts from the dwelling.

"Mr. Dutton," he said as he overtook them, "he for whom I inquire is indeed interested in your fate, and he will be displeased with me, if I do not learn the full particulars of your situation. Will you oblige me by relating the sad history? and if I can be of any service, you may rely upon my endeavours; at any rate, you must remain at the inn in the village, where I have left my luggage." The whole family thankfully received the stranger's kindness, and after some hesitation, yielded to his request. The old man then related to him the eventful narrative of the preceding days. "Herbert Fitzhurst is a villain!" said the unknown; "such wretches are scarcely fit to live, and yet God knows they are not fit to die. Rest assured, Farmer Dutton, all will yet end well. Come, cheer up; do not give way, my good fellow, for better times are in store. I will go to the Hall myself on your behalf; perhaps young Herbert's doings are not known to his reverend father. He, I am sure, will give you redress."

"Alack, sir, he has so much influence over him, that I really believe he would make him believe black was white. Did he not, sir, urge the old man to say such things to his brother, that at last he was forced to leave England?"

"Never mind, Dutton, I will try. Can any one conduct me to the Hall?" said the stranger to the landlord of the inn, who obeyed his summons.

"Yes, sir, my son can go. But have you heard the news, sir?"

"News! no, landlord, what news? Has any thing happened at the Hall?"

"The old squire is dead, sir!"

"Dead!"

"Yes, sir, that young scapegrace, Herbert, put himself into one of those towering passions in the presence of his father, in which he so often indulged; but never, before, in the old gentleman's presence: the consequence was, that labouring under a severe fit of the gout at the time, it flew to his stomach, and put an end to his existence. I know not what we shall do now, for good Mr. George is in foreign parts; and if Squire Herbert takes possession of the Hall, which most assuredly he will, we shall all lead a devil of a life."

"Dead!" again repeated the unknown, as a tear trickled down his handsome face. "Is the old man dead? Did you not say, landlord, that you would show me the way to the Hall?"

"No, I did not, sir; but I said my son would. However, I will go with you myself, if you wish it. Mayhap you know the family."

"Well, my worthy fellow, well. But, no matter, you need not trouble yourself, I will find the way alone. In the meantime do you attend to the wants of Farmer Dutton and his children."

Who has not seen a small village when any direful thing has happened? At the shop doors stand the worthy occupants, each with lengthened face, retailing some new light that his prolific mind has shed upon the event; and the bells drawl forth their mournful tones, telling of the departure of a soul from its earthly habitation to the land of spirits. Thus it was as the stranger passed through the little town; even his appearance was food for fresh surmises. Some guessing that he was the doctor from London, arrived too late even for his fee; others the lawyer, the parson, or the undertaker. However, with little difficulty he gained the Hall; the windows were all closed, and silence reigned around the house of death. The stranger rang at the servants' bell, and inquired if he could speak with Mr. Herbert Fitzhurst.

"He has desired," replied the footman, "that no person be admitted within the gates but those of whom we have a list. Your name is——?"

"It's of no moment, my good man; but perhaps you can tell me what are your master's intentions regarding the funeral. When is it to take place?"

"O! the undertaker," said the footman aside. "I have not heard yet, sir; but the will is to be read to-morrow morning."

"Thank 'e," returned the unknown, as he turned away from the house. "Well, he has some conscience left, but perhaps he knows well his father has left him all he could."

The morning came, and the stranger again repaired to the hall. He was joined at the gate by the clergyman of the parish, who, as one of the executors, had come for the purpose of attending the reading of the will. Stating to this worthy man that he was a friend of the heir-at-law, he was permitted to accompany him into the mansion.

The reading of the will of a man who has much to leave, is always a momentous affair; many are the hearts that palpitate with hope, or fear; but in this case, as the bulk of the property was in entailed

estates, it was well known who would be the rightful possessor, and of course the degree of feverish interest usually excited, was materially damped. However, Herbert was aware that his brother was abroad, and consequently until his return to claim his patrimony, he should exercise sovereign sway over the manor; which temporary reign it would not be his fault, if he did not prolong to as great a period as possible, by directing the lawyer to write to his brother to any place but that in which he really expected a letter would reach him. I shall pass over the dull forms used by the lawyers in drawing out wills, and always made so as to confuse rather than elucidate facts; it is enough to say that the hall and all the lands and encumbrances pertaining thereto, were in hereditary line made over to George Fitzhurst, the elder son; and that all personal and available property was left to the favourite, Herbert.

"My brother," said the young squire, "is at present travelling on the continent, and it will be difficult to find him. The estate must be worth at least a hundred thousand pounds, and till his return I do not know that any one could better look after his interest than myself. Do you not think so, as I am the nearest of kin?" continued he, addressing the lawyer.

"Decidedly, it will be but a short period," returned the man of parchment, "and we can write your brother ——"

"To Rouen," said Herbert.

"Excuse me," interrupted the stranger; "I materially object to any such arrangement."

"You object!" retorted Herbert, fixing his eyes upon the speaker; "and pray, sir, who are you? I should even like to know upon what authority you have dared to intrude yourself upon this meeting?"

"Herbert Fitzhurst, be calm; I have an authority, an indubitable authority, not to let the seducer, the oppressor of the innocent, and the hater of his own blood, squander the rightful monies, and usurp the place, of the heir-at-law. Know you not your own brother?"

"What, George! it is impossible," ejaculated the astonished rake. "He was at Lisbon when I last heard of him."

"It is no impossibility, young man, and he who witnessed the seizure of the goods and chattels at Mossgate Farm, was no other than your elder brother, whom by your unkindness, and double dealing with that poor old man who is now dead—peace be to his memory—you scouted from his home to seek for more kindred feelings among the inhabitants of foreign lands, than he experienced from those of his own household. You know this handwriting?" and he took up a piece of paper that lay upon the table, and wrote upon it, "'Herbert Fitzhurst, you are a blackened villain.' Ah! you know me now; I see you do!"

"It is too true," stammered the awe-struck wretch, as he ground his teeth in agony.

George Fitzhurst having established his right as heir to the manor, in such a way as to satisfy even the lawyer, who above all other men is the hardest to convince, (insomuch that I think that the tribe must be descended from the unbelieving apostle,) he immediately sent for old Dutton and his family to the Hall. Not knowing who it was that

had thus summoned them, they obeyed with reluctance, but deeming perhaps that the death of his father had softened the heart of the young squire, they considered it would be best not to throw a chance away by neglecting to appear. Farmer Dutton therefore resolved to go by himself, and ascertain the bidding of the new lord of the manor. What thoughts must have thrilled through the old man's mind as he passed by the now deserted Mossgate! even the absence of inmates for a few days, had imparted to the mouldering building a kind of melancholy appearance. There was no friendly voice to welcome—all looked drear and desolate. The farmer paused at the garden gate, to take perhaps a last look of his once comfortable home. A low noise fell upon his ear—a rustling among the shrubs—a bark of joy, and his old faithful dog fondled at his feet. Neptune, in the confusion that reigned at the Hall, had managed to escape from his keepers, and unable, I suppose, to find his master, had betaken himself as a last resource to his favourite haunts at the farm, there to await the coming of him to whom he was so much attached. There was no small joy expressed on either side at this unlooked-for meeting; and if that of the human being partook more of a rational character, that of the dumb animal was far more expressive. Being thus cheered, Dutton repaired, with a lightened heart, to where he expected to meet with nothing but scoffs. Immediately that the farmer's arrival was made known at the Hall, he was ushered into an apartment to await the coming of the new occupant. It was a large modern room, furnished in the most sumptuous manner, and as the shutters were lightly closed, an untrimmed lamp hanging from the ceiling shed its dull glow upon the surrounding objects. The family pictures decorated the elegantly papered walls; that of the old man, who lay dead in the house, and his two sons, were there. It is a gloomy occupation to trace the features of those who breathe no more—to recall to the memory the face—the smile—every lineament that once beamed with life. Thus was the farmer employed when the door of the room opened, but he was so much engrossed with his subject, that he heard not the approaching step. He turned round, and behind him, instead of the young squire, stood the stranger who had so kindly been his protector since the hour of the distress being levied at the farm.

"Dutton," said the unknown, "I welcome you to the Manor Hall. You shall feel that George Fitzhurst knows how to value a good tenant, and an honest man."

"George Fitzhurst, sir, the heir of the Manor! surely he cannot yet have arrived in England?"

"Yes, my good fellow," replied the stranger, "he has been here for some days; and has, too, watched the actions that have passed. Do you not remember me, Dutton?"

"You, sir! what do you mean? You can never be the little fellow I used to dandle upon my knee. Oh! no, no, it cannot be."

"Why, farmer, you are harder to convince than those who lose by my presence. Look at that picture—cannot you see any resemblance in the features? Am I then so changed? Have I grown so very old? Come, come, this is but a bad compliment to pay me on my return to claim my rights."

"Ay, surely—yes, there, there are the eyes, and the same turn of the neck. O sir! sir! pardon a poor old man!" supplicated the farmer, as he threw himself at George's feet.

"Rise from that position, Dutton; I have nothing to pardon, rather I had need to ask forgiveness for allowing myself to be affronted at a trifle, and thereby quitting my native country to squander my money among foreigners, and permitting my own lands and tenants to be oppressed by the hand of my wicked brother."

"Nay, nay, sir, blame not yourself, it was our faults. Now we have you once more amongst us, how happy shall we be! But——" said the old man, as a recollection of his situation shot across his mind, "but—what am I saying, a houseless wanderer like me."

"A houseless wanderer! No, no, that shall never be; what, the man who nursed me when a child, that taught me to ride, and all sorts of manly sports. O no! you shall return instantly to Mossgate; I will forgive the rent, nay, make good to you the sum which you lost by your unfortunate confidence. And now, remember, I shall call upon you the day after my poor father's funeral; and I shall expect to find my little Lucy, who, by-the-by, has grown quite a pretty woman, ready to receive me with her homemade bread and new cheese, as in olden times. Farewell."

The farmer tried to speak his thanks, but utterance was denied. A tear, which fell down upon the hand of his young benefactor as he grasped it affectionately, was all that told his gratitude. And how much did that little drop express? More than volumes of words could ever have done!

Herbert Fitzhurst immediately upon recognising his brother had taken his departure from the Hall, in opposition to all the rules prescribed to mourners, and common feeling. Charles Wheatly, therefore, when brought before the magistrate, was instantly released, as no one appeared nor was there any charge against him. Time flew on; the remains of the squire were consigned to the family vault, with all the pomp and solemnity attending the interment of the great. It was a beautiful autumn morning; the ripe pears in their ruddy skins hung temptingly upon the trees, ready to drop into the outstretched hand; the crack of the sportsman, the barking of the dogs, and the merry song of the gleaners ever and anon broke upon the ear, as George Fitzhurst once more entered the farmhouse of Mossgate. When he last stood there how different were his feelings, how different the scene!—instead of the face of sorrow and the tears of woe, he was now greeted by the look of gratitude and the smile of joy: all around was the picture of neatness and contentment. Lucy was as much changed since the day of the distress as from the time when he left England to his opportune return. In the one era she had grown from the playful child into the lovely woman, developing all her mature charms like a bursting blossom: in the other, from the downcast face and expression of agony, that which tears the soul and distorts every feature, she had changed into the prettiest face and figure imaginable, wreathed all over with laughter and gladness:—her joy knew no bounds. Sweet innocent creature! she hung around her preserver's neck, and perhaps lavished upon him one of those nectared

kisses which should only have been bestowed on the lips of her own true love. Charles Wheatly, however, was not jealous; he entered too much into her feelings to harbour such an evil thought. What must have been the sensations that entered into the soul of George Fitzhurst at this hour? O surely, virtue and charity have their own rewards. A clear conscience, and the thrilling sight of those who by their means have been lifted from the engulphing ocean on to the dry land.

"Happy beings!" exclaimed the young squire, as from the window he saw Lucy and her lover walking down the garden, revelling in the sweet words and thoughts of reciprocal affection, "Happy beings! see how she hangs upon his arm, with all that engaging confidence which a woman can only show. Farmer Dutton, you are a lucky dog to have such children."

"Yes, sir, I am indeed lucky. Lucy is the best girl in all the parish. I have only now one wish before I lay my head down in the grave; it is to see her united to the man of her choice, who, I am sure, is deserving of her."

Some months passed by; it was the spring of the year when I again visited Mossgate and its worthy inmates. Every thing was clothed in the freshness of the season, even the village looked gayer than I had ever seen it, and the merry ringing of the bells evidently foretold that some joyous event had taken place. I met a little girl coming from the romantic churchyard decorated in her holiday apparel; a pretty smile which played about her mouth gave verdict that something particular had happened to impart additional lightness even to her cheerful heart. Accosting her, I inquired what was the occasion of the uncommon stir in the village—whether Squire Fitzhurst had taken unto himself a wife? "Oh no, sir," was the untutored reply, "something better than that; for if he was to marry perhaps he would not be so kind to us as he has ever been. This is my sister's wedding-day, sir."

"And pray, my little maiden, who may your sister be?"

"La! now, don't you know?" she replied. "Lucy is just married to Charles Wheatly, and there are to be such goings on at the Hall! Such a load of beautiful things!"

Lucy Dutton was indeed married: the Hall had put off its mourning garments, and George Fitzhurst, as he contributed to the happiness of his humble friends, seemed to be more pleased than if he were entertaining the highest in the county. The bells were ringing all day long; garlands of flowers were strewn about in every direction; spring had entered into all hearts. The young lord of the manor had acted in his true character; every mouth was full of his praise—the blessings of all classes were showered upon his head. He had fully retrieved the mischief he had done by neglecting his patrimony and residing in a foreign land, and the stigma which his brother's bad actions had brought upon the name.

Some years have now hid themselves in the lap of time since that joyous day; but the memory of it is still dearly cherished in the hearts of the inhabitants of Mossgate. Old Dutton has sunk to sleep in the silent grave; there were no storms about his dying hour, but

like the light of a silent summer eve, when not a cloud dims the sky, or breath of wind moves the warm atmosphere or shakes the aspen's leaf, he waned and waned away; his voice grew fainter; the welcome smile gradually ceased to glow, until the place where he was wont to be seen knew him no more. The children stood around the bed—all, all were there; the old man blessed them; he grasped Lucy's hand, his eyes grew dim, the fingers became stiff; she kissed his cheek, it was cold as marble, his soul had flown away to yon bright realms of rest. There were no mists, no troubles to gloom his last moments, but all was peace; that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Charles Wheatly and the happy Lucy now occupy the old farm-house; they have two fair-faced cherub children, who serve to unite their affection even closer than ever. Lucy has lost much of her archness and playful vivacity, but there is a calmness, a solid joy in its place, which diffuses itself over her pretty features, fringed with a plain white cap, from beneath which the glossy hair will still peep out, which renders her, perhaps, more fascinating than even when she first sat beneath the old oak tree, and Charles whispered in her ear his tale of love. As she tends her youngest child lying in her lap, and sings it to slumber with a soothing lullaby, and her other little one kneeling by her side murmurs its infant prayer, she is indeed the picture of a mother.

> "Oh, who can tell a mother's tender joy,
> When watching o'er her sleeping baby boy?"

Old Mrs. Dutton is still alive, and resides at the farm, and although she is beginning to get very childish, I can safely say, she is cheered by the young couple with all those kindnesses and little attentions so comforting to advanced age. George Fitzhurst has kept his promise of never again living out of England. He has also married; and if his wife be not the handsomest of women, she is, indeed, in manners, a very angel upon earth. She calls at every poor man's cottage, and visits the sick and dying; not as some do, for mere cant and curiosity, but to alleviate distress, and by that ability which God has granted to her, to teach the expiring sinner to seek for mercy from that Saviour who for his sake bled upon the cross. You may trace where she has been, not by her words or professions, but by her good deeds. The lord of the manor has truly found a treasure which, if nought else could, must bind him to his home. Lucy's sister has now no need to fear that if her benefactor were to marry he would be less kind.

I must now blot this picture of universal happiness by one character of guilt. When last poor Herbert (for even the wicked should share in our pity) was heard of, he was living in a miserable court at the west end of London. When he left the paternal mansion in the unfeeling manner in which we have seen he did, it was with a woman of the lowest and most abandoned cast as his companion. He repaired directly to the metropolis, where, what with gaming and drunkenness, he quickly sank from one degree of wretchedness to another. Strange to say, the female that accompanied him still clung to him; but her presence,

instead of being that to his spirit which woman's ought to be, added fresh fuel to the fire of hell which burned within him. He had then, which is some months ago, entirely got through all his property; poverty, disease, death stared him in the face, and without a glimmering of light to guide his way, he was about to plunge into an unknown world. How true were Farmer Dutton's words, "that perhaps Herbert Fitzhurst might die more wretched than the man whom he had driven away a houseless wanderer." But I must not spread a mist over my story further than to contrast the awful miseries of guilt, even in this world, with that serenity and happiness which ever will be the reward of honesty and virtue, by reviewing the different fates of the once wealthy Herbert Fitzhurst, and the comparatively poor inhabitants of MOSSGATE FARM.

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## THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY L. MACARTNEY MONTAGU.

LIKE music stealing o'er the water,
At even-tide when winds are still,
Sweet thoughts of him around me gather,
And all my heart with music fill:
And as I watch the moon above me,
With all her bright and starry train,
I pray for him who vow'd to love me,
Now sailing on the distant main.

At midnight when the storm is raging,
It sounds to me my sailor's knell:
I see him with the wild waves striving,
I hear him sigh his last farewell.
Oh! would I were like those above me!
A spirit freed from mortal chain,
To watch o'er him who vow'd to love me,
When sailing on the distant main.

Oh! mother dear, forbear to reason!
Oh! sister dear, forbear to chide!
As landsmen's wives, ye cannot measure
The sorrows of a sailor's bride.
Your partings are too short to move ye,
But years may pass, if e'er again
I look on him, who vow'd to love me,
Returning from the distant main.

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# DE L'ALLEMAGNE.[1]

PAR MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR C. M. FRIEDLAENDER,

MEMBRE CORRESPONDANT DE L'INSTITUT HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE, ETC. ETC.

## KÖRNER.

Charles Théodore Körner, fils de Christian Godefroi Körner et d' Anne Marie Stock, naquit le 23 Septembre, 1791, il fut le second enfant d'une union embellie par les bienfaits d'une amitié constante. Les premières années de son enfance donnèrent des inquiétudes continuelles à ses parens; sa faiblesse physique était grande, aussi la délicatesse de sa constitution s'opposait-elle d'abord à son développement intellectuel, tous les soins devaient se porter sur sa santé, qui paraissait très chancelante. Le jeune Théodore ne s'annonça pas, comme tant d'autres enfans par une vivacité de conception, qui promet un grand avenir, et son instruction ne devait suivre que d'une manière très secondaire la marche assez lente des améliorations de sa nature maladive. Il passait donc une grande partie de sa première enfance en plein air, dans les jardins, ou les vignes (propriété de ses parens, dans les environs *de Loschwitz* sur les bords de l'Elbe.) Mais on remarquait néanmoins dans le choix de ses jeux, dans sa conversation avec ses compagnons de plaisir, etc., une imagination vive et brillante. Les soins extrêmes qu'on avait pour sa santé, lui firent gagner des forces, et ses dispositions intellectuelles se développèrent à mesure que son corps devenait plus robuste. Sans être très docile il se montrait accessible aux grandes impressions; on avait de la peine à fixer son attention, mais une fois qu'on s'était emparé de lui, il suivait consciencieusement la marche indiquée par ses maîtres. Il avait de la répugnance pour l'étude des langues et surtout pour la langue française; on aurait dit qu'il était destiné à faire la guerre à la France. L'his- avait des charmes particuliers pour lui, les grands hommes et les grandes actions produisirent sur son esprit des impressions ineffaçables, il s'y attachait et poursuivait avec ardeur le développement des faits qui l'avaient frappé. Comme les beaux arts font en Allemagne partie de l'éducation, Körner apprit le dessin et la musique. La musique, cette douce compagne de la poésie, avait cependant pour lui un attrait bien plus grand, que le dessin, et jeune encore il jouait le violon avec assez de facilité; mais quand son imagination commença à se développer, à prendre cette direction poétique, que nous admirons tant en lui, il abandonna cet instrument et la guitare charma ses moments des olitude, où, se promenant le long de la rivière, il accompagnait avec beaucoup de grâce et d'entrainement, les poésies qui lui rappelèrent les temps des Troubadours, l'âge d'or de la poésie. Il composa pour cet instrument divers morceaux, qu'il chantait à ses amis, dans le cercle de sa famille, où, de predilection, l'on trouvait réuni tout ce que l'époque possédait de grand dans la littérature et les arts. Son goût pour la poésie l'entrainait irrésisti-

[1] Continued from p. 170.

blement; les *Ballades de Schiller*, charmèrent le jeune esprit, qui parassait déjà avoir pris son élan et une certaine direction. Ses premières productions portèrent cependant le cachet d'une légèreté qui quoique gaie et piquante, n'avait rien de grandios; mais elles annonçaient un tact peu ordinaire à la jeunesse, qui ne sait dompter son premier feu, elles étaient mordantes sans personnalité.

Körner ne quitta la maison paternelle, pour se rendre à l'institut à Dresde, appelé Kreuzschule, que vers l'age de 17 ans; sa principale éducation se fit à la maison, par des maîtres particuliers, tous étaient hommes du plus haut mérite. Le fameux historien, Dippold, enlevé par une mort prématurée, le Révérend Roller excellent théologue, qui sût inspirer à Körner les sentimens religieux les plus élevés, et le mathématicien, Professeur Fischer. Le colonel Ernest de Pfuel, et le poète Oehlenschäger influèrent beaucoup sur l'éducation du jeune Körner; Schiller quoique intimement lié avec son père, mourût trop tôt pour l'Allemagne et pour Körner, qui n'avait que dix ans, quand le poète rendit sa dernière visite à ses parens, pour qu'il put lui donner tous les soins que l'on attendait du grand homme.

Tout en encourageant les belles dispositions de Körner, le père dirigeait son éducation, vers un avenir indépendant. Sa fortune à lui n'étant pas très grande, il le destinait à l'étude de la minéralogie. Le jeune étudiant fit des progrès rapides, se distingua dans la minéralogie et dans d'autres sciences, et sut gagner les cœurs de tous ceux qui le connurent. Ses manières franches et cordiales, son aimabilité et sa grande modestie, unie à un caractère ferme et décidé, sans entêtement, et son génie poétique, qui paraissait ne plus pouvoir rester dans l'inactivité, fixèrent l'attention sur lui. Roller le digne et pieux ecclésiastique avait donné à Körner une direction qui lui servait de première inspiration; aussi ses premières idées se tournèrent vers Dieu et la religion et lui firent concevoir le projet de publier un Almanach sur la Chrétienneté, dans lequel il donnerait des articles sur l'histoire sainte et où il devait développer les questions, les plus importantes pour l'esprit social. Il écrivit alors dans une de ses lettres; " Et la religion pour laquelle nos pères surent combattre et mourir ne saurait nous inspirer autant, et trouver de retentissement dans les âmes, qui vivent encore dans toute leur pureté? Il y a de si beaux traits d'une haute inspiration religieuse dans les temps de la guerre de trente ans, et encore avant ceci, qui demandent aussi d'être chantés." Une certaine corruption s'étant emparé des esprits, ce projet rencontra de grands obstacles et ne put être réalisé, malgré les efforts du jeune poète, de ceux de son père, et de ses nombreux amis.

Ses études universitaires terminées *à Freiberg*, il désira se rendre la même année encore (en 1810) à Berlin pour ajouter encore à ce qu'il avait acquis, dans une université toute neuve, fondée des schismes de l'ancienne université de *Francfort sur l'Oder*, dont une partie fut dirigée sur *Breslau*, où se fondait l'université pour la Silésie et la Pologne-Prussienne, et l'autre sur Berlin. Il s'y rendit au commencement de l'année 1811, sans cependant y faire un long séjour; c'est dans cette année encore qu'il partît pour *Vienne* où il se détermina à suivre la carrière poétique et dramatique. Ses premièrs essais, sur un des théatres de Vienne: *La Fiancée* et le *Domino Vert* y furent

représentés au mois de Janvier, 1812, et reçues par le public le plus favorablement possible.

Körner se montra d'une fécondité surprenante, les productions succédaient aux productions, on aurait dit qu'une destinée fatale le pressait, pour nous laisser des souvenirs si beaux et des regrets éternels d'une vie si chère à ses parens, à ses amis et à sa patrie. Il composa dans cette Olympiade de quatre années pleines de succès brillant, six tragédies, cinq comédies, et cinq poèmes d'opéra; trois nouvelles et un grand nombre de poésies détachées, dont les dernières réunies sous le titre de *Leyer und Schwert*, restent comme le monument de son génie, et pour l'époque qui les a fait naître un titre de gloire. M. Saint-Marc Girardin, nous en parle dans un article publié dans le Journal des Débats au mois de Janvier, 1830, et incorporé sans indication, dans son livre d'une manière très poétique.

" Ses vers, ses chansons circulaient de bouche en bouche. Le soir dans les tavernes, les portes closes, quand il n'y avait plus, selon le mot du tems, que les frères Allemands, on chantait en chœur les hymnes de Körner.

" Ce qui fait le génie de Körner, c'est son patriotisme et son enthousiasme; ce n'est point un Tyrtée de Cabinet qui, au coin de son feu, fait des chansons guerriers, c'est un soldat, c'est un volontaire *des chasseurs noirs*, l'épée au flanc, le mousquet sur le dos: il s'est enrôlé pour sauver sa patrie, pour punir ses tyrans. Poéte et soldat son génie comme son courage s'échauffe au feu de la guerre. Tout est poésie pour lui, la flamme du mousquet, c'est l'étincelle de la liberté, le sang qui rougit les campagnes, c'est la pourpre de l'Aurore, de l'Aurore de la liberté."

Son génie comme son courage, sa vie et sa mort, inspirèrent à l'Angleterre aussi de la verve, et la muse Anglaise fit tomber quelques larmes sur le tombeau de Körner.

## FOR THE DEATH-DAY OF THEODORE KORNER.

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword—his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure and high;
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die!

He went, with the lyre whose lofty tone,
Beneath his hand,
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone
And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their dayspring's glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow!

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave
With the sword—his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays,
To turn the flight,
And a spirit to shine thro' the after days,
As a watch-fire's light:

And a grief in his father's soul to rest
Midst all high thought,
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
For him who went to a hero's grave
With the sword—his bride!

FELICIA HEMANS.

Körner prit service dans l'armée Prussienne au mois de Mars, 1813, lors de l'appel du Major Lützow, qui forma sous sa direction, ce corps terrible de *chasseurs noirs*, appelé *Lützow's Wilde Jagd;* corps composé de jeunes gens de bonnes familles, qui jurèrent tous, de secouer le joug de l'oppression de Napoléon et de venger la patrie outragée. Körner combattait l'ennemi avec cet enthousiasme, que l'on ne décrit pas, enthousiasme qui animait tout le corps, et composa ses vers de feu sous l'inspiration fanatique, qui paraissait s'être emparée de tout son être. Atteint d'une balle de tirailleur, il mourut une heure après avoir fait et transcrit dans son portefeuille la chanson: das *Schwertlied*, le 26 Août, 1813, entre *Godebusch et Schwerin*. Il fut enterré, avec les honneurs militaires, sous un chêne, emblême de la liberté Germanique, auprès du village *Wöbbelin*, sur la route de *Lübelow* à *Dreikrug*, à une lieue de *Ludwigslust*.

Le Grand Duc de Mecklembourg-Schwerin (Frédéric François) après avoir proposé au père de faire placer le corps de son fils, dans la tombe des princes de sa famille, lui a offert, une étendue de terre, qui environne le tombeau de Körner et on y a élevé un monument en fer fondu d'après les indications du père. La sœur aînée du héros, la fille unique et le seul enfant qui restait encore aux parens affligés, le suivit au mois de Mars, 1815, au tombeau, et fut enterré à côté de lui; de même que son père, un des hommes les plus éclairé et les plus digne de l'Allemagne, mort le 13 Mai, 1830.

Les œuvres dramatiques de Körner, qui méritent une mention particulière sont, outre les comédies déjà citées, les tragédies, *Hedwig*, *Toni*, *Zriny*. Ses poésies publiées par le père en 1814 à Berlin, sous

le titre de *Leyer und Schwert* ont eues en 1834, la septième édition ; la même appréciation trouvent en Allemagne ses poésies posthumes deux vol. publiées à Leipzick en 1814 et 1815. *M. Charles Streckfuss*, chargé par la mère de Körner, a publié en 1835 à Berlin, une édition complette de ses œuvres, augmentée des lettres de Göthe au père et d'une collection de vers, recueillie dans les papiers du défunt ; cette édition est précédée d'une biographie très détaillée de l'auteur et de sa famille. Avant de terminer la notice sur Körner, il nous reste encore quelques unes de ses poésies à citer,

*Chanson de l'Epée.*

Dis moi ma bonne Epée
Que signifie ton regard brillant ?
Tu me contemples si joyeusement
Epée toi, qui fais ma joie.
Hourrah !

" Porteé par un vaillant cavalier
Voilà ce qui donne du feu à mon regard,
Etre la défense d'un homme libre
Voilà ce qui fait ma joie."
Hourrah !

Oui, ma bonne Epée, je suis libre
Et je t'aime cordialement
Comme si tu m'étais attachée
Comme ma fiancée chérie.
Hourrah !

" Je te l'ai vouée à toi
Ma brillante vie d'acier
Ah que serions nous unis !
Quand viendras-tu chercher ta fiancée."
Hourrah !

À l'aurore des nôces
Nous appelle la trompette ;
Quand les canons grondent
C'est alors, que je chercherai ma fiancée.
Hourrah !

" O embrassements délicieux
Que je vous attends
Fiancé cherche moi
Ma couronne est à toi."
Hourrah !

Pourquoi tressaillir dans le fourreau
Ma joie brillante d'acier
Es-tu si sauvage, et ardente pour le combat ?
Mon épée pourquoi si remuante ?
Hourrah !

" Je tressaille oui, dans le fourreau
J'ai besoin de bataille
J'ai la gaîté sauvage des combats
Voilà cavalier pourquoi je tressaill ."
Hourrah !

*Schwertlied.*

Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was soll dein heitres Blinken ?
Schaust mich so freundlich an
Hab' meine Freude dran.
Hurrah !

" Mich trägt ein wackrer Reiter,
Drum blink'ich auch so heiter
Bin freien Mannes Wehr
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr."
Hurrah !

Ja, gutes Schwert, frei bin ich
Und liebe dich herzinnig,
Als wärst du mir getraut
Als eine liebe Braut.
Hurrah !

" Dir hab'ich's ja ergeben
Mein lichtes Eisenleben
Als wären wir getraut
Wann holst du deine Braut."
Hurrah !

Zur Brautnachts Morgenröthe
Ruft festlich die Trompete ;
Wenn die Kanonen schrei'n
Hol' ich das Liebchen ein.
Hurrah !

" O seliges Umfangen !
Ich harre mit Verlangen,
Du Bräut' gam hole mich
Mein Kränzchen bleibt für dich !"
Hurrah !

Was klirrst du in der Scheide,
Du helle Eisenfreude,
So wild, so schlachtenfroh ?
Mein Schwert was klirrst du so ?
Hurrah !

" Wohl klirr'ich in der Scheide
Ich sehne mich zum Streite,
Recht wild und schlachtenfroh
Drum Reiter klirr'ich so."
Hurrah !

Reste donc dans ta chambrette
Que veux tu ici, cher amour?
Reste tranquille dans ta retraite
Reste je te chercherai tantôt.
Hourrah!

" Ne me fait pas long temps attendre,
Oh beau jardin des amours,
Plein de roses rouges de sang
Et de la mort épanouie."
Hourrah!

Eh bien, sors donc du fourreau
Délice du cavalier
Sors mon épée, sors
Je te conduis dans la demeure de mes pères.
Hourrah!

" Ah, que c'est beau d'être libre
Dans les danses ardentes des nôces,
Que l'acier avec le feu de la fiancée
Brille dans les rayons du soleil."
Hourrah!

En avant vous ardents combattans!
En avant vous cavaliers Allemands!
Votre cœur ne s'échauffe-t-il pas
Serrez la fiancée dans vos bras.
Hourrah!

C'est d'abord au flanc gauche
Que la belle pour nous brillait,
Mais c'est à la droite
Que Dieu unit la fiancée.
Hourrah!

Pressez donc la bouche d'acier
De la fiancée, brulante d'amour
Contre vos lèvres.
Damnation! à quiconque abandonne la fiancée.
Hourrah!

Et toi mon amour, chante
Laisse petiller des étincelles brillantes,
Voici le matin des nôces
Hourrah, fiancée d'acier,
Hourrah!

Bleib doch im engen Stübchen
Was willst du hier mein Liebchen?
Bleib' still im Kämmerlein,
Bleib', bald hol' ich dich ein.
Hurrah!

" Lass mich nicht lange warten!
O schöner Liebesgarten,
Voll Röslein blutigroth
Und aufgeblühtem Tod."
Hurrah!

So komm' denn aus der Scheide
Du Reiter's Augenweide,
Heraus, mein Schwert, heraus!
Führ' dich in's Vaterhaus.
Hurrah!

" Ach! herrlich ist 's im Freien,
Im rüst'gen Hochzeitreihen,
Wie glänzt im Sonnenstrahl
So bräutlich hell der Stahl."
Hurrah!

Wohlauf, ihr kecken Streiter!
Wohlauf, ihr deutschen Reiter!
Wird euch das Herz nicht warm
Nehmt's Liebchen in den Arm.
Hurrah!

Erst that es ander Linken,
Nur ganz verstohlen blinken,
Doch an die Rechte traut
Gott sichtbarlich die Braut.
Hurrah!

Drum drückt den liebeheissen
Bräutlichen Mund von Eisen,
An eure Lippen fest.
Fluch! wer die Braut verlässt.
Hurrah!

Nun lasst das Liebchen singen
Dass helle Funken springen.
Der Hochzeitmorgen graut—
Hurrah, du Eisenbraut.
Hurrah!

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*Prière pendant la Bataille.*

Père, j'appelle à toi
Le Canon gronde à travers des nuages épais,
La foudre meurtrière trace des sillons autour de moi,
Gouverneur des combats j'appelle à toi,
Père, conduis moi!

*Gebet während der Schlacht.*

Vater, ich rufe dich!
Brüllend umwölkt mich der Dampf der Geschütze,
Sprühend umzucken mich rasselnde Blitze.
Lenker der Schlachten, ich rufe dich!
Vater du, führe mich!

Père, conduis moi !
Conduis moi, à la victoire, conduis moi à la mort :
Seigneur je me soumets à tes commandements
Seigneur comme tu veux, conduis moi
Dieu je te reconnais !

Dieu je te reconnais !
Dans le murmure des feuilles tombantes,
Aussi bien que dans le tonnère des combats,
Source de grâce, je te reconnais
Père, O bénis moi !

Père, O bénis moi !
C'est dans ta main que je dépose ma vie,
Tu peux me l'ôter, tu me l'as donnée ;
Je te bénis, vivant et mourant
Père, je prononce ta louange !

Dieu, je prononce ta louange !
Ce n'est point un combat, pour les biens de la terre ;
Nous défendons de notre épée, ce qui nous est le plus sacré :
En succombant comme pour la victoire je prononce ta louange,
Dieu c'est à toi, que je me suis voué !

Dieu c'est à toi, que je me suis voué !
Quand les tonnères de la mort me saluent,
Quand mes veines percées s'épuisent :
Ah mon Dieu, c'est à toi que je suis voué
Père je t'appelle.

Vater du, führe mich !
Führ'mich zum Siege, führ'mich zum Tode :
Herr, ich erkenne deine Gebote ;
Herr, wie du willst, so führe mich
Gott, ich erkenne dich !

Gott, ich erkenne dich !
So im herbstlichen Rauschen der Blätter,
Als im Schlachtendonnerwetter,
Urquell der Gnade, erkenn'ich dich.
Vater du, segne mich !

Vater du, segne mich !
In deine Hand befehl'ich mein Leben,
Du kannst es nehmen, du hast es gegeben ;
Zum Leben, zum Sterben segnemich.
Vater, ich preise dich !

Vater, ich preise dich !
'S ist ja kein Kampf für die Güter der Erde ;
Das Heiligste schützen wir mit dem Schwerte :
Drum, fallend, und siegend, preis'-ich dich,
Gott dir ergeb'ich mich !

Gott dir ergeb'ich mich !
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüssen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet fliessen :
Dir, mein Gott, dir ergeb'ich mich !
Vater, ich rufe dich !

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## MONOLOGUE DE LUTHER,*

*Avant de se rendre au Congrès des Puissances.*

*( On entend le son des cloches.)*

Les cloches retentissent, les princes souverains sont réunis.
Combattant de Dieu, c'est à présent, qu'il s'agit de fermeté.
Car tes dogmes que tu as répandus
Venant d'un cœur pur pour éclairer le monde
Et pour resserrer les liens de tous les esprits,
Ils les ont brisés, ils ont divisé la surface :
Rompu les fers d'une hémisphère ;
Et ce qui m'a été confié par l'esprit puissant

* Composé pour *l'Almanach de Chrétienneté*, et publié pour la première fois en 1834.

Pour leur bien et leur salut éternel,
C'est précisément ce qui vient d'allumer le feu de la discorde
Ce qui fait que les masses s'entregorgent
Espérant chacun de gagner le ciel.
On me convoque devant le tribunal des princes
Afin de défendre le fond de ma doctrine.
Le monde tout entier, plein d'attente, a les regards fixés sur moi,
Incertain si je réussirai à achever mon œuvre
Si la vérité de ma parole, sortira victorieuse du grand combat.

Courage, courage, les anges me sourient
L'âme s'élance de ses limites rétrécies
Et les chérubins élèvent hautement la bannière de la victoire,
Si tout succombe, ma croyance ne succombera pas.
L'esprit saint m'entoure et m'entraine puissamment
Et la parole nouvelle reste prononcée irrévocablement.
*(On entend de nouveau les cloches.)*

Voilà pour la seconde fois que les cloches m'appellent
Le moment est là qui doit décider
Si ce sont les lois des hommes qui doivent vaincre
Ou bien, si les dogmes de Dieu doivent triompher,
C'est avec fermeté que je dois me présenter devant ces fiers princes :
Dieu, écoute encore une fois ma fervente prière,
Laisse moi encore une fois t'adorer courageusement
Car alors j'aborderai même la mort joyeusement.
(Il se met à genoux, les mains jointes et élevées vers le ciel.)

Tout puissant me voilà dans la poussière devant toi
Tout puissant écoute ton humble serviteur :
Rien ne saurait ébranler ma croyance [et juste!
Quoique menacé par la violence, je la reconnaîtrai toujours vraie
Mais comme nul autre que toi qui as tout créé
Ne saurait approfondir le sort
O père Celeste ! aide moi à vaincre
Assiste moi et écoute mon appel
Tu m'as choisi pour tes combats
Afin d'enseigner ta parole au monde entier.
Seigneur Zeboath, punis moi de ta colère
Si le courage me manque dans ce combat.
Et si je ne puis remporter la victoire de la vérité
Si la puissance de la venger me manque
Laisse-moi Père, mourir pour toi,
Car la vie, le monde et la mort, tout est à toi,
A toi la croyance et toute sa magnificence
Et toutes les louanges, mon père, tout est à toi,
(Il se lève.— *Une pause.*)

Me voilà fortifié, et quelque soin que Dieu me destine,
La victoire ou la mort, j'attends avec calme l'une ou l'autre.

J'entends cependant une voix dans mon cœur :
" Heureux combattant, tu seras vainqueur."
J'avance plein de joie et de courage,
Et ce qui arrivera ne saurait m'effrayer
Car Dieu protège mes pas.
Et plein de confiance en lui, je me présente devant mes juges
Ne suis je pas envoyé pour éclairer le monde
Pour jetter de la lumière, sur l'obscurité ?
Elle est irrévocable, la nouvelle doctrine
Car la vérité ne change pas ses formes.
Est-ce pour moi que je combats ? C'est au nom de Dieu
Et mes ennemis deviendront la risée du monde.
Au combat donc, au combat, Amen ! Amen !
*Car notre Dieu est un fort solide.*
J'avance courageusement dans ma carrière
La vérité triomphera, les anges font flotter leur étendard !

## LUTHERS MONOLOG.

*Eh'er in die Reichsversammlung geht.*

(*Man hört die Glocken tönen.*)

Die Glocke tönt, die Fürsten sind versammelt,
Nun, Streites Gotter gilt's, nun stehe fest !
Denn deine Lehre, die du ausgesandt
Aus reiner Brust, dass sie die Welt erleuchte,
Und die Gemüther inniger verwebe,
Sie hat der Völker Bündniss wild gespaltet :
Die Fessln brach sie einer halben Welt,
Und was der Geist, der grosse, mir vertraute.
Zur Wohlthat ihnen und zum ew'gen Heil,
Das schürt der Zwietracht grausend Feuer an,
Und feindlich will die Menge sich verderben.
Man fordert mich vor das Gericht der Fürsten,
Vertheid'gen soll ich meiner Lehre Sinn.
Ebich das schwere Werk noch kühn vollende,
Und ob die Wahrheit meiner Rede siegt.
Doch nur getrost, die Engel lächeln mir
Die Secle schwingt sich aus des Lebens Schranken,
Hoch hebt der Cherub dort das Siegspannier,
Wenn alles fällt, mein Glaube soll nicht wanken ;
Mich hält der Geist, er reisst mich mächtig fort,
Unwiederruflich steht das neue Wort !
(Man hört auf's neuve Glockentöne.)

Zum zweitenmale tönt der Glocken Ruf.
Der Augenblick ist da, der es entscheidet,
Ob Mensehensatzung triumphiren soll,
Ob Gotteslehre gross und herrlich siegt.
Vor stolze Fürsten soll ich kühnlich treten ;
Getreuer Gott hör einmal noch mein Fleh'n,

Lass mich noch einmal muthig zu dir beten,
Dann will ich fröhlich selbst zum Tode gehn.
(Er wirft sich auf die Knie, und faltet die Hände.)

Allmächtiger, ich liege hier im Staube,
Allmächtiger, erhöre deinen Knecht:
Von nichts erschüttert steht des Herzens Glaube;
Droh' auch Gewalt, ich fühl ihn wahr und echt!
Doch wer vermag's, das Schicksal zu ergründen,
Als du, Allweiser, der das All erschuf?
O grosser Vater! hilf mir überwinden,
Und steh' mir bei, und höre meinen Ruf.
Zu deinen Kämpen hast du mich erkoren,
Dein Wort zu lehren in der ganzen Welt.
Herr Zebaoth, straf mich in deinem Zorn
Wenn mir der Muth in diesem Streit entfällt.
Und kann ich nicht der Wahrheit Sieg erwerben,
Und widersteh'n die Höllenmächte mir,
Lass mich, Allvater, freudig für dich sterben,
Denn Leben, Welt und Tod gehöret dir.
Dein ist das Reich und alle Herrlichkeit,
Und Lob und Preis in Ewigkeit.
(Er steht auf.—Pause.)

Ich bin gestärkt, und was mir Gott bestimmt,
Sieg oder Tod, auf Beides gleich gefasst.
Doch hör'ich eine Stimm, in meinem Herzen:
" Glück auf, du Streiter Gottes, denn, du siegst!"
Dem Schicksal geh'ich froh und kühn entgegen,
Und was geshieht erschrecken kann's mich nicht.
Mich schützet Gott auf allen meinen Wegen,
Und ihm vertrauend tret' ich vors Gericht.
Ich bin gesandt dass ich die welt verkläre,
Das Dunkel helle mit des Glaubens Licht;
Unwiderruflich ist die neue Lehre,
Denn Wahrheit wandelt ihre Bildung nicht.
Streit' ich für mich? ich streit' in Gottes Namen,
Und meine Feinde werden einst zum Spott.
Zum Kampfe hin, zum Kampfe, Amen, Amen!
Denn eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.
Ich gehe muthig fort auf meiner Bahne,
Die wahrheit siegt, der Engel schwingt die Fahne.
(*Ab.*)

Nous aurions beaucoup à dire encore, s'il fallait détailler avec quelle légèreté M. Saint-Marc Girardin, Professeur à la faculté des lettres de Paris a passé *sur Goëthe et Hoffmann;* nous devons cependant nous borner à ce dernier combat.

Il est curieux en effet de voir l'acharnement de l'auteur des Notices, contre le moyen-age, d'examiner comme il le poursuit de ses railleries jusqu'à son entrée dans la capitale de Bavière, à Munich. Nous trouvons d'abord dans son livre: " Ce n'est point au moyen-age qu'il

appartient de régler les destinées à venir des peuples. Le moyen-âge a eu sa grandeur, son héroïsme, sa poésie et son génie même de liberté, mais tout cela a vécu. Vouloir faire aujourd'hui de la poésie ou de la liberté avec les idées du moyen-age, c'est vouloir, comme au temps de la Ligue, faire le pain des vivans avec la cendre des morts. La manie du moyen-age était un sentiment crédule et avide ; de pareils sentimens ne servent jamais qu'à être dupe." Plus loin ce ne sont plus les femmes seules, qui empêchent les révolutions en Allemagne, c'est le moyen-age. " C'est ce parti du moyen-age, qui s'est infiltré en Allemagne dans le libéralisme méridional et qui lui donne je ne sais quelle allure gauche et emprunté." . . . qui selon M. S. M. G. a fait manquer la révolution de Francfort en 1833. Bref il n'aime pas le moyen-age, mais il aime la réforme, la grande et puissante réforme de Luther et de Calvin, tout comme un homme de progrès doit l'aimer, et il s'en réjouit particulièrement, parceque c'est l'église qui a du payer les frais de la paix de Westphalie en 1645.

Mais arrivé à Munich, le voyageur s'arrête d'abord, regarde, admire et change de face, " à Munich, on ne pense pas," dit M. S. M. G. " on regarde," et il s'est tellement identifié avec cet esprit de Munich, qu'il a fait, tout comme les autres. " A Munich, il y a des artistes qui peignent, qui sculptent, qui bâtissent ; il y a des curieux qui viennent voir peindre, sculpter, bâtir ! voilà Munich ! J'ai trouvé à Munich des savans, des érudits, des mystiques, un grand philosophe M. de Schelling." Je n'ai jamais vu un homme plus heureux dans ses précieuses découvertes, que M. S. M. G.: à peine arrive-t-il à Munich qu'il y trouve nonseulement des savans, des érudits, des mystiques, mais chose bien plus étonnante, il y trouve un philosophe, et ce philosophe, que dira-t-on, ce philosophe c'est *M. de Schelling ! ! !* Il se contente du reste de l'avoir trouvé, car il nous montre un si profond respect pour ce philosophe qu'il ose à peine le nommer. M. Saint-Marc Girardin n'est pas grand amateur de la philosophie et des philosophes Allemands, car si nous jetons un coup d'œil sur le chapitre qu'il a consacré à la philosophie, qu'il se plaît à appeler : *Marche de la philosophie en Allemagne, de Luther jusqu'à nos jours*, on s'aperçoit qu'il la fait marcher, tambour battant, pour s'en débarrasser le plus promptement possible.

C'est dans un exposé de 188 lignes, (édition de Bruxelles,) qu'il fait faire une marche forcée, à *Luther, Calvin, Descartes, Leibnitz, Wolff, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, et Hegel ;* c'est dans cette marche de 188 lignes qu'il traverse le triomphe remporté sur la religion par la philosophie, qui se place sur la même hauteur que sa divine sœur, triomphe éclatant constaté par la raison saine et sacrée du protestantisme ; qu'il nous *indique* la séparation de ce ménage du cœur et de l'esprit par *Descartes ;* qu'il nous dit que la théodicée *de Leibnitz* a fait sortir l'idée de Dieu des réflexions de l'homme ; idée que *Wolff* son disciple a cherché à consolider afin de faire un système de philosophie religieuse. Nous y voyons ensuite *Kant* renverser ce système par sa force négative ; puis arrive le *moi* de *Fichte* et ce *moi* est si puissant qu'il fait déclarer, à Fichte bien entendu : " *Dans la leçon prochaine nous ferons Dieu !*" M. S. M. G. nous avoue cependant que c'est une grande difficulté, de dire comment Fichte faisait Dieu. Quant à

*Hegel* il lui donne raison, parceque Hegel donne tout à la raison ; les lois de la mécanique, les lois de la morale, de la politique, de la religion, enfin tout, je dirais même, jusqu'à la plus belle partie de sa philosophie (sa conscience ?), pour devenir un philosophe courtisan. Nous devons donc convenir que M. S. M. G. a été on ne peut plus expéditif. Ceci par parenthèse ! A Munich donc a lieu la réconciliation complette de M. S. M. G. avec le moyen-age. " Il y a un trait de l'Ecole de Munich," dit-il, " que je me reprocherais de négliger. Je lisais tout récemment dans une excellente *lettre sur le Vatican* de M. Delecluze, que toutes les grandes écoles de peinture et de sculpture, ont toujours pour contemporaine quelque école de philosophie.* L'école de Munich a aussi à coté d'elle son école de philosophie. Je veux parler de l'école mystique de M. M. Goerres et Bader. MM. Goerres et Bader sont des hommes d'une grande science et d'une vive imagination qui ont entrepris de renouveller et de rajeunir le Catholicisme . . . . Il se renferme (M. Goerres,) quant à la pratique, dans l'observation des règles de l'Eglise ; mais quant à la pensée, il fait entrer dans le Catholicisme, à l'aide des symboles, des allégories et surtout des interprétations philosophiques, je ne sais combien de choses, que Grégoire VII. et Bossuet, n'y ont jamais vues."

On ne saurait dire en effet, si c'est le mysticisme de MM. Goerres et Bader qui a jeté dans le cœur et l'esprit de M. Saint Marc-Girardin cet enthousiasme pour les images, ou, si ce sont les images de Munich qui en ont fait un grand partisan du mysticisme : qui sait ! peutêtre n'a-t-il cherché qu'à mystifier son auditoire ou ses lecteurs. L'homme qui fait un éclatant éloge du systême égoiste du *moi* de *Fichte* et de la raison toute puissante de *Hegel ;* ce même homme se laisse entraîner par la belle peinture des églises de Munich ; par les allégories et les symboles du mysticisme de MM. Goerres et Bader au point, qu'il abandonne le *moi* de Fichte et la raison de Hegel, pour se jeter dans la galerie de tableaux du catholicisme mystifié de deux visionnaires, qui nous reconduisent tout droit au moyen-age. Mais peu nous importe la croyance et les illusions du Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris ; nous ne voulons pas nous étendre plus long-tems sur son compte ; c'est le mysticisme de MM. Goerres et Bader que nous exposerons à nos lecteurs, car il ressemble sous bien des rapports à certaines doctrines religieuses en Angleterre, doctrines qui sont en contravention ouverte avec le principe du protestantisme. Le chapitre suivant sera consacré à cet examen.

*( To be continued. )*

* Il est bon de savoir que le Roi *Louis de Bavière*, réunit à Munich tout ce que les arts produisent de grand et de pompeux et que lui même, afin de donner du majestueux à la poésie se charge de faire des vers, pour la patrie et pour l'ordre public. On se raconte que lors d'une grande émeute dans la capitale, et après que la police les gens d'armes et les troupes de ligne avaient employés tout ce qui était physiquement possible, pour calmer l'effervescence du peuple qui se traînait en hurlant devant le palais de S. M. pour y faire, je ne sais quoi, le Roi s'est présenté en personne sur le Balcon, employant de son côté tous les moyens persuasifs pour détourner ces masses de leurs projets sinistres ; mais en vain. Tout à coup, le Roi tire de sa poche, le premier volume de ses poésies, et il avait à peine commencé à lire à haute et intelligible voix, que le peuple se retira sur le champ !

## ADIEUX DE MARIE STUART.

Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois tant chérir,
Berceau de mon heureux enfance,
Adieu ! te quitter c'est mourir.
&c. &c. &c.

## IMITATION.

Farewell, my loved France, I must leave thee for ever,
An exile from all that is cherished I rove,
Though forced to desert thee, your Mary can never
Forget the fair land of her youth and her love.

This, France, is the source of your daughter's emotion,
The home of her youth she can visit no more ;
She leaves thee, nor sees 'mid the billows of ocean,
One wave that will waft her again to your shore.

If love, wit, or glory, the senses could ravish
The hand of the gallant, the noble, the free,
Each scene of enchantment thy beauty could lavish
On one that thou loved'st, was afforded to me.

And when for the combat the lists were divided,
With what noble ardour each bosom would glow,
For then o'er your chivalry Mary presided,
The prize of their prowess 'twas her's to bestow.

In Scotland a crown and a sceptre attend me,
I claim the high honours attached to my line,
But where are the hearts there that love or befriend me,
Whose chords can respond to the feelings of mine?

Ah ! Scotland, I dread thee, a tempest is lowering,
The bolt that must 'whelm me I calmly await,
For omens and dreams, too, portentous, o'erpowering,
Have shown me the future, and told me my fate.

'Twas lately I dreamt that a block was before me,
The axe was uplifted, and ready the stroke—
It fell—then the shadows of death gathered o'er me ;
The vision departed, I shrieked, and awoke.

But, land of my love, thy blue cliffs are receding,
They're gone ! not a spot, not a vestige appears,
I've left thee at length, and a heart that is bleeding
Must seek for the solace of silence and tears.

And if on a scaffold I'm destined to perish,
The last dying efforts of Mary will be,
A sigh for the land she has long learned to cherish,
A prayer offered up in remembrance of thee.

John Waring.

# A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.[1]

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

## CHAPTER III.

Now will he shape his course upon his brain,
And traverse mountains, and the deepest vales:—
Yea, travel sweet realities in thought,
But o'er such soft and boggy soil, methinks
He needs must soon sink middle-deep, and strive,
And pant, and flounder on so bad a road;
And so, stick in the mud.——

ALDIBERONTIFOSCHIPHORNIOSTICUS.

"Let me soliloquize.—

"They tell me (*on me dit*) that my better plan, or, superlatively, that my *best* plan will be, certainly, not to think of beginning my tour by *hind-leg-ism*—not to walk until I arrive on the borders of Wales, but to get into some honest vehicle, and with great thriftiness of muscle and tendon, travel across Devon and Somerset; to disburse none of my strength until I may be constrained to do so by the circumstance of the said coach being overturned in the middle of Offa's Dyke.

"It will be time enough to walk then.—('Twould be high time to walk then.)

"But I have great pride in this matter.

"I have made one great resolve:—I have built extensively; (I *delight* in building castles;) and if I encourage the approach of one single idea, touching the adoption of this well-meant advice, I undermine every thing.

"I have had the conceit to resolve that in this adventure of vagrancy I will be indebted to no carriage whatever. I have come to the determination of making myself so far independent as to perform the whole of it on foot—and I believe I can do it. According to the route I have sketched out in my mind's eye, it may extend to eight hundred or even a thousand miles. This seems a great deal: but to see all I wish to see, I scarcely know how to make it less. It is an opportunity that perchance may not again fall in my way; let me, therefore, reap a plentiful harvest, whilst the season smiles, and an abundant crop spreads itself out before me. Let me walk into the fields and cull antiquarian blossoms—let me roam the country over, and gather the ripe fruits of knowledge from the trees of tradition, the walls of old castles, and the legends existing among the descendants of Brute.

"I will not attempt, therefore, to curtail my purpose in the small-

[1] Continued from page 215.

est degree—I will traverse the soil of every hyde of land that the Britons have still remaining among them.

" The most eligible scheme, in the first place, will be, to make for Bristol, and then get into a steamer and smoke over the channel to the Wye. (I *must* ride then.) When at Chepstow, I have beauties at hand (at *leg*) without number—the castle, Pearcefield, the Wind Cliff, Tintern Abbey, and I know not what else.

" Ay, delightful! I wish I were there! What would I give—but stay—I have a friend at Bridgend—I must go there—and then, by some devious and unforeseen course (for I intend to go just where fancy and circumstances lead me,) I will shape my way to the devil—to the Devil's Bridge, I mean—thence, I know not how, to Cader Idris—and thence, some how or other, to Snowdon. Oh, Snowdon, I long to see thee! for I never saw a mountain in my life.

" From Snowdon—let me see—there is Carnarvon and the castle, the Menai Bridge, Beaumaris, and Anglesea, Bangor, and all the north of Wales between it and Liverpool: for I shall make my exit there, that I may have an opportunity of seeing the railroad.

" This, then, I may call the termination of my tour, as my purpose is, principally, to enjoy Wales: but at Liverpool or Manchester I shall be between two and three hundred miles from home. Will my condescension stoop so low as to allow me then to step into a coach and return?—No, no.

" Devon and Somerset lie between me and Wales at the outset; and in spite of everything, I am fully determined not to ride to Bristol, but walk across these two counties. Instead of expending strength by doing so, I am of opinion, I shall be fortifying myself for greater exploits: I shall be taking the Alpha, which will lead to Omega, and eating the egg, which will lead to the apple. And, therefore, why should I not walk home again, down through the centre of England? There are many and many alluring sweets that I should entirely miss were I to come back in any other way.

" No—I'll walk every step of it, if I wear my legs up to the knees—by Jingo I will!

" But where—at what place shall I begin my narrative? My remarks, as well as my tour, chiefly bear Wales for their ascendant; but as I have determined, ere I see Sidmouth again, to walk through many counties in England, I think it were both hard and ungrateful were I to say nothing about them. Of this there is no question; and these, to the praise of the land of roast beef, shall not be passed without due regard to their merits, due admiration of their beauties, a strong recollection of their bounty, and a recorded detail of their deserts. It would be gross and forgetful indeed were I to walk through them for some hundred miles, wearing out their roads, living on their produce, sleeping in their houses, feasting mine eyes on their scenery, and stealing their hills, their valleys, and their buildings with a pencil—it would be flagrant sin, indeed, were I to enjoy all this, and say not afterwards one word in gratitude.

" Exeter is the first place of any consideration:—it is distant but sixteen miles. It is a city, and a large city: it was famous in olden times, and has not lost its importance in modern: it is interesting to the

antiquarian, the painter, and the merchant. I think this will be a fair commencement for my narrative, for I shall, perhaps, meet with few places boasting of such pretensions.—Oh!—oh!—

"Oh! thou hellish fiend, ingratitude! Thou hast got hold upon me! Where wilt thou take me? Dost thou dare thus to entice my thoughts away? Where wilt thou lead my affections, oh thou blackest imp of Tartarus?

"Exeter, indeed! Oh, sinful purpose!—oh, agonizing remorse!

"Let me fall down upon the soil of thy bosom, most gentle Sidmouth:—thou, who hast nourished me for the last nine years—thou who hast seen me grow from boyhood even unto bearded maturity, and let me crave a merciful pardon of thee. Oh, ingratitude! to what sinful lengths wilt thou decoy a fallen man!—Exeter, indeed!—but what says Shakspeare?

> 'Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!
> More hideous when thou showest thee in a child
> Than the sea-monster!'

"'When thou showest thee in a child,'—truly I rejoice I have just stepped out of the age in which great sin is greatest. Oh, Brutus! and thou wert ungrateful!—thou didst stab thy friend;—and I have wounded Sidmouth.

> 'This was the most unkindest cut of all:
> For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
> Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
> Quite vanquish'd him.'

"Young, too, has made a shaft for me, which shame forbids me to attempt to parry.

> 'He that's ungrateful, has no fault but one,
> All other faults pass for virtues in him.'

"And Rochefoucault will not spare me either:—

> 'L'ingratitude est le vice des têtes mal-faites et imprudentes.'

"What a host of maledictions crowd upon me at once! What a hail-storm of bitter darts take me for a target! I, who detest and abhor ingratitude from the bottom of my very soul, have here practised it myself. But it is the state of degraded man often to commit that very sin himself which, in all others, he the most decries and the most laments.

"Sweet, noble, and gentle Sidmouth! pr'ythee, forgive me!—pr'ythee, turn over this black page of my backslidings, and I, in my remorse, will turn to another, and forthwith write a chapter unto thee.

## CHAPTER IV.

" Each receives his share."

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

There are many things that the traveller has to be wary of. When he sits down to write a description of any town he may visit in his wanderings, he has readers of divers classes, orders, genera, and species to address himself to.

In the first place, he must consider the foundation, date, rise, and progress of a town during the morning of its infant state in the days of antiquity. He must take very particular notice of its name:—he must repeat it over and over to himself, and rack his brains in all the languages he is master of, to discover its derivation. He had better repeat it aloud, rather than inly, because the sound will often tell him more of the secret of its birth and parents than the letters of which it is composed. If the town be in England whose name he is analysing, he may tumble over such languages as are most likely to suit his purpose; such, for instance, as the ancient British, the Scandinavian, or, indeed, the Latin; for the names of most of the places founded by the hardy followers of the Eagle, bear a Roman essence for their nucleus; notwithstanding time may have done much to conceal that reality from the eyes of the casual observer: but if these will not do, let him try the Teutonic, or ancient German—the Gallic, Norman, or old French, the Danish, or the Saxon, (where he may, perhaps, have occasion most frequently to turn,) and he had better not entirely omit thinking of the ancient Irish and the Gaelic. In short, whenever he enters any town as a stranger, *unde derivatur nomen?* must always stand o' tiptoe on the end of his tongue.

So much for the antiquary.

Then he must mete out a portion to the historian, and tell him of the vicissitudes of fortune that have alternately frowned and smiled on the growing colony since its foundation. He must tell the merchant what has been the state and feature of commerce at home and abroad, in times past, passing, and the probabilities of what may be expected in times *to* pass. He must tell him whether it is likely or not that the Phœnicians ever traded there for *lollipops*.

The meteorologist must know all about the climate and the state of the air:—is it wet or dry—what says the hygrometer, the hydrometer, or hygroscope?—no matter whose, either De Luc's or De Saussure's:—is it hot or cold—what says the thermometer or thermoscope?—and what the barometer—how many inches in the pluviometer or rain-gauge?—and pneumatically, what is the point in which the wind is the most prevalent?—and what its face?—look at the animometer.

Then the medical man must know whether the climate is bracing or relaxing:—does it give colds, or does it cure them? and does it invigorate, or does it give the sciatica?

The geologist must never be forgotten. The observant traveller must tell him what the soil is here, there, and in the other place:—are the rocks primitive, or secondary, or floetz, or any thing else, and

what else?—are there any organic remains? If in his rambles over the hills, he may pick up a megalosaurus or an ichthyosaurus, and put it into his knapsack or his waistcoat pocket, let him minutely record and describe it in his book.

And, lastly, if he deems it irrelevant or unnecessary to address himself to any others, there still remains the painter, who will declare the work wants *glazing*, if the traveller does not describe the scenery as he goes: he must know the outline, the colouring, the light and shade, and the true effect, on every horizontal of fifty degrees, in every direction and at every turn of the road.

"What was the character of the county," he will inquire, "at such a place? was it flat, or mountainous? was it picturesque and wild, and particularly bold? What was the precise effect on such a scene when you looked at it? and how was your horizon? high or low? had you a bird's-eye peep at it? What hour was it—morning or evening? Which way did your light fall—from the right or left? was the light scattered—or strikingly thrown upon one bold object in the centre? Or was it a quiet, glowing, evening effect—the grey distance softened down by a profusion of '*sun-dust*'—the last rays of the warm horizon shooting up and gilding the lower edges of some long-streaked, silvery clouds? Did any rivulet, or mirror-like lake enliven, but not disturb, the view? Did any cattle stand in the water, musing and wisking their tails against their sides, and at times throwing back their heads to drive away the flies—and swarms of flickering gnats, that danced in the haze of the lingering sun-beam?

"Was it *à la* Claude? and didst thou experience a painfully-pleasing and indescribable sensation within thy breast at the sight of it? Didst thou fall down on some verdant bank, and weep for 'piteous joy?'"

I' faith, there is that in nature, when she is viewed in her native wilds, that will at times stir up the passions of the most unimpassioned. The heart of stone is not so hard, but it may be melted: and what so unartificial—so unsophisticated—so congenial—so natural—and what so sweetly, and so tenderly opens the gushing fountain of sensibility, as the chasteness and purity of nature?

Stand by the gurgling brook in the cool of a summer's evening, and hear the water warble over the polished pebbles—look with the eye of contemplation and love at the softened hues on the distant mountain—the varied tones checkering the tops of the stately trees of the forest—listen to the notes of the lark, the blackbird, or the nightingale—consider the heavens at night—the pale moon—and reflect on the rainbow.

This is nature; reflect on this, and thou wilt be led to reflect on that which is higher: it is the ladder that will conduct thee to the source of all. What heart is there on earth that something will not touch? And what heart is there that beats, that will not be touched by nature, and beat the faster for it?

O Sterne! come thou and speak for me.

"Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!

"—— Eternal fountain of our feelings! It is here I trace thee; and

this is thy divinity which stirs within me: not that in some sad and sickening moments, 'my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction'—mere pomp of words! but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself; all comes from thee, great, great Sensorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation."

—— But, gentle Sidmouth, come—let us consider what is to be done for thee.

In speaking of thee, and speaking after the precepts and suggestions that were broached somewhere in the beginning of this chapter, we must go back, and talk "of the days of other years."

*Sid-mouth:* let me consider—*unde derivatur* I think I said should be the first thing. This appears a comparatively easy word to resolve. What language is it the child of? Teutonic? Gallic? Norman? Danish? Irish? Gaelic? Sclavonian? Scandinavian? or Saxon?

I would make it classic if I could: but this I fear I shall never be able to do. 'Tis too plain, there is no Greek in it: no, nor any Latin either. Is it Chinese, by-the-bye? for it would be a remarkable name if it were. Or if it came from the Chaldee or Syriac, the Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, or Persic, it would be delightful. Perhaps it is Kufic, or Coptic, or Ethiopic, or Amharic, or Samaritan, or Phœnician, or Doric, or Cadmean, or Etruscan, or Pelasgian, or Arcadian, or Georgian, or Hindoo, or Sanskrit, or the Devanagari, or Sumatran, or Malayan, or Malabaric, or Talenga, or Siamic, or Manchou, or Tartaric, or Manchou-Tartaric, or Thibetan, or Kamtchatkan, or Russian, or Bengalee, or Burman, or Armenian, or Stranghelo, or Saracenic—let me take breath—or Runic, or Mœso-Gothic, or Palmyrian, or Mendean, or Illyrian, or Croatian, or Bulgarian, or Icelandic, or Hunish, or Arabic—(I think I said Arabic before)—or Lombardian, or German, or Franco-gallic, or Frankonian, or ———.

Man has sometimes travelled nearly all the world over to seek for that, which, on his return, he has found close to the threshold of his own door. And, not to wander far from truth, I believe I have wandered far through the limits of the ancient world, to seek for that, which there is a better chance of finding at home—in England.

The word *Sid* sounds very Saxonic: we have plenty of Saxon in England. *Sid* is the name of the small river that disembogues itself "into the main waters" at *Sidmouth*.

## CHAPTER V.

"'Tis a sweet priory, this!"
"*Sweet*, say you? There's a ——— somewhere."
THE SUMMER'S RAMBLE.

So much for the head: and where the head goes, the tail will follow. As for the latter half of the word—why surely, every *mouth can speak for itself*. We need go no further, then, for *Sidmouth*.

Thus much for the name: I have not been able to make it classic. I am not aware that Herodotus mentions it any where, or Xenophon,

or Diodorus, or Cicero, or Pliny, or Lucian, or Virgil—stay, no more *ors*. Neither am I aware that it is the offspring of any of the languages, dialects, or Lingua Francasian parlifications that I have just run through. No, it does not belong to the Arabic, the Syriac, the Chaldee, the Coptic, the Ethiopic, the Illyrian, the Hindostanee, the Persian, ———, ——— For heaven's sake forbear. I swear by the jargon of Babel, and by all the tongues that ever spoke all the languages that were ever spoken, I had rather be deaf, and never again drink another word of thy tongue's utterance, than be obliged, in repetition, to speak the speech as you pronounced it to me; or hear the mouthing of it as you have mouthed it to me.

I cannot tell what you and other men think of this name; but, for my single self, I had as lief it be Sidmouth, as Athens, Carthage, Tyre, Syracuse, Corinth, or Mistress Rome.

> "What's in a name? that which we call a rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet:
> So *Sidmouth* would, were she not *Sidmouth* call'd,
> Retain that dear perfection which she owes
> Without that title."

Have I saturated to satiety the laudable thirst of the Etymologist, *Nomenologist*, or *Appellatiologist?* (if such words be palatable.)

If so, we will, in the next place, spread a plaister for some son of Esculapius. His curiosity (should he possess any) may be healed by the simple fact, that Sidmouth lies on the south coast of Devon, receiving every sou'-west puff from the Atlantic, pure and unsophisticated. Let him imbibe the idea then, of an existing atmosphere, damp, perhaps, rather than dry, and wherewithal relaxing. Let me tell the geologist, that the face of the country, in the neighbourhood of which we speak, has undergone vast and varied changes—gradually, but unremittingly—during the course of ages. The cliffs on each side of the town rise almost in a direct line for about a mile each way, to the tops of the two great hills, that serve to bury Sidmouth in the profundity of a deep valley. These hills are the same height, almost to a nicety: the western called Peak Hill—the eastern Salcombe *ditto*, (I hate tautology.) Their heights are variously given. I have heard some say six hundred feet, some nine hundred: but I am not conscious of their ever having been measured. I will not give my opinion on the subject, for one of the best of reasons: all I can say is, that I have seen many a hill not half so high.

The river Sid meanders through the valley at the foot of Salcombe Hill: a small stream, called Woolbrook, creeps towards the sea, at the base of the other hill on the western side of the town.

These streams, we are told, (and perhaps geology will not deny it,) by their incessant action over a yielding soil, have made the valley what it is—that, in days gone by, when nature flourished alone in Britain—when the seed was wafted by the passing zephyr, from the calyx of the withering plant in the autumn, and, self-sown, sprung up in the succeeding spring, to shed its beauties in the desert air, unseen by human eyes—when the now thickly-peopled land of our hearts had never received the print of the sole of man's foot—and in the

days which it is difficult to discern through the obscure vista of so many centuries, the deep valley where now the town stands, did not exist at all;—that the water of these streams threaded its way to the brink of the cliffs, and then dashed over the precipice.

There are several circumstances that come forward to add another sinew to the strength of this hypothesis: it is shown by the whole face of the country "spreading as it were a map on all sides," and the fragments and debris of the upper strata by the lower being continually washed away, having subsided into the valley.

The main portion of the hills is composed of red marl—the new red sandstone—which dips eastward, and loses itself about five miles along the coast, near the wild and romantic village of Branscombe. On it rests the green sand formation, fertile in fine masses of the Cornua Amonis: and on that the chalk, but which is not the beginning of the great range of chalk running through Dorset, Hampshire, and some of the more northern counties, but merely a small, detached outlay of it. The chalk itself has entirely disappeared at its edges on the nearest hills, but the *sediment*, the flint, still remains to tell the tale.

The beach is not sandy, except at low water, but composed of rounded pebbles, chiefly flint, and the lower strata of the cliffs, by their friability, continually falling away, bring the flints to the brink, so that their brains turn, and they topple down headlong.

After a great deal of wet weather, or indeed, after an excessive drought in summer, I have seen many tons of earth and stones come from the cliffs into the sea with a noise like thunder: and then the natives will run with open mouths and open eyes, and say, "There's been a *roozement*."

When this remarkable place was founded, or by whom, it is somewhat difficult to determine. It was not a Roman station. I think king Arthur never took refuge in it in the days of his troubles. The Danes, I fancy, condescended not towards it, although they came very near when they first landed on the island at Teignmouth, in 787.

One of the oldest buildings in the neighbourhood is *Manstone Farm*: a venerable piece of architecture, that wears considerable respectability in idea, from the pure circumstance of its date. On the front of the house there is a square tablet, bearing, in old-fashioned characters, the year 1369. This, therefore, was in the reign of Edward the Third. And this is indeed a long time since. In the reign of Edward the Third: nearly five *hun*dred—years—ago! (separate the words to give them emphasis)—nearly—five—*hun*dred—years—ago!

Oh! the changes and chances that this ancient relic has seen! The vicissitudes of passing ages—the alternate sweet and unsweet glances of fickle Mistress Fortune! So many powerful monarchs hast thou beheld severally sway the golden, the silver, and the iron sceptre, over this land. So many kings hast thou seen live in prosperity—so many die in misery. So many begin to live—so many cease. How many hast thou beheld with unaltered features, treacherously and villanously slaughtered—and how many pay Nature's

great account! The many battles that have been fought—the many lost and won.

All this, ay, and much more, hast thou seen: and yet here thou still standest—thou who hast braved the blustering storms of near five hundred winters—thou who hast brightened in the sunshine of as many summers—whose walls within have echoed and re-echoed to the cry of sorrow, and the voice of mirth—to the hoarse and boisterous tongue of anger, and the more soft accents of love. Oh! how many succeeding generations hast thou sheltered both from the cutting blast of December, and the scorching ray of June! How many innocent babes have drawn a first breath in a troubled world, within thy massive walls! How many grey heads, borne down to the grave by age and sorrow, have heard a farewell and parting sigh beneath the shadow of thy roof!

Eyes that centuries ago had closed themselves for ever to the light that we see, have looked on thee—and many successive, that have since returned to the dust from whence they came, have also looked on thee. And now come I, to feast on the hues of thy ancient walls—to enjoy that which others before me have enjoyed—to think on that which others have thought—and to feel as others have felt, when pondering over the building, that, like a stately tree in the middle of a meadow of waving grass in the month of June, has stood, when the scythe of Time has spared nothing, save only thee alone.

And after me the course will run just the same: others will come to thee to look—to reflect—to feel—and perhaps to give vent to their feelings: for there is that in the idea of a ruin, which will justify it.

Farewell, Manstone!—Peace through succeeding centuries rest on thee!

On the further side of Salcombe Hill, about two *delightful* miles east from Sidmouth, there is a farm-house standing on the site of part of the old buildings of what is called "Dunscombe Priory."

I know nothing of its history.

The situation, however, is sweet and picturesque in the extreme; and the mouldering ruins that still remain, detached from the modern house, are finely and profusely hung with drooping masses of ivy. It stands on the brink of a high and precipitous hill, the sides and lower part of which are thickly overgrown with coppice and other trees. A narrow road—it is more than a path—by a serpentine course, passes under them; and emerges on the tops of the wild and romantic cliffs of Dunscombe, which tower over the sea-beach. A good view of the surrounding hills, looking over the valley, which is in some parts varied by the numerous tints scattered over the tops of the trees, and in others, beautified by an oasis of green pasture land, is enjoyed from under the walls of the Priory itself. Here may one sit of a summer's evening, and listen to the twittering of the sparrows in the ivy overhead; and, if so disposed, quote the old Scotch poet Dunbar—

> "Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris
> Within thair courtyns greene."

Here may one exist with an inward feel of satisfaction, and survey

that which lies around, with the sensation of a continual flow of philanthropy and gratitude. If man could joy in aught, it is to lie on the grass, and reflect over the face of nature stretched out on every side.

> "If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
> Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains;
> Rocks, dens, and caves!"

I have done so more than once: I have dozed under the old walls, after a sultry walk in August: I have lain me down when somewhat fatigued by a two or three miles' ramble over the hills from Sidmouth: and here have I been enticed into the embrace of the dull god Morpheus, by the humming of the bees—the note of the jackdaw—and the twitter of the sparrow.

But, Milton—say what I saw when I slept not.

> ". . . . . About me round I saw
> Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
> And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
> Creatures that lived, and moved, and walked, or flew,
> Birds on their branches warbling: all things smiled
> With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflowed."

Come, Virgil—what say'st thou of the scene?

> "At quæ pinguis humus, dulcique uligine læta,
> Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus,
> Qualem sæpe cava montis convalle solemus
> Dispicere: huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes."

But, Dryden—so please you, let us have it in English.

> "But where the soil, with fatt'ning moisture filled,
> Is clothed with grass, and fruitful to be tilled;
> Such as in cheerful vales we view from high;
> Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply."

The bottom of the valley, that opens beneath the Priory, is furrowed by the wavering course of some crystal streamlets: they dash along in their diminutiveness, like a more classic Simois, or a Xanthus—*Scamander* I *should* say, for I am no god.

Come, father Homer—what say'st thou?

> ". . . . The peasant to his garden brings
> Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
> And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
> And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers.
> Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
> And marks the future current with his spade,
> Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
> Louder and louder purl the falling rills.

Byron—and what you?

" But these, between, a silver streamlet glides;
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook."

And what adorns and beautifies the margins—the sedgy banks? for they teem with the essence of Ceres and Pomona.

Virgil, I pray you, speak for me yet once again.

" With osiers do the sedgy banks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the same principles grey willows come,
Herculean poplar, and the slender broom.
But some from seeds enclosed in earth arise;
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech, and vocal oak,
Where *never Jove* oraculously spoke.
Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows.
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is sheltered by the mother's boughs."

Very good.

The valley extends a mile, or perchance more, towards the sea; and the cliffs, which are mostly white, from some traces of chalk which they contain; or, of a fine, warm tint shed over the yellowish sandstone—tower majestically from the beach. Their colour is sobered and mellowed down to the most grateful tone imaginable: exposure, moss, and lichen, have each taken a brush, and severally contributed a separate tint; and time has taken a *sweetener* and blended the whole into the most pleasurable harmony.

Never were hues so delightful to feast on: so chaste—so mellow—so pleasing—so harmonious!

O Claude! O Cuyp! O ——! but 'tis useless to apostrophize—I will not do it.

Who can look on the venerable, moss-clad walls of the Priory, without feeling a gushing fountain break forth within him? A classic stream—the spring and source of all that savours of Hesiod—of Homer—of Ovid—and of I know not whom else?

O ye, whose light wings of fancy will bear ye with Pegasus to the hallowed top of Helicon!—or with Icarus, to the spangled vault of the heavens!—O ye souls of poetry, who, in the true spirit of yourselves, would climb the steep sides of Hyampea and Tithorea on the heights of Parnassus, and there satiate your classic cravings, in converse with Apollo and his sacred Nine!—or ye, who would wander through the shaded and refreshing groves of Ida; and delight ye under the luxuriant foliage of the pine, the cypress, and the cedar,—O, all ye, enter the Priory! throw off your shoes, and enter;—ye who would recline on the verdant banks of Ilissus, and with closed eyes meditate through visions too—far too rapturous for speech;—ye who would roam life away, with Calypso and her nymphs in the ambrosial groves of Ogygia—O, enter the Priory!—call forth all your poeticism—tune your heart-strings—open your classic veins!

" Would you behold its wonders, enter in!"

But, now, mark me—before you enter, *hold your noses; for it is the dirtiest piggery I ever encountered!*

Clavileno, I am becoming impatient: the sun bursts from behind yon "lazy-pacing cloud." See that gleam on the hill—methinks summer were at hand—we must think of the land of leeks.

> "At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun;
> And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
> Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
> But, full of life and vivifying soul,
> Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin;
> Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven."

Somewhere, in the first chapter, I said I was going away to *idle in private:* for every man who has no particular profession (the reason is not considered) is set down as a *wilful* and *premeditated idler.* As if a man cannot find employment through the channel of his own inclination—by the *animus in quo*—as well as by the ideal compulsion of a profession.

I can say, without the smallest intentions towards vanity—without the least wish towards self-praise *(which always defeats itself)*—and without the most distant feelings of self-satisfaction, that I never in my life recollect having found a day too long, either in sickness or in health.

There is always enough to be done at home.

> "How various his employment whom the *world*
> *Call idle:* and, who justly in return
> Esteems that busy world an idler too!
> Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen;
> Delightful industry engaged at home,
> And nature in her cultivated trim
> Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
> *Can he want occupation, who has these?*"

This is Cowper—and this is truth.

Some there are who say, he's going away

> "To play the fool, but at a cheaper rate:"

And others, forsooth, declare he has gone to spend:

> "Wealth, my lads, was made to wander,
> Let it wander where it will."

When either business, ill health, or the *vis inertiæ* of the flesh, occupy the ascendant, and tether a man to his own house—or within an eye's ken of it—then let such laud the practice of roaming the world over by the fire-side; or, as Shakspeare very wittily has it—of "*travelling a-bed.*" But to learn geography, languages, and manners, through the medium of the poet and the painter, is to acquire knowledge but slowly and incorrectly. Let *me* see with my own eyes—let *me* converse with my own tongue—(though I am of the first gender)—let *me* converse with my own tongue—and let *me* sketch from

originals. Let me read the face of nature herself; she is a large volume, (a quarto, at least,) and will bear reading again and again; and a knowledge of her, (O unhappy simile!) like gold, will increase in value, even with the possession thereof.

"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page, quand on n'a vu que son pays."

Ashamed I ought to be (I *am*, I mean) to say, that I am only at the A B C of nature: I have not read the first page—not half of it. I have seen little more, within my recollection, than the illumined letter of Devonshire, standing at the commencement of the chapter. I now intend to read *two* pages before I see Sidmouth again—for I shall call England one page, and Wales another.

Come, Clavileno, we must be off; it's time to go to school.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ANTICIPATION.

### (WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.)

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When with the silent spheres,
I sit in sweet communion,
While mem'ry pictures years
Of love's unbroken union;
I think when earth has shed
Its last bright sunshine o'er me,
How sweet with thee, to tread
That starry path before me!

Though earth has been as heaven,
With such to live as thee,
It well may be forgiven,
To dream of what must be:
And in that dream of sorrow,
Of parting hard to brave,
Faith's golden lamp to borrow,
To light the sunless grave!

Oh! yes, there is above us,
A brighter home than this,
Where those who purely love us
Shall join our souls in bliss!
I have an inward feeling,
A holy whisp'ring sweet,
O'er heart and spirit stealing,
That tells me we shall *meet!*

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

"Oh! then you admit 'tis possible, but only improbable! You want more money? You shall have it. Stay," she said, placing her right hand upon the spot where the heart is supposed to beat, (which, by the way, I could distinctly hear, like the beating of the sea against the bow of a vessel, when the ear, as we lie in the berth, is on a level with the water's edge,) "but it cannot be yet—you will take my word—yes, you will, I see it in your looks—O thank you—thank you! On my knees I thank you!" and down this divine creature sank to the earth, while I retreated, feeling as if should she, by chance or design, touch me, that I should dissolve or melt into air. I was again entranced, looking upon her as ethereal matter, which I can only account for now, from the suddenness of the sensations of respect with which she inspired me, and the influence her manner and look had over me. It may well be said, that knowledge is the acquisition of new ideas, but all ideas are not alike, hence the different degrees of knowledge found among men, and their diversity of opinions. After the visitation of this lady, I was a different man, and never from that period performed my business with any satisfaction—she revolutionized all my ideas; I acquired a more elevated notion of the effects of innocence upon human nature, and the deteriorating, demoralizing influence of low and grovelling sentiments, brought on by vice.

It was in reality the first time I had ever been in the company of a truly chaste, and virtuous, and beautiful being, and I bitterly cursed that fate, which had cast me among the most degraded of mortals, and placed me in the hateful situation to perform the work of tyranny and hypocrisy. While these reflections were passing in the mind, my wife had placed the lady upon a chair, where I heard her in the sweetest voice of anxious inquiry, asking, "What does he say? Will it be done? Oh! do go and use your influence; tell him he shall have my fortune when I am of age, and evermore my prayers. Oh! speak for me—speak for me!"

Even my wife, who, upon every similar occasion, where a female was interested for the life of a man, like all her sex, put the worst construction upon the affair, and suspected every one's character, now

[1] Continued from p. 224.

seemed overcome, and at a loss how to act. The lady, I saw, was not yet undeceived as to my inability to serve her; I was unwilling to keep her in suspense, yet wanted resolution to destroy the only hope to which she clung; for it seems she had abandoned all hopes of mercy from the crown, as it is the fashion to call pardons, even when innocence is made as apparent as the crown itself upon the king's head.

"Madam," said I, "if you will please to return home, you may be assured all which I can perform upon this melancholy occasion shall be done."

"Bless you—bless you!" she exclaimed. "Oh! it is then true that the Almighty grants to the lowest of mortals, more genuine and correct feelings of right and wrong, than to those who rule, and affect airs of superiority."

I interrupted her, and continued, "Madam, do not deceive yourself; all ranks are liable to error; mankind is a blundering species, to make the best of us, but the greatest mischiefs result from the arrogance and conceit of a few, who, while grasping after false honours, forget that they are built of the same materials and passions as are the multitude. All pursue some shadow, which their deceptive vision conceives to be a substance. We are all constantly worshipping some idol, and almost invariably enslaved by some prepossession; we are animated, dejected, desponding, pursuing, avoiding, admiring, and despising in turns, alternately blissful and wretched. The whole of man's life is a scene of contrarieties, in which we are every hour wandering, under the infatuation of acquiring wisdom. Too many of those who rise to power, and have control over the actions of others, pervert the little judgment they possess, by a false estimate of their own value. The probability however is, that we are in most matters all wrong—God only knows who is in the right, if any one. Upon the present occasion it is enough for me to say, that I am penetrated with a conviction that this young man is innocent of the crime for which he is condemned to suffer. I will entirely devote this night to a consideration of what can, under all the circumstances, be done: in the interim, allow me to return this purse, (which I at the same time put into her bag;) please to leave a direction where my wife may see you, and depend on it she will so manage to communicate, as not to betray your secrets."

Thus saying, I hastily retreated from the scene, leaving the lady to be disposed of by my wife, who, I understood, after some arrangement for a meeting, sent her home in a coach, like Niobe, shedding tears as it were rain.

In proceeding along the street I called to mind the lines of the poet—

> "Each wanton judge new penal statutes draws,
> Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the laws."

Yes! rich men rule the law; those between whom there is no reciprocity of feeling, presume to judge of that which regards the happiness of each. Had this young man not been poor, thought I, his plain tale of truth would have been believed; but, as it was shown

he was needy, and had been in great distress, guilt was forthwith implied. If we were to seek for the cause why this spirit is so strongly infused, not only into the laws, but is always apparent in their administration, we should find it to be, because the majority of the wealthy members of the community (especially those become so since the year ninety) know that, when they were poor, they knew no bonds of principle. In other words, they obtained their own money by crooked courses, and feel that if they were turned back into society to begin anew, they should again tread the same path, as far as opportunity would allow. Thus, drawing upon their own experience, the first article in their creed is, that all *poor men* are *dishonest men.* This feeling, I say, conjoined with a preternatural selfishness, and a tenaciousness of that which they call the rights of property, has hunted my lady Justice out of the land, or occasioned her to take covert in some hiding-place. It was well written upon a statue of justice before a court-house—

> " Time out of mind has this poor lady been
> Waiting outside in hopes to be let in."

And equally apposite was the reply—

> " I have still greater reason to complain,
> I entered long ago, but can't get out again."

How much of all that the human heart endures may not be traced to the false morals—false principles of every kind, engendered by the influence of money. The current of opinion ever runs parallel to the current of wealth, or if they occasionally diverge, and form a reaction, they very soon are seen again jogging side by side. The effects of estimation, or a name, are in themselves very extraordinary, seldom or never in any case being regulated by the truth; still more extraordinary are the effects of money in this country; it procures an estimation for virtue and wisdom. A rich man in England is a Solon, an Alexander, and a Socrates by prescription. Religion, laws and morals, all bow down and worship, or follow in the wake of wealth; the oracles of truth are all put to silence by its influence, and the united natural understandings of twenty millions of persons are rendered subservient and brought to say ay or no at the dictation of this all-ruling power.

With these thoughts engaging the mind, I found myself at the door of Newgate, when I asked myself the question, what I came there for? Was I, single handed, to take the prison by storm, and bring out the prisoner from the cell, whom, by the way, I did not personally know? Was I to offer bribes to the turnkeys, or work by means more subtle? The futility of all, or any of these courses, now became apparent, convincing me that I had but followed the example of my betters, viz., made an ambiguous promise, to avoid the importunity of an applicant for favours, which our feelings or our interest will not permit us boldly to refuse.

" Ah!" said I, sighing, " he is in the lion's den, and all but devoured; it is as much as we shall be able to accomplish to fetch his bones out. Poor young lady! how strangely has thy presence taken off that coat of mail which covered up my heart, made me look into

myself, and almost transmogrified me into a being of sentiment! I wish I could serve thee, if it were only to express my gratitude, though I know not whether I shall be more happy henceforth for it."

How long I might have gone on internally soliloquizing, I cannot tell, but here I was interrupted by one of the turnkeys of the prison, who addressed me, and asked if I had heard that the report was come down, and that there was to be a very heavy day next week; adding, that there was such a scene inside, as the oldest man in the gaol never before witnessed: "a mother," continued he, "two sisters, and a lovely betrothed girl for a wife, is too much for a man that is going to die to look upon. The governor is very angry at our letting in the last lady—she that passed you just now. I don't know what he will do with them all. Hammond is gone for the doctor, for I hear they are all in fits down at the cells."

I now learnt that the meeting of the council had been anticipated, and preceded by an interview with the Secretary of State, the four ladies having been introduced to him at the request of a member of the House, who took an interest in the affair, accompanied by the faithful servant, who never deserted them; and who, like Fauntleroy's dog, possessed such feelings of attachment that he could pine to death in their cause.

From this servant I had the particulars of the interview, which I will give verbatim. I must premise, that the then secretary had been frequently in the habit of publicly censuring the humanity and good feeling of his predecessor—condemning what he called his weakness, and that this was the first trial of what he was also pleased to denominate his firmness.

> "When satire and censure encircled his throne,
> I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own."

He held that legislation was never sufficiently active in repressing the wickedness of mankind; and was stoically apathetic in his office, when the vicious laws of our ancestors were proposed to be assimilated to the times and the new relations of society. He received the four female suppliants seated at his office-table, as if engaged on indifferent affairs of the state; on their introduction by the gentleman who had, with much entreaty obtained permission to do so, the secretary slightly inclined his head, without apparently suspending the business about which he affected to be employed. Keeping them for a few minutes standing, he said, "Mrs. ———, I know the object of your visit—it is a painful and distressing affair, but you must be aware I have a duty to perform, which must be exercised without respect to persons. Have you any new facts, are you prepared with any fresh evidence? if not, you will waste your own time, and only distress the feelings of all present, by prolonging this interview: where are your documents?"

"Documents, sir!" iterated the afflicted mother, "I have vouchers of his character from infancy!"

"Character, that will not do: I must have affidavits to disprove the evidence, or I cannot interfere with the course of the law. So,

madam, our conference breaks up." Making, at the same time, an essay to withdraw.

"He is innocent! he is innocent! by heavens he is innocent!" simultaneously exclaimed all four of the ladies.

The secretary coolly drew himself up, and assuming an air of great importance, answered, "I will not be rude enough to suppose either of you think otherwise; but I must tell you, that you want experience, and cannot be supposed to know these matters so well as I do. I will not keep you in suspense: I positively *cannot*, nor *will* not interfere with the due course of the law as matters now stand; if you have any new evidence, any new facts, I will hear them. Let this be at once understood to prevent mistakes."

"But, sir," asked the mother with astonishing self-possession, "let us, for the sake of meeting your peculiar views on this subject, suppose my son a guilty being;—is previous character nothing? first crime nothing? not to mention the doubt that must be admitted by the most rigid stickler of the law of evidence to circumvest this case? is a doubtful case nothing in your consideration? Are the feelings and the disgrace of a mother, with other relatives near and dear, nothing? those who are innocent and susceptible in a high degree of the frowns of a wicked and illiberal world, nothing? Oh, sir, pause ere you shed innocent blood; remember that the day is not far distant when you will be called to meet him face to face; when you may hear his innocence proclaimed by angels and affirmed by your God."

"Madam," rejoined the secretary, "I did not grant this interview to be threatened or intimidated; it is useless to bandy words. I thought you might have some new facts to lay before the Council which meets this day; as it now appears you have none, we had better part;" making an essay to move towards the door. Here, however, he, in a manner, found his retreat intercepted by the movement of the two daughters and the other young lady. Beauty in distress is thought to be (and I believe it) the most soul-stirring power in nature. The three females before the secretary were all young, remarkably handsome, and we must suppose that the feelings of agony they possessed and there exhibited were seen with all the full force of reality, were inartificial, and true in the fullest sense of the word to nature, being of a genuine and unfeigned type.

There is an Irish character in some play which I have seen, who never could, however enormous or preposterous, refuse any request made by a female; it was, therefore, his uniform practice to interrupt every lady that addressed him with these words: "I hope, madam, you won't ask anything of me that's impossible; by Jasus, if you do, I can't refuse; so plase to be careful." The secretary of state looked at the three graces in tribulation as if he would say, "Ladies, don't ask me anything that is reasonable or consistent; if you do, I shall be sure to refuse you." The timid creatures in grief gave him one look, but seeing in legible characters upon his countenance obduracy and hardness of heart, they turned away, now wringing their hands, then wiping their eyes, and occasionally sighing in a manner so audible yet so touchingly pathetic, that stoics and sages must have been induced to turn aside the current of the law. For any effect, however,

they had upon the secretary, their sighs might have been given to the winds and their tears shed upon some sequestered spot upon the sea-side: but the wounded pride of a mother, strong in the consciousness of her son's innocence, was not so easily subdued by the *hauteur* of the man or the hollow consequence with which office invested him.

"Sir," said she, assuming the dignity of Mrs. Siddons as Queen Katharine upon her trial, "are you a real and tangible being, and is it given to you to save or to kill? Have you a heart, a mind, and a judgment like other human creatures—God's behests for our guidance here upon earth? And if you are possessed of these attributes, how is it that you cannot see that there is no ignominy resting upon my son? The world acquits him, and the odium falls upon your accursed laws—upon your blundering magistracy:—it is yourself who will be ignominious in the eyes of posterity. Ye may condemn and slay, but ye cannot make the innocent guilty, although you do thereby add to your own manifold crimes. I was forewarned and apprised of your contumacious nature, and the pluming with which your vanity decorates your character, viz. *firmness*—yes, firmness in travelling the direct path of error. See how thickly your temples are loaded with the honour of having committed more blunders than any of your predecessors, and that, too, upon questions of life and death. Who would not envy so great, such a happy man? why, the demon of dullness and stolidity himself would scarcely make a boast of such firmness. Yours is the pride of *Momus*: you are vain of the cap and bells, which distinguish you from men to whom sense is granted. I tell ye, sir, (and ye shall not deceive either me or the world with the usual canting pretext, that it is the act of the king or the council, for I am but too well informed that the responsibility is your own, and that you pride yourself in taking it upon your own shoulders,)—I tell ye, sir, that if you hang my son, you are, under the sanction of a vile law, a foul murderer; and as such, I will proclaim you in the streets until I am called from this wicked world: when there, at the judgment-seat of all, I will impeach you and sue for vengeance. Girls, dry up your tears; reserve them to moisten those prayers you must offer to God for retribution, and to invoke the aid of those who, having the impress of men, will conduct themselves as such. Disgrace not yourselves by shedding them to a deliberate and confirmed homicide: the beasts of the forest possess as many touches of humanity as the official machine we now address. Gracious Heavens!" she then exclaimed, throwing her arms and eyes upwards, "but thy purposes are all-wise; it is our duty to pray for the vilest, the hardest of hearts: enlighten, O God! and pardon him: teach him to deal with thy creatures more mercifully and justly for the time to come." *

The secretary all this time was, or affected to be, collecting his papers, as if preparing to attend the council; when the lady made a pause, fearing he should be compelled to hear other matters of reproach, he hastily rang the bell, when as the attendant entered he said, "Show these ladies the way from the office," and himself es-

* We will not curtail this improbable speech, as it must have cost the talented author much lamp-light.—Ed.

caped through a side-door without waiting for a reply. When the party reached the street, they procured a coach, and proceeded to Newgate, there to await the decision of the council and the arrival of the recorder with the report.

As probably there is no man now alive who saw and noticed so much of this secretary's movements as myself, I must interrupt the thread of my story to explain his character. The unfortunate mother who last parted with him had been tolerably well-informed of his peculiar, dogged obstinacy, but unhappily upon this occasion took the very course to turn the weakness against herself, or otherwise it is thought her son would have been saved. It is remarkable, that throughout the period of this secretary holding office no condemned culprit was respited after sentence of death was passed, excepting those convicts who had no friends to solicit the favour. If any influential persons, or any number of persons, or the public at large, (as in such a case as Doctor Dodd's,) applied for a commutation, it was never granted: it was of no consequence, whatever might be the merits of the case, if, by interference, the condemned party was brought into notice, this secretary lost sight of every principle of justice, and uniformly opposed himself against the respite of the unhappy supplicant for mercy. Having entered office with a promise to himself to be *firm*, he was ever looking out for cases in which he might exhibit and indulge his vanity in this his favourite and pettier virtue; he did not reflect that, whenever these cases occurred, he was opposing his judgment against many others who were better informed upon the nature of the questions and the merits of particular cases than himself. Upon these occasions, whenever there is a diversity of opinions, we must suppose the case to be involved in some doubt, either as regards guilt, or the policy, or the expediency, under the circumstances, of taking life. In all such cases, however, our secretary rejected and totally disregarded the judgment of his cotemporaries, arrogantly assuming to himself a right, for the exercise of which he was in no way fitter, either by experience or education, if I may not affirm, that by the latter he was disqualified even to give any opinion upon the subject: hence it is that such a vast number of old offenders, who were condemned for the heaviest crimes, under his administration so frequently escaped, as there were no persons to interfere on their behalf and provoke the secretary to oppose them; and as some must be spared the worst escaped, whilst a first offender, coming out of the walks of respectable life, whom the public thought deserving of mercy, was sure to be selected by the headstrong secretary to suffer, and establish what he considered his strongest point, while, in truth, he was making a display of his weakness. It is, however, a most horrible consideration to reflect that any one man should possess such a power: many have left others to exercise it, while many secretaries have blundered on in ignorance of what they were about; some few have, if error it may be called, erred on the side of mercy. Cavillers will say, the secretary is merely the organ of the office, and that the decisions do not solely rest with him: in theory this is true, but in practice false. I have had too much to do with the system not to know how it works, although my office is one, perhaps, justly execrated. I hope, however, for any share

I have had in the mistakes, to make some amends by writing freely my real and genuine sentiments regarding that which I have seen and known to be true; it may, I pray, all tend ultimately to teach our posterity to steer clear through the rocks and shoals which have hitherto wrecked the names of so many of our *penal code* statute legislators.

My recollections are written long after the events themselves have passed away, and my opinions upon many occasions are not precisely such as they were when the events occurred. I once thought as a young man, I now write as an old one: I aim at principles, not at men; it is for this reason I should be sorry to throw any odium upon an individual, whether secretary or judge. The same motive has induced me to deal more generally with facts than I at first intended. Such a secretary, however, as above described did hold office for a long period, much to the hindrance of that which I and many others thought was justice. At the period to which I allude, I have known the city authorities assemble four, five, or six together at Newgate, when the life of an individual was thought to be in danger, which they thought ought to be spared. A consultation would be held "Shall we all wait upon the secretary, or shall the sheriffs themselves take up the man's case, or —— ?"

"Gentlemen," the ordinary would say, perfectly alive to the temper of his man, "if you wish to save the man's life, your only course is to affect perfect indifference regarding him,—know nothing about him; but if any of you are imprudent enough to address the secretary upon the subject, depend on it the man's fate will be sealed. No matter, gentlemen, how strong are the reasons you can show why the sentence should be mitigated, whatever you do will be deemed an interference, and then, out of sheer opposition, he will be left for execution. I admit that this is a bad state of things for us to witness here—we who know when there are palliating circumstances or proofs of innocence, yet know, if urged, will inevitably hasten the man's ascent to the scaffold. Unless I am sent for, I never mean to go to the secretary's office again: it is useless,—it is worse, it does mischief. There he sits wrapped up in his own thick cloak of opinion; the more you endeavour to make him throw it off, the closer he draws it round him, and therefore it is that I will never again hasten the death of a fellow-creature by waiting upon him. I can liken him to nothing but a hedgehog, the moment you touch him he rolls himself up and points his *armour* in every direction."

I remember these were the very words of Doctor F— when I was called upon to see a prisoner and give my opinion as to his previous life, and ascertain whether I knew him. Genius and will combined is power, or the symbol of it, but when will and power unite without genius, "it is a sorry sight" and works most monstrous mischief. Upon one occasion, I remember when the report came down we were all surprised at the respite of several desperate housebreakers and highway robbers; out of thirty-six condemned, five were ordered for execution; three for forgery, all first offenders—this we understood—their crime was, passing bad notes, never then pardoned, lest the bank should founder; to use a sailor's term, she was at that period

labouring hard in her course. A fourth was for a nameless offence: of him we said nothing; but when the recorder's clerk informed us, that the fifth was a man who had cut a nobleman's trunk from behind his carriage, although he did not succeed in obtaining it, we looked with surprise at each other.

"Pray," said I to a Dissenting minister who stood by, "can you possibly divine why this man should be ordered for execution?"

"Yes," said the man of God in a confident tone of voice; "don't you know that the gentlemen's carriage he attempted to rob contained some dispatches? it was on the road to Dover."

"Well, but" said I, "the man did not want the dispatches,' nor did he, I dare say, know they were there, therefore that cannot aggravate his offence."

"True," rejoined the parson; "but then it was a carriage he attempted to rob, and a carriage with a nobleman in it. Think of that! The circumstance too of the dispatches being so nearly lost, made a paragraph in the newspapers, and placed the affair more before the public, calling for the exhibition of a certain person's firmness. Besides," continued he, "don't you know that to rob a member belonging to an English aristocratical family, is an aggravation of the simple offence in a tenfold degree, in the selection of the person on whom it is committed? If thieves will break in and steal, they must be taught that, to work beneath the shoulders, they must confine their depredations to any of the classes exclusive of those who are included among the privileged order—those who have most to lose, and whose persons are sacred in proportion as they are rich. Did you never notice what a run through the newspapers an account of a robbery committed at a great man's house has? Always headed—'*A most daring robbery*,'—'*Audacious outrage*.'—'Every hope is entertained that the villains will be shortly apprehended and receive condign punishment.'—'Lady Elizabeth, who was so much alarmed when she heard of the robbery, while staying at her brother's seat in Devonshire, is, we are happy to hear, pronounced by her physicians to be out of danger.' You may take my word for it, although I am termed an heterodox preacher, that, whenever a new law is to be made, and also whenever the powers that be decide upon questions of life and death, that the personal pronouns *we* and *our* are the logical pegs upon which the arguments rest. These are the levers that move the affairs of the world; and if you ask who the *we* and *our* are, I answer, the aristocracy and their possessions."

Cogitating upon the preacher's remarks, I was induced to turn back to my books, and by a reference to the offences for which each man had been executed, I proved the truth of his observation. As regards the selection for life and death, the crime of forgery at first appeared to be an exception; when, however, I reflected that forgery, in a variety of instances, struck at the root of the revenue, I saw the same principle in operation; for the aristocracy and the revenue must be considered as embarked in one boat.

To return to my story, over which I fear I have been rather prolix, but to me it was absorbingly interesting; I could never, when once the subject was started, leave off until all was told. I must,

however, now run rapidly over subsequent details, to make space for future matter.

While the mother and daughters were waiting at Newgate, it was that the young lady, betrothed to the condemned, left the party, and borrowing what money she could, waited upon me as before stated; and she had, it seemed, now returned just before I came to the gate, and, at the moment the recorder's clerk arrived with the report, including her lover among some others, who were left for execution in five days from that period. The scene in Newgate, when this was announced, I did not witness; but from all accounts it far exceeded, in distressing interest, every tale which has been penned in romance or novel, or has been seen or heard of in real life. The young ladies were frantic, and rent the condensed damp air inclosed within the gloomy walls of the place with their cries of woe. The mother—she spake not a word—did not breathe a sigh; but—"she looked unutterable things." Have any of my readers ever seen those who have suddenly been struck with the hand of death, from which they never afterwards recovered, yet for a time remain and walk among the living? One half the soul appears to have fled, and with it all the exhalations of impurity which carnality imbibes while sojourning upon earth, leaving the body with the other half—soul, so full of spirituality, that those who are as yet unpurified, or wholly gross in worldly thoughts, draw back, and with awe contemplate the gleaming of a divinity in their own brother or sister. One who seems to be absent, or to have forgotten the affairs of this nether world; yet, through a peculiarity of the eye, glares upon us, as it were, from the world to come. The daughters caught sight of their mother in this state—looking so unearthly, and yet a being upon it, that all their thoughts were irresistibly drawn to her, which probably saved their minds from giving way under the intensity of their feelings. The other young lady repeatedly swooned, and was at length carried home in a coach, contracted afterwards a severe fever, and ultimately became an inmate in a lunatic asylum at Clapham.

> "... Innocence is a defence
> For nothing else but patience;
> 'Twill not bear out the blows of fate,
> Nor fence against the tricks of state;
> Nor from the oppression of the laws
> Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
> Nor keep unspotted a good name
> Against the obloquies of fame."
>
> BUTLER'S MSS.

From the language and demeanour of the mother, before the secretary, it would be thought that she possessed a masculine resolution. Alas! it was but an effort of nature, an instinctive resolution of the child of despair, as the timid bird turns to face the enemy that comes with an intent to steal her young. Worn down by accumulated misfortunes, when her son was apprehended she was in a state of general debility; her energies and exertions, however, during his confinement, were surprising; but when her efforts were unavail-

ing, and the last hope with the secretary had failed, she became as passive as a lamb. Immediately on her reaching home she desired to be put to bed; she never afterwards rose, nor could be induced to take any refreshment; she lay in all respects quite insensible, had she not counted every hour as the clock struck, reckoning off as the time progressed, and stating aloud how many hours her son had to live. It would seem as though her death blow came with the order for her son's execution, but that it was permitted her to check the flight of her soul until they could take their journey together. As the hour approached, she showed no degree of anxiety or uneasiness, counting the last hour but one (seven) as calmly as the rest, saying, "*One more.*" She was serene and undisturbed even while counting the clock as it struck eight; but the instant the numbers were completed she gave a loud scream, and closed her eyes for ever.

The mother's extraordinary conduct, and the interest it excited, without doubt, operated as a diversion to draw off and divide the attention of her daughters from the dreadful catastrophe of their brother's execution, which, together with the other four, took place in due course.

The charity of English people is of a peculiar cast; a small but timely subscription might have broken the fall of this worthy family, and have saved the son from the risk of entering a gaming-house; but as soon as the circumstances of a family are wrought up to the climax of distress, and the notice of the public can be brought thoroughly to bear upon the acts of those who affect deeds of charity, money flows in from every quarter. A very liberal subscription was raised for the daughters, who subsequently retired to the continent, and were forgotten, as if they and their family had never had existence.

About six months after these events had transpired, Caleb, the man who had palmed the notes on the young man, was committed to Newgate for passing forged notes. As soon as he was apprehended, he gave notice to the Bank solicitor, that if he were allowed to plead to the minor offence, he would communicate who was the real forger and supplier of the notes. This proposition being at once acceded to, he pleaded guilty and was transported, affording us another illustration of the fact, that real and thorough-paced rogues always get off with the least punishment. The evening before Caleb was drafted to accompany a gang of other offenders to Van Dieman's Land, I went into the prison and called him to the grating. "Caleb," said I, "if you will answer one question I have to ask, I shall be obliged, and will stand a gallon of porter."

"Agreed," said he, "so help me God."

"Well," continued I, "was the young man who was executed for passing six one pound notes, innocent or guilty? Did he purchase them of you, or did he take them at Smith's table, thinking they were genuine and good notes?"

The answer was given unequivocally. "He was innocent. You don't think I was such a flat as to give him real *flimsies*, especially as he was a yokel, and not *at all down*; and you know, was baited for his five-pounder, but the *tats* wouldn't come off right, worse luck as it turned out for him. No fault of mine, you know, old boy. I was

sorry for him, 'pon my word I was, but what could I do when he was fairly grabbed? Well, that's gone by. Now for the beer, the man's calling out, 'Beer O! beer O!' at the gate—down with the dibs, and don't be shabby."

I paid my money, and withdrew to the office to tell the governor, who subsequently satisfied himself of the truth of the story; and, as I was afterwards told, made a communication to the surviving sisters on the subject, that they might have the consolation of hearing from others that their brother, although meshed about with suspicious circumstances, died innocent of the crime for which he suffered.

*(To be continued.)*

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## STANZAS ON HEARING THE HARP PLAYED AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! the magical delight
  Of the harp's wild tone
In the stillness of the night,
  As we muse alone!
How it conjures up the days
  Of our youth's sweet prime,
When we trod the festive maze,
  To its golden chime!

Oh! how fleetly thought takes wing,
  When we hear the song
We were wont of old to sing
  To *home's* list'ning throng!
And the eyes that sought our love,
  And the lips that spoke our praise,
Seem again in life to move
  To our fancy's gaze!

Oh! 'tis sweet to lift our eyes
  From earth's grosser things,
And to cleave the starry skies
  With the spirit's wings;
While lightly on the ear
  Comes the harp's wild tone,
In the song to mem'ry dear,
  As we muse alone!

# SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER IX.

**A long chapter, in which there is lamentation, singing, bibbling, and dancing.**

IT may readily be supposed, that the first question asked by Mr. Vanslyperken, on his gaining the quarter-deck, was, if Snarleyyow were, on board. He was received with the military salute of Corporal Van Spitter, for Obadiah Coble, having been left commanding officer, had given himself leave, and, with a few men, had joined Bob Short and the first party at the Lust Haus, leaving the corporal as the next senior officer in charge. The answer in the negative was a great mortification to Mr. Vanslyperken, and he descended to his cabin in no very good humour, and summoned Smallbones. But before Smallbones was summoned, he had time to whisper to one or two of the conspirators—"*He's gone.*" It was enough; in less than a minute the whisper was passed throughout the cutter. "He's gone," was siffilated above and below, until it met the ears of even Corporal Van Spitter, who had it from a marine, who had it from another marine, who had it from a seaman, who—but it was, however, soon traced up to Smallbones by the indefatigable corporal—who considered it his duty to report the report to Mr. Vanslyperken. Accordingly he descended to the cabin and knocked for admission.

In the mean time Vanslyperken had been venting his ill humour upon Smallbones, having, as he took off from his person, and replaced on his drawers his unusual finery, administered an unusual quantity of kicks, as well as a severe blow on the head with his sheathed cutlass, upon the unfortunate lad, who repeated to himself, by way of consolation, the magic words—"*He's gone.*"

"If you please, sir," said Corporal Van Spitter, "I've discovered from the ship's company that the dog *is gone.*"

"I know that, corporal," replied Vanslyperken.

"And, sir, the report has been traced to Smallbones."

"Indeed—then it was you that said that the dog is gone—now, you villain, where is he?"

"If you please, I did say that the dog was gone, and so he is; but I didn't say that I knew where he was—no more I don't. He's runned away, and he be back to-morrow—I'm sure he will."

"Corporal Van Spitter, if the dog is not on board again by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, you will get all ready for keelhauling this scoundrel."

"Yes, Mynheer," replied the corporal, delighted at having something to do in the way of punishment."

[1] Continued from p. 234.

Smallbones made up a lachrymal face.

"It's very hard," said he; "suppose the dog has fallen into the canals, is that my fault? If he's agone to the bottom of the canal, that's no reason why I'm to be dragged under the bottom of the cutter."

"Yes, yes," replied Vanslyperken, "I'll teach you to throw paving-stones off the wharf. Leave the cabin, sir."

Smallbones, whose guilty conscience flew into his pallid face at the mention of the paving-stones, immediately made a hasty retreat; and Vanslyperken turned into his bed, and dreamt of vengeance.

We must now return to the Lust Haus, and the party on shore, and our first task must be, to give the reader an idea of what a Lust Haus may be. It is, as its name imports, a resort for pleasure and amusement; and in this respect the Dutch are certainly very much in advance of the English, who have, in the pot-houses and low inns resorted to by seamen, no accommodation of the kind. There is barely room for Jack to foot it in a reel, the tap-room is so small; and as Jack is soon reeling after he is once on shore, it is a very great defect. Now, the Lust Haus is a room as large as an assembly-room in a country-town, well lighted up with lamps and chandeliers, well warmed with stoves, where you have room to dance fifty reels at once, and still have plenty of accommodation at the chairs and tables ranged round on each side. At the end of the room is a raised chair, with a protecting railing, on which the musicians, to the number of seven or eight, are posted, and they continue during the evening to play when requested. The people of the Lust Haus furnish wine and spirits of every description, while cakes, nuts, walnuts, oranges, &c. are supplied from the baskets of numerous young women, who hand them round, and press their customers to purchase. Police officers superintend these resorts to remove those who are violent, and interfere with the amusements of others. On the whole, it is a very gay scene, and is resorted to by seamen of all nations, with a sprinkling of those who are not sailors, but who like amusement, and there are plenty of females who are ready to dance with them, and to share their beer or grog. Be it further known, that there is a great deal of decorum in a Lust Haus, particularly among the latter sex; and altogether it is infinitely more rational, and less debasing, than the low pot-houses of Portsmouth or Plymouth.

Such was the place of amusement kept by the Frau Vandersloosh, and in this large room had been seated, for some hours, Dick Short, Coble, Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and some others of the crew of his Majesty's cutter Yungfrau.

The room was now full, but not crowded, it was too spacious well to be so. Some sixteen couples were dancing a quadrille to a lively tune played by the band, and among the dancers were to be seen old women, and children of ten or twelve; for it was not considered improper to be seen dancing at this humble assembly, and the neighbours frequently came in. The small tables and numerous chairs round the room were nearly all filled, beer foaming from the mouths of the opened bottles; there was the ringing of the glass as they pledged each other. At several tables were assemblages of

Dutch seamen, who smoked with all the phlegm of their nation, as they gravely looked upon the dancers. At another were to be seen some American seamen, scrupulously neat in their attire, and with an air *distinguée*, from the superiority of their education, and all of them quiet and sober. The basket women flitted about displaying their stores, and invited every one to purchase fruit, and particularly hard-boiled eggs, which they had brought in at this hour, when those who dined at one might be expected to be hungry. Sailors' wives were also there, and perhaps some who could not produce the marriage certificates; but as these were not asked for at the door, it was of no consequence. About the centre of the room, at two small tables joined together, were to be seen the party from the Yungfrau; some were drinking beer, some grog, and Jemmy Ducks was perched on the table, with his fiddle as usual held like a bass viol. He was known by those who frequented the house by the name of the Maniken, and was a universal object of admiration and good will. The quadrille was ended, and the music stopped playing.

"Come now," said Coble, tossing off his glass, "spell oh!—let's have a song while they take their breath. Jemmy, strike up."

"Hurrah for a song!" cries Jemmy. "Here goes."

Jemmy then tuned one string of his fiddle, which was a little out, and accompanying his voice, sung as follows. All those who were present immediately keeping silence, for they were used to Jemmy's melody.

'Twas on the twenty-fourth of June, I sailed away to sea,
I turned my pockets in the lap of Susan on my knee;
Says I, my dear, 'tis all I have, I wish that it was more,
It can't be helped, says Susan, then you know we've spent galore.

You know we've spent galore, my Bill,
And merry have been we,
Again you must your pockets fill,
For Susan on your knee.

"Chorus, my boys,—

For Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

The gale came on in thunder, lads, in lightning, and in foam,
Before that we had sail'd away three hundred miles from home,
And on the Sunday morning, lads, the coast was on our lee,
Oh, then I thought of Portsmouth, and of Susan on my knee.

For howling winds and waves to boot,
With black rocks on the lee,
Did not so well my fancy suit,
As Susan on my knee.

*Chorus.*—With Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

Next morning we were cast away upon the Frenchman's shore,
We saved our lives, but not our all, for we could save no more;
They marched us to a prison, so we lost our liberty,
I peeped between the bars, and sighed for Susan on my knee.

For bread so black, and wine so sour,
And a sous a day, to me
Made me long ten times an hour,
For Susan on my knee.

*Chorus.*—For Susan on my knee, my boys,
For Susan on my knee.

One night we smashed our jailor's scull, and off our boat did steer
And in the offing were picked up by a jolly privateer;
We sailed in her the cruise, my boys, and prizes did take we,
I'll be at Portsmouth soon, thinks I, with Susan on my knee.

We shared three hundred pounds a man,
I made all sail with glee,
Again I danced and tossed my can,
With Susan on my knee.

*Chorus.*—With Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

"That's prime, Jemmy. Now, my boys, all together," cried Obadiah Coble.

*Chorus.*—Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We are all here for mirth and glee,
We are all here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

"Hurrah! now Bill Spurey, suppose you tip us a stave. But I say, Babette, you Dutch-built galliot, tell old Frank Slush to send us another dose of the stuff; and, d'ye hear, a short pipe for me, and a paper o' baccy."

The short fat Babette, whose proportions all the exercise of waiting upon the customers could not reduce, knew quite enough English to require no further explanation.

"Come, Jemmy, my hearty, take your fingers off your fiddle, and hand in your pot," continued Coble; "and then if they are not going to dance, we'll have another song. Bill Spurey, whet your whistle, and just clear the cobwebs out of your throat. Here's more 'baccy, Short."

Short made no reply, but he shook out the ashes and filled his pipe. The music did not strike up again, so Bill Spurey sang as follows.

Says the parson one day, as I cursed a Jew,
Do you know, my lad, that we call it a sin?
I fear of you sailors there are but few,
St. Peter, to heaven, will ever let in.
Says I, Mr. Parson, to tell you my mind,
No sailors to knock were ever yet seen,
Those who travel by land may steer 'gainst wind,
But we shape a course for Fidler's Green.

For Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew
And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, I hear you've married three wives,
Now do you not know, that that is a sin?
You sailors, you lead such very bad lives,
St. Peter, to heaven, will ne'er let you in.
Parson, says I, in each port I've but *one*,
And never had more, wherever I've been;
Below I'm obliged to be chaste as a nun,
But I'm promised a dozen at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,
And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, says he, you're drunk, my man,
And do you not know that that is a sin?
If you sailors will ever be swigging your can,
To heaven you surely will never get in
(*Hiccup.*) Parson, you may as well be mum,
'Tis only on shore I'm this way seen;
But oceans of punch, and rivers of rum,
Await the sailor at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,
And pledge to love and beauty.

"Well reeled off, Billy," cried Jemmy Ducks, finishing with a flourish on his fiddle, and a refrain of the air. "I don't think we shall meet *him* and his dog at Fidler's Green—heh!"

"No," replied Short, taking his pipe from his lip.

"No, no, Jemmy, a seaman true means one true in heart as well as in knowledge; but, like a blind fidler, he'll be led by his dog somewhere else."

"From vere de dog did come from," observed Jansen.

The band now struck up again, and played a waltz—a dance new to our country, but older than the heptarchy. Jansen, with his pipe in his mouth, took one of the women by the waist, and steered round the room about as leisurely as a capstern heaving up. Dick Short also took another, made four turns, reeled up against a Dutchman who was doing it with *sang froid*, and then suddenly left his partner and dropped into his chair.

"I say, Jemmy," said Obadiah Coble, "why don't you give a girl a twist round?"

"Because I can't, Oby; my compasses arn't long enough to describe a circle. You and I are better here, old boy. I, because I've very little legs, and you because you havn't a leg to stand upon."

"Very true—not quite so young as I was forty years ago. Howsomever, I mean this to be my last vessel. I shall bear up for one of the London dock-yards, as a rigger."

"Yes, that'll do; only keep clear of the girt-lines, you're too stiff for that."

"No, that would not exactly tell; I shall pick my own work, and that's where I can bring my tarry trowsers to an anchor—mousing the mainstay, or puddening the anchor, with the best of any. Dick, lend us a bit of 'baccy."

Short pulled out his box without saying a word. Coble took a quid, and Short thrust the box again into his pocket.

In the meantime the waltz continued, and being a favourite dance, there were about fifty couple going round and round the room. Such was the variety in the dress, country, language, and appearance of the parties collected, that you might have imagined it a masquerade. It was, however, getting late, and Frau Vandersloosh had received the intimation of the people of the police who superintend these resorts, that it was the time for shutting up; so, that although the widow was sorry on her own account to disperse so merry and so thirsty a party as they were now becoming, so soon as the waltz was ended the musicians packed up their instruments and departed.

This was a signal for many, but by no means for all, to depart, for music being over, and the house doors closed, a few who remained, provided they made no disturbance, were not interfered with by the police. Among those who staid were the party from the Yungfrau, one or two American, and some Prussian sailors. Having closed up together,

"Come," cried Jemmy, "now that we are quiet again, let's have another song; and who is it to be—Dick Short?"

"Short, my boy, come, you must sing."

"No," replied Short.

"Yes, yes—one verse," said Spury.

"He never sings more," replied Jemmy Ducks, "so he must give us that. Come, Short."

"Yes," replied Short, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and wetting his lips with the grog.

*Short* stay apeak was the anchor,
We had but a *short* minute more,
In *short*, I no longer could hanker,
For *short* was the cash in my store.
I gave one *short* look,
As Poll heaved a *short* sigh
One *short* hug I took,
*Short* the matter cut I,
And off I went to sea.

"Go on, Bob."

"No," replied Short, resuming his pipe.

"Well, then, chorus my boys."

Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We all are here for mirth and glee,
We all are here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;

Put your hats on, and keep your heads warm,
A little more liquor will do us no harm.

"Now then, Jemmy Ducks, it's round to you again. Strike up, fiddle and all."

"Well, here goes," said Jemmy Ducks.

The captain stood on the carronade—first lieutenant, says he,
Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me:
I havn't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea,
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I havn't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough,
I little thought, said he, that your men were of such stuff;
The captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, Mounsieur, but polite I wish to be.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory.

Our captain sent for all of us; my merry men, said he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun,
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory.

*Chorus.*—Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We all are here for mirth and glee,
We all are here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

"Now, Coble, we must have yours," said Jemmy Ducks.

"Mine! well, if you please: but half my notes are stranded. You'll think that Snarleyyow is baying the moon: howsomever, take it as it is."

Oh, what's the use of piping, boys, I never yet could larn,
The good of water from the eyes, I never could disarn;
Salt water we have sure enough without our pumping more,
So let us leave all crying to the girls we leave on shore.
They may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, "Good bye;"
But as for men,
Why, I say again,
That crying's all my eye.

I went to school when quite a boy, and never larnt to read,
The master tried both head and tail—at last it was agreed
No larning could he force in me, so they sent me off to sea,
My mother wept and wrung her hands, and cried most bitterly.
So she did pump,
As I did jump
In the boat, and said, "Good bye;"
But as for me,
Who was sent to sea,
To cry was all my eye.

I courted Poll, a buxom lass; when I returned A B,
I bought her ear-rings, hat, and shawl, a sixpence did break we;
At last 'twas time to be on board, so, Poll, says I, farewell;
She roared and said, that leaving her was like a funeral knell.
So she did pump,
As I did jump
In the boat, and said, "Good bye;"
But as for me,
With the rate A B,
To cry was all my eye.

I soon went back, I shoved on shore, and Polly I did meet,
For she was watching on the shore, her sweetheart for to greet,
She threw her arms around me then, and much to my surprise,
She vowed she was so happy that she pumped with both her eyes.
So she did pump,
As I did jump
To kiss her so lovingly,
But, I say again,
That as for men,
Crying is all my eye.

Then push the can around, my boys, and let us merry be,
We'll rig the pumps if a leak we spring, and work most merrily:
Salt water we have sure enough, we'll add not to its store,
But drink, and laugh, and sing and chat, and call again for more.
The girls may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, "Good bye;"
But as for we,
Who sailors be,
Crying is all my eye.

"Bravo, Obadiah! now one more song, and then we'll aboard. It won't do to bowse your jib up too tight here," said Jemmy, "for it's rather dangerous navigation among all these canals—no room for yawing."

"No," replied Dick Short.

"Then," said Jemmy, jumping off the table with his fiddle in his hand, "let's have the roarer, by way of a finish—what d'ye say, my hearties?"

Up they all rose, and gathered together in the centre of the room, save Jemmy Ducks, who flourishing with his fiddle, commenced.

Jack's alive and a merry dog,
When he gets on shore,

He calls for his glass of grog,
  He drinks, and he calls for more.
So drink, and call for what you please,
  Until you've had your whack, boys;
We think no more of raging seas,
  Now that we've come back, boys.

"Chorus, now—"

With a *whip, snip,* high cum diddledy,
  The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack, crack*—this is our jubilee;
  Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

All the seamen joined in the chorus, which they accompanied both with their hands and feet, snapping their fingers at *whip* and *snip,* and smacking their hands at *smack* and *crack,* while they danced round in the most grotesque manner, to Jemmy's fiddle and voice; the chorus ended in loud laughter, for they had now proved the words of the song to be true, and were all alive and merry. According to the rules of the song, Jemmy now called out for the next singer, Coble.

Jack's alive and merry, my boys,
  When he's on blue water,
In the battle's rage and noise,
  And the main-deck slaughter.
So drink, and call for what you please,
  Until you've had your whack, boys;
We'll think no more of angry seas,
  Until that we go back, boys.

*Chorus.*—With a *whip, snip,* high cum diddledy,
  The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack, crack*—this is our jubilee;
  Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

Jansen and Jemmy Ducks, after the dancing chorus had finished,

Yack alive and merry, my boys,
  Ven he get him *frau,*
And he vid her ringlet toys,
  As he take her paw.
So drink, and call for vat you please,
  Until you hab your vack, boys;
Ve'll think no more of angry seas,
  Till ve standen back, boys.

Chorus, and laughter.

With a *whip, snip,* high cum diddledy,
  The cog-wheels of life had need of much oiling;
*Smack, crack*—this is our jubilee;
  Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

Bill Spurey—

Jack's alive and merry, boys,
  When he's got the shiners;
Heh! for rattle, fun, and noise,
  Hang all grumbling whiners.

Then drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We think no more of raging seas,
Now that we've come back, boys.

*Chorus.*—With a *whip, snip,* high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack, crack*—this is our jubilee;
Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

"Dick Short must sing."

"Yes," replied Dick.

Jack's alive and full of fun,
When his hulk is crazy,
As he basks in Greenwich sun,
Jolly still, though lazy.
So drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We'll think no more of raging seas,
Now that we've come back, boys.

*Chorus.*—With a *whip, snip,* high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
*Smack, crack*—this is our jubilee;
Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

As this was the last chorus, it was repeated three or four times, and with hallooing, screaming, and dancing in mad gesticulation.

"Hurrah, my lads," cried Jemmy, "three cheers and a bravo."

It was high time that they went on board; so thought Frau Vandersloosh, who trembled for her chandeliers; so thought Babette, who had begun to yawn before the last song, and who had tired herself more with laughing at it; so thought they all, and they sallied forth out of the Lust Haus, with Jemmy Ducks having the advance and fiddling to them the whole way down to the boat. Fortunately, not one of them fell into the canal, and in ten minutes they were all on board; they were not, however, permitted to turn into their hammocks without the important information being imparted to them, that Snarleyyow had disappeared.

*(To be continued.)*

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## PEDRO AND INEZ.

### A FRAGMENT OF A PORTUGUESE TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Rosy with early blushes morn appears,
And nature smiling dries her lucid tears;
The blithesome horn invites the prince to rise,
And leaving Inez with sleep-sealed eyes,

He steals him from the nuptial couch, to share
The hunter's joy, and taste the fragrant air.
Gaily he mounts his winged steed, and flies
O'er bending grass, and flowers of rainbow dyes:
The fleecy clouds are tinged with living rose;
Robed in the sunlight all the landscape glows,
Rich mountains purpling in the golden beams,
Fair-spreading valleys, silver-winding streams,
And groves of orange, with their deep perfume,
From snowy blossoms in their rathest bloom.
How dear is Nature's face! the lover's eye
Drinks all her sacredness and mystery:
Pedro beholds in every breathing thing
Something that wakes his heart's accordant string;
With filial looks he greets that lovely land,
O'er which he soon may sway with regal hand,
And blesses all her green hills as they rise,
Girt to his soul by early sympathies.

* * * * *

The shadowy form of misty Eve appears,
And homeward now th' expectant lover steers;
The horn that hangs so gaily at his side,
Now to his lip with hurried hand applied,
Gives to the sylvan woods its mellow tone,—
But where is Inez,—that she has not flown,
Like nestling dove to welcome back its mate?
Alas! she'll come no more! *demoniac* hate
Hath done its worst, and there the victim lies!—

* * * * *

From that sad hour no music fed his ear,
No voice was welcome, and no object dear.
The kindlier feelings that were wont to rise
From heart to lip, and light his gladsome eyes,
Had all departed with that martyred one:
Earth was to him a blank—it had no sun;
His spirit moved in darkness; he became
A burning wreck, consumed by that dire flame,
Revenge, the child of fiendish mother born,
That laughs in bitter mockery and scorn
At all its victims suffer—such the king!
Who made the clarions of discord ring
Through all that lovely land he once did prize,
Ere his reft bosom wailed the sacrifice,
And Nature, weeping at the outrage, fled
From his changed heart, with blood and anguish fed.

* * * * * *

The disastrous termination of the loves of Pedro, Prince of Portugal, and the beautiful Inez de Castro, are too well known to need relation. All historians are agreed in the fact, that Pedro was absent on a hunting excursion, when the assassins employed by his father murdered the defenceless Inez.

## SLAVE TRADE.

### TO ANY OF THE LEADING ABOLITIONISTS.

*Rio de Janeiro, Christmas-day,* 1835.

SIR,

UNDER the excitement of the circumstances around me, and the influences of the day on which He appeared, who said, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," to "preach deliverance to the captives," adding, "this day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," I shall attempt to realize an imagination that has for sometime possessed me; I mean the enlightening you and the friends of the negroes on a detail regarding the abolition of slavery, which seems to have escaped your notice.

I should premise, that I do not intend any offence, because you will, probably, be startled when I tell you, that you and they are, in Rio de Janeiro, the cruellest enemies to the captured Africans, doing them the most serious injury, instead of the good which doubtless you intend.

You and the friends of abolition have caused the establishment of the mixed commission court; and this court, as it operates here, increases the evil of the slave trade ten-fold in the case of the captured wretches it is established to serve.

To the proof.

On the 16th December, 1834, a slave brig that had been captured at sea on the 28th November, with five hundred and twenty-one negroes on board, arrived in this port with five hundred and sixteen of them alive. On the 10th February, (nearly two months after,) the sentence of condemnation was read on board her, and on the 7th March, (for though the treaty expressly says no appeal from the decision of the commissioners shall be allowed, yet time was allowed for appeal,) how many of these Africans do you think were declared free?—two hundred and twenty-one! But what became of the rest? Oh!—one hundred and six of them were freed by death while waiting for their freedom by law; and all that were in a condition to be removed, one hundred and eighty-nine in number, lost their freedom by being seized and carried off into slavery. A numerous armed party overcame the small English guard that had the care of them, wounding those who attempted to defend the government store-house which contained them, to which they had been removed because the brig was in a leaky state and so infested by vermin that the rats were eating the extremities of the poor dying wretches before the breath was out of their bodies! the commission meanwhile not having interfered in any way for their maintenance or protection; and the villanous agents of the Brazilian government having (no doubt purposely) neglected to fulfil the orders issued by the president of the province, five days before the robbery, when, at the earnest request of the English officer

in charge of the brig, he directed that a guard should be sent for their protection. Five days ago, on the 20th December, 1835, another brig with two hundred and forty-five slaves on board was brought in, detained by a cruizer on the 17th.

The commission went promptly to work the second day, and began to take depositions; but now the holidays intervene as they did last year; from this day to the 29th nothing is done, and until the 6th January they will constantly recur. Meantime, after a scorching sun to the 20th, the rain has ever since been pouring in torrents. When these poor negroes came in not one was sick, though most of them were covered with the itch, but now death has begun his work. One is already dead; another one drowned himself in despair: many are complaining, and what may be the mortality ere they can be out of court it is fearful to contemplate. These Africans, now two hundred and forty-three in number, with fourteen of the brig's crew, and fourteen of the prize crew, in all two hundred and seventy-one, are cooped up in a wretched little vessel of one hundred and thirty-nine tons! fevered, festering, and dying, while the commission is deciding on the legality of their capture and possible ultimate freedom.

If these vessels had not been detained, the blacks would have been speedily landed, and though they would have been slaves, yet they would have lived, and have had such care taken of them as men interested in them as a property would take.

But, sir, I am not the advocate of slavery! The lives of these poor creatures might be saved, and still they need not be slaves. The fault is with you!

Why is there not a provision for the care and maintenance of these poor objects of British philanthropy at Rio de Janeiro as well as at Sierra Leone?

At Rio de Janeiro, there is no appointed place to land them; no hospital for the sick; no person charged to provide necessaries for them; no measures adopted for their protection if they are landed.

What have you been about, sir? Do you not know these things? Then you are most lamentably deficient of the intelligence you ought to have before you legislate on such matters. I do not put the question the other way, for I am willing to believe no Englishman's feeling would allow them to continue in their present state, if he could remedy it.

I have told you the complaint. Now, hear the remedy.

Let an officer of the commission court be appointed curator or guardian of the blacks captured. Let him take charge of them from the moment they arrive in the port, calling on the commanding naval officer for such aid as he can afford. Let the Brazilian government be required to join in the work, and to appropriate a fit and secure place on shore, with a sufficient guard for such as it may be necessary to land, (or a hulk afloat, if more convenient,) with fittings for a hospital.

Let the guardian furnish the necessaries and attendance for the sick, and provision for the healthy. Let the detained vessel and her crew be left in charge of the prize masters, who will then have quite enough to look after in the port.

As it is now, the horrors which the officers and men in charge of the vessel and her cargo are compelled to endure, are most trying to men of feeling or education. The vessel of last December (1834) was very nearly the death of the officer in charge of her: it was for some time doubtful whether he could recover from the united effects of exposure of body and distress of mind.

At Sierra Leone, provision is made for the maintenance and protection of the blacks sent in for adjudication: they are generally new cargoes, captured soon after their embarkation, and before they have become sickly. But here, when the cargoes arrive after a long voyage, the seeds of disease are sown, and the produce of lengthened confinement on board is certain death; yet, still they have to wait, in the hotbed of the port, (infinitely worse than the open sea,) all the tardy formalities of law, with all the provoking and cruel delays of what are sadly miscalled holy days, besides incurring the risk of being carried off by force or fraud.

This part of the case, and the essential difference between Rio Janeiro and Sierra Leone, which I have pointed out above, you do not seem to have studied.

Bestir yourself then, as the friend of humanity, and let this mischief be remedied forthwith.

I have not dwelt on the hardships of the officers and men put as prize masters on board such vessels; but they must not be forgotten: and I cannot help (when I recur to this subject) thinking of certain persons designated by Him, whom we remember this day, when he said, "Ye lade men with burthens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burthens with one of your fingers." I fear that very few of our talking philanthropists would take upon them the grievous duty they impose upon these men.

What would you, sir, think of being obliged to live for weeks, ay, months, in continual armed watching of desperadoes of the worst character, being all the time enforced night and day, through the deluging rain and scorching sun of the tropic, on the open deck of a miserable little vessel, crowded with beings of both sexes, covered with the itch, without coming into contact with whom you could not stir from the six feet square reserved abaft to you and your crew? This even favourable state of things is truly a pitiable situation for men with the ordinary notions of decency and propriety! But now, sir, imagine the negroes in a sickly condition, turning their dying eyes upon you whichever way you look, hear their moans, and watch the contortions of their diseased and emaciated frames! and reflect that it is out of your power to help them! What horrible torture is this for men endowed with the common feelings of humanity! Under the influence of the mental suffering produced by such a scene, an officer (whose own assurance I have for it) has, every hour of the day, wished himself dead, that he might escape from the horrors by which he was surrounded.

But who are they that cause these frightful results? Who are they that mix this cup of hideous disease, captivity, and death, for the wretched blacks, and compel their white brethren to administer it,

and, powerless and shuddering, to watch every fatal gradation in the scenes of woe and misery?

Alas! truth declares, in terms as uncontrovertible as they are awful, that this acme of sorrows is produced by British philanthropists.

Ay! however painful the reflection may be to them, or however lamentable to those who appreciate their motives, it is most assuredly to their imperfect knowledge of the slave trade in detail, and their ill-digested plans for its mitigation, that the excess of human suffering, which I have attempted to describe, must be attributed.

Had Great Britain done nothing to prevent the slave trade on the coast of Brazil, it is the general conviction of all I have talked with who are acquainted with the subject, that the amount of suffering endured by the negroes (to say nothing of the greatly increased mortality which our interference has almost invariably led to) would have been considerably less than under the present cruel and abortive system.

Either do more, or undo what you have done. Better that once, upon this coast, the blacks should contentedly live slaves, than wretchedly die while waiting for freedom.

I have done with the particular subject of Rio Janeiro; but I am warmed now, and must go on.

In the general question of suppression, some terrific details might be afforded from this country.

There was one case lately of a vessel that crossed the Atlantic three times with the same cargo; and, at last, after three trials before the courts, was allowed to go where her master thought fit, with the living skeletons of not one-tenth of her original freight, that survived the humane process of attempting their freedom. And there might be added many more disgusting proofs, that the zeal of its friends has outrun their discretion, and that their interference has aggravated the miseries of the blacks, instead of relieving them.

Now mark me, sir!

There is a certain effectual cure for the evil.

Are you the humane leader of the abolition party? Or do you aspire to the honour of that title? Propose it manfully to Parliament.

Get them to pass an Act, authorizing all commanders of the king's ships, finding on the high seas a vessel with slaves on board for traffic, to consider her *ipso facto a pirate*, whatever flag she may show.

Let the commanders have orders instantly to take out the crew, except such as may be required to take care of the negroes, and, to send the vessel to the nearest port of a British colony, where there is a black population; and, let the authorities there be directed to free them under the existing regulations as to apprenticeship, &c., when circumstances prevent their being sent to Sierra Leone, which should always be performed, as it can be done, without risk of great mortality among the negroes.

Let them have orders to guard the crew as pirates, and let the act declare that, for the trial of such slave traders, (as five may not meet

once in seven years in these times of peace,) three naval officers above the rank of a lieutenant shall form a court martial.

Let the captain of the vessel, with the slaves on board, and the identity of the crew be proved by the boarding officers and the boat's crews. And let it be provided, that the two principal officers of the vessel, (but particularly the owner or supercargo, if found on board, and the master,) shall, by sentence of that court, without appeal or reprieve, be hanged! on its being proved by the testimony of the crew, or by the vessel's papers, or by any other sufficient evidence, that they are such principals. And, if no proof can be had of the principals, then let the crew draw lots, and the two on whom the lot shall fall be hanged, while the rest of the crew be forced to carry the sentence into execution, or suffer the like punishment. Thus degraded, let them be discharged, and their descriptions forwarded to all naval stations, so that if taken a second time in such employ, the offenders may suffer death by sentence of the court martial, although they may not be principals.

Lastly, let the expensive and inefficient mixed commissions be suppressed.

Let no false humanity prevent such a law being carried strictly into effect; and after six months there will not be two slave vessels a-year cross the Atlantic.

This year 46,000 blacks have been imported into Brazil, and the king's ships, are too few to attend even to the protection of British life and property in the Brazilian ports, which are all more or less disturbed: so that the few captures are accounted for.

* * * * * * *

It may be objected, that some nations refuse us the right of search; but, all those nations have forbidden the traffic; some have declared it piracy, and the rest, if properly urged, will follow their example.

If a vessel, which there is every reason to believe a pirate, were to hoist the flag of any nation whatever, would that prevent her being examined? Certainly not! for if so, there is perfect impunity for all crimes committed by pirates on the high seas.

To satisfy, then, any such national scruple, (if by possibility an officer should be deceived as to the character of the vessel he deems a piratical slaver,) let a form of apology, admitting and accounting for his error in judgment, be prescribed for the captain of the searching ship to write and sign in the log book of the vessel searched. This will effectually check any wanton exercise of power by his majesty's naval commanders, while it will never prevent the honest exercise of their discretion in a just cause: and it should assuredly satisfy any nation that is jealous only for the honour of its flag.

With this I will close for the present my remarks on the general question.

You have both subjects now before you, and with regard to the particular oversight with foreign commissions, your eyes are soon opened. If you are the sincere friend of the blacks, (and I do not say this as doubting it,) you have now grounds for interfering to make the commission effective, and to remedy the mischief you have unknowingly established.

Let the nations see that you are awake, and at your post; and soon may the savage and the slave, with the enlightened and the free, have cause to bless, as now they have cause to curse, your interference.

I trust ere long, I shall rejoice in the effects of your zeal; and that there will be no need of any further call upon you from

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Alas! we have no power on the subject. It has all been monopolized by the *soi disant* philanthropists and the self-sanctified of the conventicle.—ED.

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## I NEVER CAN ANOTHER WED.

BY L. M. J. MONTAGU.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
'Twas on her bridal day
I saw her last; and then her tears
Did stain her bright array:
Methought those tears for me were shed;
But be it so, or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
I never see the place
Where once she dwelt, but bitter tears
Come gushing o'er my face:
They say that love by grief is fed;
But be it so, or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
Nor would I trust me now
To look on her, in smiles, or tears,
Lest I forget her vow:
They tell me that her beauty's fled;
But be it so, or not,
I never could another wed,
She, never be forgot.

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# DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

## CHAPTER XXV.

April, 1836.

### EXPEDITION TO BASSEIN.

It was not until many months after the war had been carried on, that Sir Archibald Campbell found himself in a position to penetrate into the heart of the Burmah territory, and attempt the capital. He wanted almost every thing, and among the rest reinforcements of men; for the rainy season had swept them off by thousands. At last, when determined to make the attempt, he did it with a most inadequate force; a force which, had the Burmahs thought of even trenching up and barricading the roads at every half mile, he must have been compelled, without firing a shot, to have retreated. Fortunately, he had an accession of men-of-war, and his river detachment was stronger than he could have hoped for. I do not pretend to state the total force which was embarked on the river or that which proceeded by land, communicating with each other when circumstances permitted, as the major part of the provisions of the army were, I believe, carried up by water. The united river force was commanded by Brigadier Cotton, Captain Alexander, and Captain Chads, the land forces, of course, by Sir A. Campbell, who had excellent officers with him, but whose tactics were of no use in this warfare of morass, mud, and jungle.

It will be proper to explain why it was considered necessary to detach a part of the forces to Bassein. The Rangoon river joins the Irrawaddy on the left, about one hundred and seventy miles from its flowing into the ocean. On the right of the Irrawaddy is the river of Bassein, the mouth of it about one hundred and fifty miles from that of the Irrawaddy, and running up the country in an angle towards it until it joins it about four hundred miles up in the interior. The two rivers thus inclose a large delta of land, which is the most fertile and best peopled of the Burmah provinces, and it was from this delta that Bundoola, the Burmah general, received all his supplies of men. Bundoola was in the strong fortress of Donabree, on the Bassein side of the river, about half way between where the Rangoon river joined it on the left, and the Bassein river communicated with it a long way farther up on the right. Sir A. Campbell's land forces were on the left of the river, so that Bundoola's communication with the Bassein territory was quite open; and as the river forces had to attack Donabree on their way up, the force sent to Bassein was to take him in the rear and cut off his supplies. This was a most judicious plan of the general's, as will be proved in the sequel. Major Sale, with four or five hundred men in three transports, the Larne, and the Mercury, Hon. Company's brig, were ordered upon

[1] Continued from p. 259.

this expedition, which sailed at the same time that the army began to march and the boats to ascend the river. On the arrival of the expedition we found the entrance of the river most formidable in appearance, there being a dozen or more stockades of great extent; but there were but two manned, the guns of the others, as well as the men, having been forwarded to Donabree, the Burmahs not imagining, as we had so long left that part of their territory unmolested, that we should have attempted it. Our passage was therefore easy; we merely landed after a few broadsides, and spiked the guns, and then, with a fair wind, ran about seventy miles up one of the most picturesque and finest rivers I was ever in. Occasionally the right lines of a stockade presented themselves, but we found nobody in them, and passed by them in peace. But the river now became more intricate, and the pilots, as usual, knew nothing about it. It was, however, of little consequence; the river was deep even at its banks, over which the forest trees threw their boughs in wild luxuriance. The wind was now down the river, and we were two or three days before we arrived at Bassein, during which we tided and warped how we could, while Major Sale grumbled. If the reader wishes to know why Major Sale grumbled, I will tell him—because there was no fighting. He grumbled when we passed the stockades at the entrance of the river because they were not manned; and he grumbled at every dismantled stockade that we passed. But there was no pleasing Sale; if he was in hard action and not wounded, he grumbled; if he received a slight wound, he grumbled because it was not a severe one; if a severe one, he grumbled because he was not able to fight the next day. He had been nearly cut to pieces in many actions, but he was not content. Like the man under punishment, the drummer might strike high or strike low, there was no pleasing Sale: nothing but the *coup de grace*, if he be now alive, will satisfy him. But notwithstanding this mania for being carved, he was an excellent and judicious officer. I have been told he is since dead; if so, his Majesty has lost one of the most devoted and chivalric officers in his service, to whom might most justly be applied the words of Hotspur,—"But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive."

As I before observed, the branches of the trees hung over the sides of the river, and a circumstance occurred which was a source of great amusement. We had a little monkey, who had been some time on board, and was a favourite, as usual, of the ship's company. The baffling winds very often threw us against the banks of the river, near which there was plenty of water; and when this was the case, the boughs of the trees were interlaced with the rigging of the ship. This unusual embracing between nature and art gave Jacko the idea of old times when he frolicked in the woods, and unable to resist the force of early associations, he stepped from the topsail-yard to the branch of a large tree, and when the ship had hauled off clear, we found that Jacko had deserted. We lamented it, and thought no more about him ten minutes afterwards, and continued our course up the river. About an hour had elapsed, during which we had gained upwards of a mile, when again nearing the bank on that side, we heard a loud chattering and screaming. "That's Jacko,

sir," said one of the men, and others expressed the same opinion. We manned the jolly-boat, and sent it on shore towards the place where the noise was heard. The monkey did not wait till the bow of the boat touched the shore, but springing into it when some feet off, he took his seat very deliberately on the stores, and was pulled on board, where immediately he flew up the side, caressing every one he met. The fact was, that Jacko had found several of his race in the woods, but, like all wild animals, they immediately attacked one who had worn the chains of servitude, and Jacko had to fly for his life. We very often interlaced the rigging with the boughs after that, but the monkey remained quiet on the booms, and showed not the slightest wish to renew his rambles.

I think it was on the third day that we arrived below the town of Naputah, which was defended by a very formidable stockade, commanding the whole reach of the river. The stockade was manned, and we expected that it would be defended, but as we did not fire, neither did they; and we should have passed it quietly, had not Sale grumbled so much at his bad luck. The next day we arrived at Bassein, one of the principal towns in the Burman Empire. Here again Major Sale was disappointed, for it appeared that, on hearing of the arrival of the expedition at the entrance of the river, the public had divided into two parties, one for resistance, the other for submission. This difference of opinion had ended in their setting fire to the town and immense magazines of grain, dismantling the stockades, and the major part of the inhabitants flying into the country. The consequence was, that we took possession of the smoking ruins without opposition.

It was soon observed that the people were tired of the protracted war, and of the desolation occasioned by it. They wanted to return to their wives and families, who were starving. But up to this time the chiefs had remained faithful to Bundoola, who had amassed stores and provisions at Bassein, intending to retreat upon it, should he be driven out of the fortress of Donabree; and as long as he held that fortress, receiving from Bassein his supplies of men and of provisions. The Burmahs were so unwilling to fight any longer, that they were collected by armed bands, and made prisoners by the chiefs, who sent them up as required; and many hundreds were still in this way detained, enclosed in stockaded ground, and watched by armed men, in several towns along the river. An expedition was first despatched up the river, to its junction with the Irrawaddy, as there was a town there in which was the dockyard of the Burmahs, all their war boats, and *canoes* of every description being *built* at that place. They ascended without difficulty, and, after a little skirmishing, took possession of the place; burnt all the boats built or building, and then returned to Bassein.

Of course, we had then nothing to do; Major Sale's orders were to join Sir A. Campbell if he possibly could; which with much difficulty he ultimately effected. We must now return to the river expedition sent up at the same time that Sir A. Campbell marched by land, and the expedition that went up the Bassein river.

This force arrived at Donabree before we had gained Bassein. It found a most formidable fortress, or rather, three fortresses in one,

mounting a great number of guns, and, as I before observed, held by Bundoola, the commander of the Burmah forces, in whom the Burmah troops placed the greatest confidence. I speak from hearsay and memory, but I believe I am correct when I state that there were not less than ten thousand men in Donabree, besides war elephants, &c. Now the river force did not amount in fighting men certainly to one thousand, and they were not in sufficient strength to attack a place of this description, upon which every pains had been taken for a long while to render it impregnable. The attack was however made, and the smaller stockade of the three carried; but when they had possession of the smallest stockade, they discovered that they were at the mercy of the second, and in a sort of trap. The consequence was, defeat—the only defeat experienced by the white troops during the whole war. The troops were re-embarked, and the boats were obliged to drop down the river clear of the fire of the fort. I believe two hundred and fifty English troops were left dead in the stockade, and the next day their bodies, crucified on rafts, were floated down among the English boats by the triumphant Bundoola. In the mean time a despatch had been sent to Sir A. Campbell, who was in advance on the banks of the river; stating that the force afloat was not able to cope with the fortress, the real strength of which no one had been aware of. The consequence was, that Sir A. Campbell retraced his steps, crossed the river, and attacked it in conjunction with the flotilla, Sir A. Campbell taking it in the rear. After some hard fighting, in which the elephants played their parts, the troops gained possession, and Bundoola having been killed by a shell, the Burmahs fled. Now it was very fortunate that the expedition had been sent to Bassein, for otherwise the Burmahs would have fallen back upon that place, which held all their stores; and would thus have been able to continue on the rear of Sir A. Campbell, as he advanced up the river. But they had heard of the destruction and capture of Bassein, and consequently directed their flight up the river towards the capital. We were in possession of all these circumstances shortly after we had taken possession of Bassein, and although the death of Bundoola, and taking of Donabree had dispirited the Burmahs, yet there were many chiefs who still held out, and who, had they crossed with their troops to the Irrawaddy, would have interrupted the supplies coming up, and the wounded and sick who were sent down. We had, therefore, still the duty of breaking up these resources if possible. Having ascertained who the parties were, we sent a message to one of the weakest to say, that if he did not tender his submission, and come in to us, we should attack him, and burn the town to the ground.

The chief thought it advisable to obey our summons, and sent word that he would come in on the ensuing day. He kept his promise: about noon, as I was sitting in the verandah of a large sanimy house, (a sort of monastery,) which I had taken possession of, I was informed that he had arrived. The token of submission on the part of the Burmahs is, presenting the other party with *wax candles*. If a poor man has a request to make, or favour to ask of a great man, he never makes it without laying a small wax candle at his feet. Neither do they approach the Rayhoon and Mayhoon without this mark of respect.

Some time after this, one of the chiefs who had submitted, took up his quarters at Bassein; and his little daughter, about eight or nine years old, was very fond of coming to see me, as I generally made her little presents. She became very much attached to me, but she never appeared without a little wax candle, which she dropped at my feet before she threw herself into my arms.

In the present instance, the chief first made his appearance, and having come within a few feet, sat down as a *mark of respect.* He was followed by six more, who each carried about two pounds of wax candles, tastefully arranged in a sort of filagree work of coloured papers. After these came about fifty men, carrying large baskets full of vegetables and fruit, which they poured out on the floor before me, and then walked away and squatted at a distance. A few words of ceremony were then exchanged, and the friendship cemented over a bottle of brandy and some wine; which, notwithstanding the use of spirituous liquors is against their religion, and forbidden by the government, they did not object to. Before he left I made him a present in return, of a silver flagon, which I had in my plate chest, and he went away delighted with the gift. Several more of the minor chiefs afterwards came in, and the same formalities were gone through; but there were three of the most important who would not make their appearance; one, the chief of Naputah, the town which we had passed, which did not fire at us from the stockades, and two others down at another large arm of the river, who had many men detained for the service of the army if required, and who were still at open defiance. All these three were gold chatta chiefs, that is, permitted to have a gold umbrella carried over their heads when they appeared in public.

After waiting a certain time for these people to send in their submission, I sent word down to the Chief of Naputah, that I should visit him in my ship the next day, threatening him with the consequences of not complying with my request. Accordingly we weighed in the Larne, and dropped down the river till we were abreast of the town and stockade, which was about thirty miles distant from Bassein. Our broadside was ready; but as we were about to fire, we perceived that boats were manning, and, in about five minutes the chief of Naputah, in his own war-boat, accompanied by about twelve others, and a great many canoes, pulled off from the shore and came alongside. He made his submission, with the usual accompaniments, and we were soon very good friends. I gave him a beautiful little brass gun, which ornamented our poop, and he went away very well pleased. We here had an opportunity of witnessing the dexterity with which they handle their boats. They really appeared to be alive, they darted through the water with such rapidity. Many of the Burmahs remained on board, examining every part of the vessel and her equipment; and soon they were on the best of terms with the seamen and the few troops which I had on board to assist us, for we were very short manned. We had gained intelligence that there were some guns sunk in a creek, about three miles from Bassein, and we had dispatched a boat to look for them, having the assurance of a chief who was at Bassein, that the people were peaceable and well disposed. By some mistake, the boat went up the wrong creek

and pulled many miles into the country, without finding the spot pointed out by marks given. At night they were at the mercy of the Burmahs, who came to them to know what they required. The Burmahs told them that they had mistaken the creek, but were very kind to them, giving them a good supper, and passing the night among them, playing their marionettes. The next day they showed them their way, and when they came to the guns, the Burmahs dived, and made ropes fast, and brought them up for them; sending a message that they would come and see the *Great Water-dog* (meaning me) the next day.

We remained two days at anchor, waiting for this boat, off the town of Naputah, as it was my intention to go down the river, and attack the two other gold chatta chiefs, if they did not send in their submission. On the second day the Naputah chief came on board to ask me if I would attend a Nautch which he gave that evening in compliment to us; but requested that we would not bring all our people, as it would frighten his own. Although it was not pleasant to trust myself on shore in the night, in the midst of so large a force, yet I thought it advisable, as I was anxious to make friends with him, to accept the invitation in the manner he desired. I replied, "that I would only bring on shore a few officers, and my usual attendants of six marines without arms." At eight o'clock some of the officers and I went on shore: it was quite dark, but we found the chief at the landing-place ready to receive us. The marines had their bayonets, and the officers had pistols concealed in case of treachery, and the first lieutenant kept a good look out, with the broadside of the ship all ready at the first flash of a pistol, but these precautions were unnecessary; the chief took me by the hand and led me up to his house, in front of which had been erected a sort of covered circus, brilliantly lighted up with oil in cocoa-nut shells, and round which were squatted several hundred Burmahs. He took us all to the raised verandah of the house, which was fitted up for the ceremony, where we found his wife, and all his attendants, but not his daughter, who was said to be very handsome. As soon as we had taken our seats, the Nautch commenced. About twenty men struck up a kind of music, rather barbarous, in which the bells and drums made the most noise. After a few minutes of discordant sound, the play began. The actors were in a sort of costume, and appeared quite at home in their parts. The story consisted in the attempts of a young prince to obtain the hand of a young princess; and the dialogue was constantly interrupted by an actor who appeared to be a looker on, but who made his remarks upon what passed, so as to excite bursts of laughter from the audience. He was the Jack Pudding, or wit of the piece, and several of his jokes were not very delicate. At all events, he was the Liston of the company, for he never spoke nor moved without creating a laugh. The play ended very curiously; after the prince had gained the princess, they had a procession, in which they made an imitation of a ship, out of compliment to us; and then built a little house on the stage with singular rapidity, to the door of which they conducted the youthful couple, closed it, and then the play was over. In the meantime *pickled tea* (which is a

great compliment, and excessively nasty) was handed round to us, and we all partook of it, taking it out with our fingers; but we could not swallow it, so it remained like a quid of tobacco in our cheeks until we had an opportunity of getting rid of it.

The purser had had the foresight to put a couple of bottles of wine, and one of brandy, in the pockets of the marines, which were now produced, for the band continued to play, and wrestling was introduced. We asked the chief to join us, but he refused; he handed down a sort of picture, in which was represented the white elephant pagodas, &c., and told us that he was not only the war chief, but the head of the religion at Naputah, and that it would not be right that he should be seen by his people transgressing the laws. In the meantime his daughter, who did not come out to us, was very anxious to know what sort of people we were, and she sent for one to be brought in to her. My clerk was the favoured party. She examined him very closely, pulled his dress about, made him bare his legs, to see how white they were, and then dismissed him. The clerk reported her as very handsome, and quite as white as he was; splendidly dressed, and with an air of command, which showed that she was aware of her importance.

We staid about two hours longer, and then we rose to go away. The chief walked with us down to the boats, and we were not sorry to find ourselves on board again; for the population was much more numerous than we had imagined, and had any treachery been attempted, we must have fallen a sacrifice.

*(To be continued.)*

## LE COMMENCEMENT DU VOYAGE.

*Chanson chantée sur le berceau d'un enfant nouveau-né.*

Voyez amis, cette barque légère
  Qui de la vie essaie encore les flots,
Elle contient gentille passagère,
  Ah ! soyons en les premiers matelots,
&c. &c. &c.

*Sung over a New-born Child.*

### IMITATION.

See the bark so frail and slender,
  Launched on life's tempestuous sea,
Dear's the freight, then let's attend her,
  For a merry crew are we.
Now a prosperous star is beaming,
  Sportive nymphs around us play,
Garlands from the mast are streaming,
  Haste on board her, haste away.

  Haste, and as she glides along,
  Cheer her progress with a song.

Muses here their aid have plighted,
  Love and friendship take the helm,
With such pilots thus united,
  Billows ne'er can overwhelm.
Now the silken sails are swelling,
  Zephyrs in attendance sport,
Hope is with us, Hope propelling
  Guides her to the distant port.

  Gaily now she glides along,
  Cheer her progress with a song.

Round the interesting stranger,
  Cherubs as her guardians stand,
Screen from every shoal and danger,
  As the waves of life expand.
Onwards Hope her progress urges,
  Should there come a stormy blast,
Hope will bear her through the surges,
  Till she gains the port at last.

  Gaily now she glides along,
  Cheer, O cheer her, with a song.

JOHN WARING.

# THE CHARITY SISTER.[1]

## A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Miss Altamont did not speak directly either to her brother or to Rosabelle, but indulged herself in snarling hints, ill-natured comparisons, and sarcastic allusions; those paltry weapons so readily at hand with ordinary women. These were met by all Rosabelle's artillery of humour and girlish fun; she delighted in teazing her, and committed a thousand little extravagances purposely to draw forth her comments; nevertheless, those comments made their impression on her husband almost against his will; and so well did she play off his precise sister, and so much more was Miss Altamont dreaded than liked, that, unfortunately, Rosabelle was but too much encouraged, and she ended by making her an implacable and by no means a powerless enemy. Fanchette was put under strict *surveillance;* she grumbled exceedingly, and heartily wished that her young mistress had married her handsome cousin, who, she was sure, was desperately in love with her: and of this she made no secret. Every word spoken by the imprudent girl was conveyed to Miss Altamont by her mother's maid, Mrs. Milicent.

It was the custom in those times to spend *the winter* in London, not the spring and summer; and, on the first of November every year, let the weather be what it might, the heavy travelling coach with its four horses appeared at the door, to convey the family to their house in town. This house belonged exclusively to the dowager.

"My dear Rosabelle," said Lord Altamont, "answer me without hesitation; would you like to reside this winter at my mother's house in town, or shall I take a separate and temporary residence for you? I say temporary, because I intend we shall have a house of our own by the next winter."

"A separate residence, if you please!" said she beseechingly.

When this arrangement was made known, the dowager merely said, she hoped that their residence would be as near her's as possible; but Miss Altamont looked at her brother, sighed, and shook her head.

The following morning at breakfast, Miss Altamont looked up from her weekly newspaper, (she was a profound politician,) and, addressing Rosabelle, said, "Here is something that may interest *you*, Lady Altamont: your cousin, the Count de Beauvilliers, has just arrived in London with the new French ambassador." She bent her eyes keenly on Rosabelle as she spoke, and the effect more than answered her expectation. Lord Altamont started at the communication, observed his sister's peculiar look, then turned to Rosabelle: a deep blush had

[1] Continued from page 271.

overspread her face and neck; her eyes were fixed on her breakfast-cup; she raised it to her lips, then replaced it; at last she stammered out, "Indeed!"

"Oh!" I thought you would be quite pleased," cried Miss Altamont.

"So I am—not exactly—but—"

"I am sorry to have occasioned your ladyship so much confusion," observed her sister-in-law, gravely resuming her perusal.

Lord Altamont left the room: Fanchette clapped her hands when the butler reported the news down stairs, and declared she was very glad to hear it.

In a few days afterwards the family arrived in London; Lord and Lady Altamont took possession of a magnificent mansion belonging to an elderly nobleman who, for the benefit of his health, spent the winter in Italy.

Three or four days elapsed without their hearing any thing of the count. At length, one evening, when Rosabelle was alone in the drawing-room, having retired from a gentleman's dinner-party, the count was announced. He entered with a very formal and respectful air, slightly kissed her hand, made some ceremonious inquiries, and withdrew to the company down stairs, where he was courteously but not cordially received by Lord Altamont: being acquainted with several of the party, he joined in the conversation with his usual ease and vivacity, but pleaded another engagement when the adjournment to the drawing-room took place.

The count had again the pleasure or the mortification to observe the triumph of his once intended bride. In London she was as much the rage as she had been at Paris, from whence her fame had arrived before her: her dress, her air, her style of dancing were models for imitation, and though surrounded by crowds of admirers wherever she moved, yet she was less hated and envied by the women than might have been expected, simply because she gave herself no airs, was neither proud nor affected, but always lively and natural, seeming just as well pleased, or rather more so, in the company of women as of men; so that among many delightful female acquaintances, she was fortunate enough to make two or three valuable friends. She found time, too, under the best masters, to improve her education, sedulously devoting the former part of the day to instructive pursuits, and by the direction and with the help of Lord Altamont, proceeded in a course of English reading, well calculated to enlighten and strengthen her mind.

Lord Altamont could not help acknowledging to himself, that, dazzled by her beauty and fascinated by her almost infantine simplicity, he had overlooked her mental powers; they were now gradually expanding, and he was astonished at their developement. He had yet to learn the deep energy that lay concealed under the flowery surface of her character, which, hitherto, alone had attracted and delighted him.

The Dowager Lady Altamont began to be proud of her daughter-in-law, and would really have become fond of her had it not been for Miss Altamont, who possessed much influence over the mind of her

mother, and to whom the success of Rosabelle was gall and wormwood. Even the distinguished reception of her brother in the House of Peers, and the impression he had begun to make on that assembly, and through it on the public, failed to create that lively interest it ought to have done, because it contributed to increase the fashion and consequence of his wife.

Rosabelle was well pleased with the thorough change which appeared to have taken place in the sentiments of the Count de Beauvilliers. He seemed desirous to begin a new acquaintance on a new footing; that acquaintance became gradually more intimate, and at length put on the appearance of the most sincere friendship towards her and her husband. His manner was more respectful to her than to other women, his conversation more rational, in spite of the *laissez aller* of her's; he paid her no compliments, and when her praises were dwelt on by others, he was uniformly silent. Lord Altamont began to have a better opinion of him, and found many excuses in the lax code of Parisian morals, for his having once presumed to raise his aspiring hopes to Lady Altamont; he imagined those hopes had died a natural death from conviction of the purity and steadiness of her principles, and the devoted nature of her conjugal affection; and he imagined that, in their stead, had sprung up a real and disinterested friendship. Lord Altamont was partly right in his conjectures and partly wrong.

The fact of the count's having been the intended husband of *la belle Française* had got into circulation with many interesting additions: it was said that Lord Altamont was not ignorant of the engagement, when, at sight of the appropriated treasure, he resolved to make it his own: that the count (with whom the sentimental sympathized) still adored her faithfully, whether hopelessly or not was a question. His peculiar manner towards her, the silent melancholy with which he heard her spoken of, and the coldness with which his acquaintance was acknowledged by the dowager and her daughter, tended to confirm these reports. The trio became a little nucleus of interest and curiosity, of which circumstance two out of the three were certainly quite insensible.

During the residence of the family in London, it was thought better by all parties that the ancient manor-house of Moorlands should be repaired and fitted up for the dowager and Miss Altamont. It was about a mile and a half distant from the baronial residence, and Lord Altamont spared no trouble or expense in rendering it fit for the reception of his mother and sister on the family leaving town, which event was fixed for the first of May: but it would not be in his lordship's power to accompany them, as business of various kinds required his stay in the capital a week or two longer.

The count dined with Lord and Lady Altamont the day before the departure of the ladies. He told Rosabelle that he was about to return to France for two or three months. "I shall," he continued, "make a little *détour* through your county on my way to Dover, partly, because I have promised Sir Charles Welburne a visit at his seat, but chiefly because I wish to have a peep at Moorlands, that I may give your father an exact description of it."

"Oh! we shall be so glad to see you," said Rosabelle, "and I shall have the package ready for my father, which I promised him in my last letter. You must join with us in trying to persuade him to pay us a visit: he could come when you return; what a good opportunity!"

The conversation was here interrupted, and, amid the bustle of departure, and Rosabella's grief at this, her first separation from her husband, the subject of it did not again occur to her.

"We ought to be ashamed," said Lord Altamont, as early the following morning he was conducting his weeping Rosabelle down stairs to the carriage, "we really ought to be ashamed at making ourselves so miserable about a few days' separation: they will laugh at us, Rose, for a downright uxorious couple."

"I cannot help it," she replied, trying to suppress her tears.

"Nor I neither," said her husband; "but think of the happiness of our meeting!"

"I do try to think of that; but I cannot tell why the idea does not come home to me. God grant that we may have a happy meeting!"

These words were said in a tone of dejection and solemnity that surprised even herself and quite startled her husband; but they had reached the carriage in which the two other ladies were waiting: as he helped her in, he said to his mother, "Cheer her spirits, dear mother: she is quite overpowered."

The door closed, and the carriage drove off: a white handkerchief, wet with tears, waved from the window until it turned the corner; when Lord Altamont slowly re-entered his house, with an unaccountable oppression at his heart, which he vainly struggled to throw off.

Four or five days afterwards, M. de Beauvilliers dined with Lord Henry Beauclerk, who was to accompany him on his trip to Paris. They were to have dined tête-à-tête, but Mr. Cavendish, an intimate friend of the Altamonts, happening to call, he was pressed into the service. After the cloth was removed, they began to talk over their arrangements.

"So you decidedly set off early to morrow?" said Lord Henry to the count.

"Decidedly," was the reply.

"Now, Mr. Cavendish," continued Lord Henry, "is not this too bad? The count is engaged to visit in his way the Altamonts and Welburnes in Sussex, to both which families I have told him twenty times I have a general invitation; but he insists upon my going on and waiting for him at the Welburnes; he will not permit me to have a parting peep at his beautiful cousin."

This was rather mischievously intended, for neither he nor Mr. Cavendish were ignorant of the reports that have been alluded to.

"But Lord Altamont is in town," observed Mr. Cavendish, addressing the count. "How will you make out your visit?"

"Oh, there are the dowager and that pinched-up maiden, her daughter."

"A mile or two off," retorted Mr. Cavendish.

"*Tant mieux*," said the French nobleman; "quite near enough."

The conversation dropped for the moment, but the wine went round

briskly, and its effects, by degrees, became visible on the count and Lord Henry; Mr. Cavendish was more prudent.

"Pledge me, count!" suddenly exclaimed Lord Henry, "Here is a bumper of hermitage to the Rose of France!"

"The Rose of France!" repeated the count with a deep sigh, and laying his hand on his heart.

"Come, count, confess *entre nous*, there is a little *penchant* yet remaining *there*, under that hand of yours! You have kept the secret much too long and too well for a Frenchman; therefore confess!"

"For a Frenchman!" repeated the count, in a mock heroical tone; "know that affairs of love are with Frenchmen affairs of honour! I am mute;" and he laid his finger on his lips.

"Nevertheless, let me go with you to Moorlands," hiccupped Lord Henry, "and I promise you to be as blind as a mole, and as deaf as a badger."

"Not for worlds!" continued the count, in the same grandiloquous strain. "The dragon that hath stolen my Hesperian fruit is off his post, and his deputies, the two she-dragons, are a mile and a half from theirs. Lord Henry, callest thou thyself my friend? Now, by this hand—no, by the moon, if we could see it—the silver moon, the lover's planet—no, it is not a planet—art thou my friend, Lord Henry, and yet—yet—yet—"

Lord Henry was fast asleep, and the count had forgotten what he was going to say. Mr. Cavendish quietly took his departure; and after having fairly considered all that had past, making a proper allowance for the effects of vanity and wine, he came to the resolution of not, in any way, giving an unnecessary degree of importance to the subject, but at his next meeting with Lord Altamont, to venture a hint that would be just sufficient to prevent his lordship renewing too close an intimacy with his French cousin on his next return to England.

About nine o'clock on the evening following this scene, Rosabelle had just arrived at her own house at Moorlands, after passing the day with her mother-in-law. The night was threatening, and she was scarcely in doors, when the rain came down in torrents. She had given orders for the house to be shut up, and had drawn close to the little fire in her dressing-room with a book, when the sound of an approaching carriage arrested her attention; her heart beat:—"Can it be my husband?—yes, it *must* be him—run, Fanchette!"

In a few minutes Fauchette returned, followed, not by Lord Altamont, but by the count.

"Monsieur de Beauvilliers! I did not the least expect you so soon—but—I am very glad to see you!"

"My dear cousin," replied the count, slightly touching her cheek, "I beg a thousand pardons for intruding on you at this time of night, but I could not leave London until late, and my journey to France has been hastened from various causes. But can you give me shelter for the night—or shall I—?"

"Shelter for the night!" repeated Rosabelle, (half ashamed of the coldness of her reception, which was the result of her disappointment,) "to be sure I can."

She rang the bell, and ordered a spare bed-room to be immediately prepared; directed the count's servants and equipage to be well taken care of, and supper to be served in her dressing-room, as it was the only room that contained a fire. She paid her guest every possible attention, and her conversation and manner were full of kindness, cheerful, and unembarrassed. The count was delighted, and felt very happy by the corner of the fire with his nice supper before, and the beautiful Rosabelle sitting opposite to, him. They were waited on only by Fanchette, it being the duty of no other servant to attend in their lady's dressing-room unless especially called for. But there was nothing in all this that the count could possibly mistake; he would as soon have made love to the queen of George the Second in the midst of her court as to his young cousin Rosabelle *tête-a-tête* in her dressing-room between ten and eleven at night. So invulnerable is the shield of real virtue, and so true is the instinct of man in distinguishing it from all counterfeits.

They met the next morning at breakfast, the rain still continuing. Rosabelle accompanied her cousin over the house, explaining the alterations intended to be made, and finally settled him down in the library with a favourite author, while she retired to finish her letters for Paris, and to superintend the packages for her father. It was her practice to write to Lord Altamont daily, but thinking it behoved her to give her guest all the time she could spare, she unfortunately omitted to write, intending on the following day to make ample amends; so, that when the dowager sent as usual for her letter, there was none forthcoming. Chess and billiards filled up the space before dinner; in the latter game Rosabelle had always been considered a proficient *for a lady*. Her quick eye, merry laugh, and light graceful movements, brought back the mere child, his wild little cousin Rose, strongly to the recollection of the count. They dined *tête-à-tête*, and were both exceedingly gay, Rosabelle declaring that her tongue being permitted to talk French, had resolved to make the most of its holiday. The weather clearing up a little after dinner, Rosabelle proposed walking to the manor-house, to spend the rest of the day with the two ladies there; but the count did not second the proposal, and Rosabelle, being aware that they were not the best friends, forbore to press it; she therefore took him round the grounds, showed him her garden, and so amused him until the rain again drove them in. After tea they played and sang together some of the old troubadour songs of Provence, and when the count laid his head on his pillow for the night, he acknowledged with a sigh, that this was one of the happiest days he had ever spent, in spite of its being one of the most innocent.

He had told Rosabelle, that whatever the weather might be on the following morning, he should take his leave after breakfast. The day broke, bright, fresh, and dewy; a lovely May morning, the ground alone retaining the traces of the heavy rain that had fallen. After breakfast the count's equipage drove to the door, and all being prepared he took his leave.

"Thank you," he said, "my dear cousin, for the delightful hours you have permitted me to pass with you. I shall often think of them.

Her simple 'Adieu Albert!' went to his heart, for it was the first time she had called him Albert since the fatal parting at Paris.

The count threw himself into the corner of his carriage. "My moral nature must be really improving fast;" thus he soliloquized; "for I positively grieve at not having married my cousin, less for her beauty, less even for the brilliant impression she makes on society, than for the goodness and purity of her nature. Show me another beautiful woman in the world, with whom I could have spent all these hours alone and behaved as I have done to Rosabelle, simply because I dared not for my life behave otherwise. Yet was she all confidence, all frankness, and all kindness—what a fool I should be thought at Paris!" Then came a feeling of regret, approaching nearly to remorse for the more than tacit admission he had always made of his passion for Rosabelle, and for his never having negatived the inferences drawn from it, which this very visit was intended to confirm. Conscience whispered, "You have injured her fame!" Revenge thundered out, "You have punished your rival!" and vanity gently assured him, that the belief of his devoted passion, and the slight shade of suspicion it cast over her, rendered her, in the eyes of the world, only the more interesting. He arrived at Sir Charles Welburne's in excellent spirits, replied to Lord Henry's sly allusions by a meaning smile, and made desperate love to my lady's waiting-woman.

As soon as the count had left Moorlands, Rosabelle sat down and wrote her letter to Lord Altamont, giving an exact account of her cousin's visit, her commissions to her father, and every thing else she could think of. She forwarded her letter to the manor-house, a little surprised at its not having been sent for at the usual hour: it was returned after a considerable delay, with a verbal intimation that it was too late; the letter-messenger had been already dispatched to the post-town. Dispatched! and without apprising her! she could not account for it, regretting it the more, as it would now be too late if forwarded by herself.

Rosabelle was engaged to dine with a neighbouring family, and it had been agreed that she should call for Miss Altamont on her way. She therefore ordered the carriage, and having dressed, proceeded to the manor-house according to her appointment, anxious besides to have the mistake (for such she presumed it to be) about the letter cleared up. The hall-door of the manor-house was closed on her arrival, and some minutes elapsed before it was opened; on her preparing to alight, the servant stepped to the carriage, and in a hesitating manner, told her that the ladies were not at home.

"Not at home!" repeated Rosabelle; "I call by Miss Altamont's own appointment to take her to dinner. Is there no message left?"

"None, my lady."

Rosabelle desired her coachman to proceed, quite at a loss to know what offence she had given. Having arrived at her destination, she told the lady of the house that Miss Altamont must make her own apologies, that she had called for her as had been agreed upon, but had found her from home. None of the party seemed much to regret the circumstance, and Rosabelle spent a very gay and agreeable evening.

It was on the following morning that Mr. Cavendish breakfasted with Lord Altamont in town. The conversation turned on the views of the French embassy, and from thence naturally on the count's departure. "A-propos of that personage," said Mr. Cavendish; "is he a favourite of yours?"

"Not particularly," replied Lord Altamont; "more so however than he need to be."

"He appears a vain, inconsiderate young man," observed Mr. Cavendish; "and to tell you the truth, Altamont—I hope you will pardon my freedom—were I you, I would not, on his return, allow him to be on terms of such close intimacy—you understand me?"

"Cavendish, what do you mean?" exclaimed Lord Altamont, the blood rushing to his temples.

"Nay, do not be alarmed! I mean nothing but this: he is a prating fellow, and assumes too much on his relationship, and his former engagement to Lady Altamont."

"Engagement! he was never engaged to Lady Altamont."

"The world says he was, and that he has never forgotten it, or forgiven you."

"The world lies—and does *he* dare to hint——"

At that moment a servant entered with letters from the country. Lord Altamont tossed them over: "None from Rosabelle again today! she must be ill surely—but here is one from my sister."

He tore it open—his eyes became distended, he turned lividly pale, and the cold drops of agony started to his brow. "My friend!" exclaimed Mr. Cavendish; "Altamont! what is the matter?"

"Read—read!" muttered Lord Altamont, as he dropped the letter, and throwing himself back in his chair, covered his face with his hands. Mr. Cavendish read as follows:—

"My dear Brother;

"It is with the utmost pain I take up my pen to discharge an act of duty I have some time meditated. It cannot have escaped your observation, particularly of late, that my mother's sentiments and my own have not been of that nature towards Lady Altamont, which it is most desirable they should be, and which it would materially conduce to our happiness to be enabled to entertain towards your wife. We have been influenced by certain communications that have been made to us, and which we will faithfully detail to you when we see you. These communications regard the conduct of the Count de Beauvilliers towards Lady Altamont. But however well accredited, we should not have suffered mere report to induce us to venture on the decisive step we are now taking; but unhappily Lady Altamont's conduct under our own eyes, leaves us no choice. The Count de Beauvilliers has been Lady Altamont's visitor for a day and two nights under circumstances so peculiar, that until they are satisfactorily explained, my mother and myself find ourselves under the painful necessity of declining to visit or to receive her."

The epistle closed with some common-place attempt at consolation; and, as is usual in sisters' letters, a few words of grave advice.

"He has then *really* been at Moorlands!" exclaimed Mr. Cavendish.

"Did *you* know any thing of his intention?" asked Lord Altamont, with forced calmness.

"My dear lord," replied Mr. Cavendish, "it was only my wish to give you a slight hint, to warn you against the approaches of what appeared to me a snake in the grass; I had no thought of repeating all the silly reports I had heard, much less any thing that has been dropt in confidential and convivial conversation; but Miss Altamont's letter gives another complexion to the affair, and I should not consider myself acting as your friend, if I did not inform you of all that I know."

He then related the reports that had occasionally reached him, observing, however, that none of these seriously affected the character of Lady Altamont, and that, admiring and approving of her as he did, they made no impression on his mind against her, until the evening before the count left town, when he met him at dinner at Lord Henry Beauclerk's; what then passed decided him to give the hint he had that morning ventured on. Mr. Cavendish concluded by an exact detail of what had passed at Lord Henry's. Lord Altamont listened in silent, deep, and concentrated emotion.

"Cavendish, go with me, now, instantly! and, throughout this affair continue to act as you have begun, as my friend." In half an hour they were on their road to Sussex.

Lord Altamont drew himself up in the corner of the carriage, with his hat over his eyes, and spoke not a word during the whole of the journey. Injured love and wounded pride wrung his heart by turns; he recalled the ideal image his youth had worshipped as his wife, and compared it with her, who, even if innocent in fact, had acted with such folly and imprudence, that the purity of her fame was irretrievably sullied. The blood of the adulterer would scarcely wash away the stain, and he felt, for a moment, that he could himself destroy even the life he had hitherto cherished, as far more precious than his own: in thought he raised his hand to strike, and in thought too he beheld her all lovely at his feet, and in silent despair awaiting the award of her transgression: then pity came, and beneath her gentle touch the dark hues of the picture vanished, and he beheld Rosabelle only as injured and defamed, betrayed to slander by her own confiding simplicity; he recalled to mind her inability to deceive, her devoted tenderness to himself, her spotless chastity; he could not succeed in associating her image with aught of treachery or impurity; but as to Beauvilliers—concerning *him*, he had neither a doubt nor a feeling of mercy.

It was evening when they arrived at the manor-house; their sudden appearance surprised the two ladies. "Order fresh horses on!" said Lord Altamont, as he ascended the stairs. He shook hands with his mother and sister, who received him in melancholy silence.

"We are come to stay but a few minutes with you. Tell us all that you have heard, and all that you know!"

His mother wept, and it was with an effort Miss Altamont found courage to speak; she perceived the tendency the affair had taken, but it was too late to recede. She repeated the flying rumours that

had got into circulation, which were nearly similar to those that had reached Mr. Cavendish; she then said that the rest of her information had been derived from Mrs. Milicent, who had therefore better be called in to give her own testimony, which was agreed to.

Mrs. Milicent was an elderly, prim, upright spinster, born and bred on the estate, and, in her own way, a devoted adherent of the family; a severe disciplinarian, with a starched cap, mittens, and high-heeled shoes. She had always held in abhorrence the French match, and looked upon Rosabelle and her maid Fanchette, as little better than heathens. But Lord Altamont was aware that Mrs. Milicent, with all her prejudices, was rigidly honest, and never swerved from the truth. She entered with a countenance more than usually solemn and severe, and curtseyed respectfully.

"Mrs. Milicent," said Lord Altamont, "I desire you will repeat to me all that you have told my sister on the subject of the Count de Beauvillers, naming your authority."

"My lord," replied Mrs. Milicent, "Ma'amselle Fanchette, as she is called, is my authority: for as soon as she found out that a well-regulated English family was not the same as their outlandish ones, that some attention was paid to order and decency, and that she could neither say nor do all she pleased, she began to grumble, and turn up her nose, and find fault, saying, 'That she heartily wished her young mistress had married her cousin, the count, who was very much in love with her; that then they should have lived all grand and gay in Paris, and not have been mewed up, like nuns in a convent, in a great, ugly, dull house, with nothing but rain outside, and beef and small beer inside. That French ladies were always allowed a lover beside their husband, who was never counted as one, and that we should see when the count came, how her lady would take to him.' I am sure, says I, ma'amselle, your lady is too well behaved to do any such thing; albeit, she *is* a French lady, and it comes almost natural to them to do what they should not. Then I asked her how she knew that the count was so fond of her lady, and then she told me as a secret, that the day before they left Paris, the count came into her ladyship's dressing-room to take leave of her, in the dusk of the evening; that he was very melancholy and tender-like—that she (ma'amselle Fanchette) went out of the dressing-room and shut the door, and peeped through the key-hole; that she saw the count take her lady round the waist, and whisper close into her ear; that she did not see any more, for some one came into the room where she was, and she was obliged to get up from the key-hole; that soon afterwards her lady came out, looking very agitated; that the count went down by the back stairs, and that the next morning he sent a note to you, my lord, to say that he was too ill to come himself and take leave, but that you never knew from that hour to this, that he had taken such a tender one of your lady."

Lord Altamont sat almost with his back to the speaker, his elbow resting on a table, and covering his eyes with his hand; he was evidently labouring under violent but suppressed emotion. A pause of a few minutes took place, he then continued his inquiry: "You were not, I believe, in town with the family the last winter?"

"No, my lord; I remained here in charge."

"Can you give me any information concerning the count's recent visit to my residence here, at Moorlands?"

"Yes, my lord: the housekeeper and butler have informed me that late on Tuesday evening last—(yes, Tuesday, to-day is Friday)—after Lady Altamont had returned home from spending the day here, the count arrived. Ma'amselle Fanchette ran down stairs to meet him as though he were expected: he was shown into her lady's dressing-room, supper was served there, and no one was permitted to wait but Fanchette. The nearest spare bed-room to her ladyship's, (the blue room,) was ordered to be prepared. The following day the count remained, in consequence, he said, of the bad weather. They spent the whole day together, except an hour or two while her ladyship was writing. After dinner, they walked arm-in-arm about the garden and grounds. After tea they played and sang French songs: they were very merry all day long, and never spoke a word of English. His servants down stairs kept a deal of gibing and laughing, and made very free with Fanchette; the valet said this was the way they always lived in Paris—his master made love up-stairs and they down-stairs; and much more of such trash they talked, till at last the housekeeper turned them out of her room, and told them to go and take their French tongue and their French manners into the kitchen, and that a decent English kitchen was a great deal too good for them. The next morning (yesterday) the count went away after breakfast; he took leave of her ladyship in the breakfast-room, when no one was present."

"Is this all that you are aware of?"

"This is all, my lord; I remember nothing more of consequence."

And crossing her hands before her, Mrs. Milicent made another formal obeisance, and left the room. Almost at the same moment a servant announced that fresh horses were put to the carriage. Lord Altamont started up; from a tray of refreshments that was brought in, he took a glass of water; then advanced to his mother, and affectionately embraced her; he turned to his sister, and coldly touching her cheek, hastily left the room without speaking another word: his mother would have followed him, but she was prevented by Mr. Cavendish: "Be advised, madam, *you know your son!*" The afflicted mother sank back on her seat, and Mr. Cavendish took his leave.

Sir Charles Welburne's domain lay near to the next post-town, and Mr. Cavendish ordered the postillions to stop there.

Lord Altamont had assumed his former position in the carriage, but he was aware of a particular opening in the road, from whence he could see his own residence; as they passed it he bent forward, and by the bright moonlight clearly perceived his once happy home, the time-honoured abode of his fathers, the promised haven of his own domestic felicity. The drawing-room was lighted, and he thought he perceived the graceful form of his young wife pass and repass by the windows; he even imagined she paused for a moment, as though the sound of their distant carriage-wheels attracted her attention. A groan escaped him as he again sank back. "O Rosabelle! how have I deserved this? I, who so dearly prized, so fondly loved thee!

who would have freely given the last drop of my blood for thy sake! O Rosabelle! how art thou lost! how hast thou fallen!" A convulsive sob shook his frame, and that most deeply moving of all the effects of grief—tears from proud eyes unused to shed them—tears coursing down the cheek of lofty and enduring manhood, burst forth. His friend clasped his hand in silence: he felt that for such a woe there was no consolation.

It was between ten and eleven when the carriage drew up at Sir Charles Welburne's gate; the porter was in attendance, and, in answer to Mr. Cavendish's inquiries, informed them that the Count de Beauvilliers and Lord Henry Beauclerk were still there, but that they were to take their departure on the following morning for Dover, and from thence to France.

Lord Altamont and Mr. Cavendish continued their journey, and arrived at Dover time enough to take their passage the next day to Calais, which they reached with a favourable wind the same evening: here they intended to await the arrival of the count and his friend.

Part of the following day (Sunday) Lord Altamont was employed in writing such directions concerning his affairs as he considered proper, under the circumstances in which he was placed. He had one confidential servant with him; he called him and said, "William, *whatever may happen*—you understand me—*whatever may happen*, do you, without waiting a moment, or consulting any one, set off immediately to give the information to my mother. Here is money."

The favourable wind from the English coast still continuing, the daily packet arrived on Sunday evening; and the Count and Lord Henry had just established themselves in their apartment at an hotel, and ordered supper, when Mr. Cavendish was announced. He checked the warm welcome with which he was about to be received by a cool bow, and presented a note to the count, conveying Lord Altamont's challenge. The count, for a moment, felt himself taken by surprise; but immediately recovered, and having read the note, handed it to Lord Henry, coolly observing, "I expected as much. Lord Henry, will you be my second?"

"Certainly," replied his lordship, when he had perused the challenge, "by all means."

"Then I will leave you, my lord, and Mr. Cavendish together to settle the preliminaries: only please to recollect that, as the choice of weapons, of course, rests with me, I decide for swords; they are the weapons of gentlemen; pistols are only fit for highwaymen. And make all the haste you can, I beg, for I am very hungry."

The arrangements were soon completed between the seconds, and Mr. Cavendish took a formal leave. The count immediately re-appeared, followed by supper, to which he did great justice, and was precisely in his usual spirits, neither depressed nor elevated. "Now really," he said, "this is kind of Altamont—it is just the thing I wished him to do. Whether wounded or not, I shall travel to Paris with my arm in a sling, look rather pale, knit my brows, and make an interesting debût at the young Countess de B——'s. There is

nothing like an amour and a duel for helping us on in the saloon and the boudoir."

At five the next morning the combatants were at the appointed spot. An English surgeon, and Lord Altamont's servant, William, were within reach.

The parties bowed to each other; Lord Altamont looked grave and stern, the count as though he were going to play a match at cricket. The ground and weapons were measured, the gentlemen took their stations, and the word was given. They met—eye to eye, and hand to hand; both were excellent swordsmen—both were gallant men. For a few minutes no advantage was gained on either side; but, as they fought, the animal instinct rose, their eyes kindled, and the strongest expression of animosity was apparent on every feature. Lord Altamont was more intent on destroying his adversary, than on guarding himself; he received a deep wound in his shoulder, but, at the same moment, he struck his sword into the breast of his enemy. The count fell, mortally wounded.

All present flew to his assistance; he was borne to a neighbouring cottage, where the poor people made him up a clean bed, in which he was placed. The surgeon then examined the wound, and did all he could to lessen the pangs of the sufferer.

"Pray, doctor," whispered William, "tell me if there be any hope?"

"None," replied the surgeon; "he may linger on for three or four hours, but no longer."

William immediately departed, and, according to his master's orders, made the best of his way to Moorlands.

Lord Altamont, pale, anxious, and regardless of his own wound, took his place at the pillow of the dying man. Presently the count revived, and became immediately sensible of his situation. He extended his hand towards Lord Altamont, who clasped it between his: "I have deserved this, my lord: Heaven is just—and merciful too, in granting me this little space of time to repair the mischief I have caused. He beckoned to the two seconds to approach nearer, as his voice was feeble and interrupted. "A revengeful feeling towards you, my lord, since you married Rosabelle de Clairville, and an inordinate vanity, have laid me on this, my dying bed. I confess to you freely, Altamont, I would have seduced your beautiful wife, if I could have done so; but never, except once, (in her dressing-room the evening before she left Paris,) did I presume to address her in the language of passion; but that once was sufficient. I have never been easily repulsed, and have had experience enough in the arts of women; but it was reserved for Rosabelle to teach me the power of real virtue—a look—it was only a look—(I think I see it now!)—destroyed my hopes for ever. As I trust for mercy hereafter, I swear to you, not a word, not a glance, have passed between us since, but what the whole world might have witnessed. But I was vain, I was revengeful, and to gratify both these unworthy feelings, I encouraged the belief that the love of Rosabelle was mine: my late visit to Moorlands was so contrived as to confirm every suspicion; and your

challenge was matter of signal triumph, for not only would it remove all doubt of my success as a lover, but might ultimately prove the means of throwing your injured and innocent wife on my protection. You hear all this, Altamont, and still retain my hand in yours!"

"May God forgive you!" solemnly replied Lord Altamont, "as freely as I do! you have erred in the headstrong vanity and folly of youth, and that error you are now far—far too severely expiating. Short-sighted mortals that we are!" he continued, clasping his hands and raising them towards heaven: "What would I now not give to save the life I have destroyed!"

"'Tis in vain," murmured the count: then, after a pause, "Poor Rosabelle! unworthy as I have been, she will mourn my death. Soothe her, my lord! cherish and love her! she is a jewel beyond price."

A priest, who had been sent for, arrived; and the count went through the last and impressive ceremonies of his religion with humility and calmness: when they were concluded, he spoke no more, and about noon tranquilly expired.

Force was in some degree necessary to remove Lord Altamont from the body; and, in using it, the severity of his wound, which had been thought to be very slight, was first observed. He submitted to have it dressed, and was then, by Mr. Cavendish and the surgeon, hurried away to the sea-shore, where they hired and embarked on board a fishing-boat for Dover; it not being judged prudent to wait for the packet of the following day. The wind was contrary, and for two days and nights they remained beating about in the straits. Lord Altamont's sufferings, both in mind and body, were very great; increased by his extreme anxiety to reach Moorlands, dreading, as he did, the effect of William's intelligence. On the second morning, just as they were entering Dover, the packet for Calais glided close by them; the surgeon proposed boarding her for refreshments, but was overruled, from their being now so near land, which they reached in safety about an hour afterward. Here we must leave them for the rest and refreshment none of the party could possibly proceed without, and take a survey of the events that had occurred at Moorlands.

Rosabelle, feeling somewhat affronted at the conduct of the ladies at the Manor House, on the day of the count's departure, for their neglect in not sending as usual for her letter, and at Miss Altamont's unceremonious disregard of her engagement to dinner, determined neither to send nor to call until they had offered some explanation. She forwarded the next day to the postman, by one of her own servants, her delayed letter to Lord Altamont, with an addition. Ill-fated Rosabelle! she little thought how near her husband was that very evening! she little thought, as she paced her solitary drawing-room, whose look was, for a moment, bent upon her in shame and despair!

Four days elapsed—no letter from her husband, no visit or communication of any kind from his mother or sister. Some fatal mystery was surely hanging over her! There was a change in the deportment of her servants; they all refused to associate with Fanchette,

who in consequence took up her abode entirely in her mistress's apartments; they performed their merely necessary duties coldly and almost insolently; their lady did not move out beyond her own grounds, but even there, meeting once or twice with some of the tenantry, they evidently avoided her. During the two former days, visitors were received as usual; but during the two latter, Rosabelle denied herself to every one, and wounded and dejected, full of doubt and apprehension, secluded herself as much as possible.

It could not help occurring to her that the Count de Beauvilliers was in some way connected with all this. Had she acted imprudently in receiving her cousin with so much confidence during the absence of her husband? Towards *herself* she felt that she had not acted imprudently, but—towards the world? *Ay, there's the rub!* The opinion of the world, (as Miss Altamont had so often said to her,) ought to be respected; and perhaps that mighty bugbear of the wicked and the weak, was affronted at her having trangressed some of its acknowledged forms and rules. She had partly a mind to question Fanchette; but second thoughts convinced her that such a step would be incorrect and degrading. Rosabelle was proud, and she resolved to await the storm she foresaw was coming, (though from what quarter and in what shape she was ignorant,) without either flinching from, or advancing to meet, it.

Fanchette was silent and melancholy; she, of course, knew much more than her lady, and was becoming terrified at the recollection of all the tittle-tattle her imprudent vanity had betrayed her into.

*(To be continued.)*

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## IDEAL PROSPECTS.

### SUNSET.

Far was I in a region of bare peaks,
An alpine region, sternly desolate;
And on the highest of those peaks I sat,
Watching the sunset. Half, beyond the sea,
The broad red sun had sunk, around diffusing,
From thence up to the centre of the sky,
A glow, as of the burning of a world.
Ranges of clouds like alps, unto one point,
Were gathered from all quarters of the winds,
As there to witness that sublime descent;

—Temples and towers, on mountains of huge bulk,
Immovable, though based upon the air,
Glowing and sleeping in that ruddy light.
The earth, the ocean, and the clouds of heaven,
In perfect harmony divinely blent,
Were with one radiant soul imbued and glad.
One ruby seemed the ocean, tremulous,
The earth like solid gold. I gazed, and gazed,
With wonder filled, and filled with ecstasy;
And thanked my God, emphatically thanked him,
I lived to look on that magnificence!
Thus in my mind from earth divinely raised,
Thought I had none of what I was, or whence;
Mortality forgot itself, as dead:
And the free soul, triumphing as a spirit,
Was for the time immortal.
In that hour,
Thus to have died were blessed; to have breathed
The free soul forth thus on that mountain-height,
As on the altar of the universe.

### SUNRISE.

What thankfulness, and lowliness of heart,
Were mine, when from that airy eminence,
In the faint dawn I looked along the hills;
Then on the sun, new-ris'n; and saw the light
Go down into the vales, slope after slope.
Silently gazing as the gradual orb
Up through the circle of the heavens arose,
Where on the sky was laid no crimson bar,
Nor thin-blown fleeces of far-scattered gold,
Till all the lakes and lowest glens were filled
With one o'erflowing splendour; and on high,
Still in the sabbath depths of those clear heavens,
Rested the sun, as once his Maker rested,
With God-like calmness of creative might,
From that illumination. I did move,
Enlarged by what I looked on, till I seemed
Full in the presence of the Deity!
What were the mountains—what the lakes, and streams—
The mountain-torrents, and the cataracts—
On the embracing ocean? On the earth,
Shaped to new being by the vision new,
In the reflected greatness of the Great,
And the Eternal, I did live and breathe,
By power to child-like gentleness subdued:
A human speck, high in the eye of heaven,
Ennobled into fellowship with God!

RICHARD HOWITT.

# LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.[1]—No. III.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th March*, 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I HAVE already described to you as much of the structure of the body as I believed necessary in order to enable you to understand the nature of the several actions which are perpetually going on *within* that structure. It is of these actions that I have now to speak. But previously to a description of the actions peculiar to living beings, it seems proper to devote a few moments to an inquiry into the nature of life itself.

Writers on physiology* are accustomed to enumerate the several distinctive differences which separate the organic from the inorganic kingdom of nature. These are, generally speaking, well marked and sufficiently understood by almost every one; although almost every one might not probably be able to give a scientific relation of them. To dwell upon these, therefore, would be foreign to my present purpose. But there are a few characteristics of organic matter of such vast and immediate importance to all that relates to the preservation of health, that I must not omit to take especial note of them.

One of the few attributes I shall mention as peculiar to organized matter is DEATH.

Death—"the dunnest of all duns,"—death,

> "Sole creditor, whose process doth involve in't
> The luck of finding everybody solvent,"

* Physiology is an exceedingly improper term. It is used by the moderns to signify the science of life: *animal physiology* being used for the science which treats of the life of animals, and *vegetable physiology* being appropriated to the science of life in vegetables. But the term physiology no more denotes the science of life than it does the science of picking pockets. It means the science of nature; and it is as strictly applicable to the laws which govern inanimate matter as to those which regulate the actions of living beings. The term, with regard to animal life, should be zoonomy, which signifies that science which consists in a knowledge of the *laws of life*, and nothing else. With regard to the life of vegetables, the term should be phyto-zoonomy, which means the science which makes us acquainted with the laws of *plant-life*, that is, the life of plants. "The endless introduction of new technical terms on every frivolous pretence," says Dr. Fletcher, (a new star in the iatro-philosophical firmament, and a bright one too,) "seems adapted much less to benefit than to injure the cause of philosophy." True: but when the introduction is *not* endless, and the pretence *not* frivolous, an exactly opposite result will accrue. Nothing has tended so much to mystify science and obstruct its progress as the unsettled state of the exact meanings of words. Words are, through ideas, the signs of things; and if *one* word be used indiscriminately as the sign of several things, how is the reader to know which thing of the several the writer desires to indicate? Dr. Fletcher has himself taken occasion elsewhere to complain, and that loudly, of this improper indiscriminate abuse of words.

[1] Continued from p. 283.

has been so often personified—sometimes indeed as

"A consummation devoutly to be wished,'

but far more frequently as something horrible—some "gaunt gourmand," who is, by every means, to be eschewed, that we are apt to contemplate it as though it were a real entity—a sort of "raw-head-and-bloody-bones," whose chief amusement consists in stopping folks' breath. But I need not tell you that all this is mere rhetorical delusion—one of the poet's "fine frenzies." Death is a sheer abstraction, the mere cessation of life. As the cessation of sound is called silence, as the cessation of motion is called rest, so the cessation of life is called death. Death, therefore, being only the abstraction of life, it is manifest that things which never lived can never die.

Another condition peculiar and necessary to all matter *intended to live* is organism—the consummated result of organisation. Organism, in the common sense, is that state of existence in which the elements composing the germs of matter *intended to live* are held together by a property, which may be called vital affinity or the affinity of vitality, a property which enables it to resist the ordinary agencies of chemical affinities to which common matter is subjected. A seed is an instance in which a germ of matter *intended to live* (for a seed does not live—it merely possesses vitality, or the aptitude to live) preserves its integrity in virtue of the vital affinity, and in defiance of the common chemical agencies. A melon seed a hundred years old will grow if planted in a proper soil.

But the term *organism* is not only used to indicate a peculiar condition of the *elements* of matter, but also a peculiar condition of *masses* of matter. Here it signifies that state of existence in which masses of matter *grow* and preserve their integrity by virtue of a power which may be said to consist in the *affinities of assimilation*—a power withdrawing them from the influence of common chemical agencies until they shall have accomplished the final cause of their organisation—a power enabling them to assimilate other matter to their own nature and substance.*

Another most important characteristic of living matter is its *con-*

* It is perfectly correct to call the assimilating processes by the term of "affinities of assimilation." For what is affinity but an alliance or relation? And is there not a relation between the food and the body which it nourishes? Is there not an alliance between them? And what are the assimilating or nutritive processes or actions but those actions or changes wrought on the food, by which its alliance to the body is drawn closer and closer, until they become identical? And so it is correct to say, that the proximate atoms of organic germs are *held together* by *vital* affinity, for this is *not* equivalent to saying they are *brought* together by vital affinity. To say this would be to assign this affinity as the *primary* cause of life; whereas, in fact, the *primary cause of life* is LIFE ITSELF: for in every instance the seed is the product of a parent plant. The parent, therefore, must have an existence antecedent to the seed; and the life resulting from the seed has, therefore, *necessarily* for its *cause* the LIFE of which that seed was the product. If you ask me for the cause of the *first* life, I answer your question by another;—What is the cause of gravitation?—of chemical affinity?—of matter in general?—of creation itself? What, but the "*causa causarum*" of the heathen philosopher—the CAUSE of all causes—the DEITY HIMSELF? This argument cannot be turned the other way: it cannot be said, that because the plant is always the product of a seed, that *therefore* the seed must have a prior existence: for the seed is produced by the same economy

*tractility*, that is, not *contraction*, but the *power* of contracting: it is the being *able* to contract.

Now, Indian rubber or a steel spring may be said to be able to contract. But then the one of these can only do it after having been put upon the *stretch*, and the other only after having been *bent*. They can only contract after having been put into an *unnatural* condition. In their *natural* condition they are, like all other inorganic matter, at rest; and can neither contract, nor expand, nor dilate, without being first submitted to the action of *mechanical* or chemical force. But living matter can do much more than this. When at perfect rest, and in its natural state, it can contract, shrink, in short, perform spontaneous movements merely on being excited, stimulated, or irritated, and without the agency of any mechanical or chemical power. It does this by virtue of a property called *contractility*. When you look at a very strong light, the iris, the coloured part of the eye, being irritated by the rays of this strong light, *contracts*, and almost closes the pupil; that is, the black spot in the eye, which is, in fact, a round hole. When your will directs your arm to move, the muscles of the arm, stimulated, that is, excited by your will, *contract* and raise the arm, accordingly. When the blood rushes into the right side of your heart, that part of the heart *contracts* and pushes it into the left side: then the left side *contracts*, and pushes it into the aorta: then the aorta *contracts* and pushes it onward; and so on. All these *contractions* could not, of course, be executed if it were not for the property of *contractility*—that is, the *ability to contract*.

Now, all the motions of the different parts of the body, without and within, are performed by these *contractions* and by virtue of this *contractility*. It is the mainspring of the watch—it is the *chief wheel* in the machine—it is the principal beam—the main prop of the building. By it we gather our food—by it we eat it—by it we swallow it—by it the stomach sends it on to the bowels. From the bowels it is carried to the heart *by it*—and *by it*, having become blood, it is circulated through the body, for whose nourishment it is destined. Every time your watch ticks, they say, there is one human being born and one human being perished in some part of the world or other. But in the human microcosm, in that little insignificant world, called man, every time his watch ticks there are millions of molecules of the old body dissolved and carried away, and their places supplied by as many millions of new; and all this mainly depends upon this important property of contractility. Whenever, therefore, I use the term *contractility*, you will know that I mean that power, by virtue of which the several parts of the body are able to move, and perform those actions which are proper to them.

A third property distinguishing organized from inorganized matter is sensibility.

in the plant which produces the leaves, flowers, &c.; and to suppose that the seed could exist before the plant, is to suppose that the leaves and flowers could exist before the plant. Besides, in every created being, (whether animal or vegetable,) except man, the production of seed appears to be the final cause of its existence: and the end cannot exist before the means—the thing to be achieved before the means necessary to achieve it.

This is exceedingly slippery ground, and rendered still more dangerous by the darkness in which it is enveloped. I shall, therefore, hasten off the ice as quickly as possible, lest some invisible straw or other should trip up my heels.

"Irritatio," says Glisson, "est perceptio, sed sensatio est perceptio perceptionis:" that is, "Irritation is perception, but sensation is the perception of a perception." Said I not it was slippery ground? But Dr. Fletcher, speaking of this definition of Glisson, says, "for either terseness or accuracy it cannot perhaps be improved." To me, however, I confess, it has very much the appearance, not of splitting a hair,—that's but a trifle,—but of splitting the very ghost of a hair, which is *no* trifle. Lobstein defines sensibility as "facultatem stimulum percipiendi;" that is, the faculty of perceiving a stimulus. You probably know that any thing which irritates or excites any part of the body to action is called a stimulus. I think Lobstein is right. Thus the heart, by virtue of its *contractility*, has the power of contracting; but it is by virtue of its *sensibility* that it perceives the proper moment for *exerting* this power—the precise *when* to contract; viz. when the blood stimulates it by its presence as it rushes into its cavities. Sensibility, therefore, is that property of organized matter, by which it becomes aware of an impressing cause—by which it *perceives* when it is acted upon by a stimulus.

In vain would the heart be *organized*—in vain would it be endowed with *contractility*, that is, the power of acting, if it were not also endowed with *sensibility*, that is, the power of knowing *when* to act—of *feeling* the presence of a stimulus. The several stimuli may be likened to a number of messengers sent out from "head quarters," the heart, in order to tell the several parts of the body *when* to act; and the arteries are the roads along which they travel—the principal stimuli within the body being the countless streams of blood flowing along its arteries. You must remember, however, that this office of stimulation is by no manner of means the main duty which the blood has to perform. It is only an adventitious office—only *one* of the numerous functions which the blood performs. Besides the blood, there is another remarkable stimulus—another messenger sent to certain parts of the body to summon them to action. But it is sent, not from the heart, but from the brain. This messenger is a strange, incomprehensible being, and his name is WILL.

Comparing organized matter to a musical instrument, and its aptitude to act, *i. e.* live, to that instrument's aptitude to sound, one might liken the stimulus offered by the blood, to the performer whose office it is to "play upon the fiddle." These two properties, *sensibility* and *contractility*, constitute *vitality*. I say *vitality*, not *life*.

And here allow me to caution you against falling into the vulgar *error* of confounding vitality with life. The term vitality no more signifies life, than the word *fiddle* signifies *music*. Vitality signifies, not life, but *livability*, (if I may coin a word,) that is, the *aptitude* or *fitness* to live, as *musicality*, (if I may be allowed to coin another word,) would denote, not music, but the aptitude or fitness to give rise to musical sounds. Vitality is a secondary cause—*a necessary condition* of organized matter in order to give rise to living actions, as

musicality is *a necessary condition* in a fiddle, in order to give rise to musical sounds. A fiddle may be perfect in all its parts, and yet, for want of this necessary condition, which I have called *musicality*, be wholly unable to produce musical sounds. For instance, if you were to fill the body of Paganini's best fiddle with sand, and soak its strings in tallow, Paganini might go mad perhaps, but twenty Paganinis, or one Paganini with a twenty-Paganini power, which is the same thing, would not be able to extract from it a single musical tone. Why? Because the instrument would have lost that *necessary condition* which I call *musicality*—the sand and the tallow have destroyed it. "En caput! sed cerebrum non habet!" Which being interpreted into the *vulgar* tongue for the benefit of "ears *polite*," signifieth, "there is the *fiddle*, but where is its aptitude to discourse most excellent *music*?" I will make this clear in a moment. The first condition necessary to life is organism—*that's* the fiddle; the second is vitality, or that condition or manner of existence necessary to the production of living actions—*that's* the *musicality*, or that particular mode of a fiddle's existence necessary to the production of musical sounds, viz. perfect freedom from *sand and tallow*, and all other musical impediments. And, as we have just seen that a fiddle may exist perfect in all its parts, and yet be wholly destitute of *musicality*, and therefore perfectly unable to utter sound; so organized matter may exist, and yet for want of vitality be wholly unable to live. I know a man who is the sole and undisputed proprietor of a most fine and flourishing wen, situated on the back of his head. If this wen were shaven off, it would still, for a time, remain perfectly organized—but it could no longer live. Why? Because it would have lost its vitality—that condition necessary to life—which in this instance depended upon its connexion with the man's head. It would have lost its contractility and sensibility.

And again: as organism may exist without vitality, so may vitality without life. Seeds are an example of this. A grain of mustard seed does not live. In it there is neither motion nor fluid, and it is utterly impossible for a moment to conceive the existence of life without both these. But it possesses the aptitude—the ability to live—that is, vitality; and if you plant it in a proper soil, it actually *will* live, and become possessed both of fluid and motion. A grain of sand, on the contrary, possessing neither organism nor vitality, will remain a grain of sand for ever—plant it in what soil you please. At least it can undergo no changes but such as are purely chemical or mechanical.

As vitality is not life, then, so neither is it organism; but merely a condition of the latter, necessary to the existence of the former. Life, then, being neither organism nor vitality, what is it?

"Life," says Richerand, "consists in the aggregate of those phenomena which manifest themselves in succession for a limited time in organized beings."

"Life," says Dr. Fletcher, in one of the most erudite, elegant, and ingenious works that ever fell from the press—"life consists in the sum of the characteristic actions of organized beings, performed in virtue of a specific susceptibility, (vitality,) acted on by specific stimuli." These two definitions are perfectly consentaneous with each

other, and to them I have nothing to add. Life, like death, is not an entity. It is merely an aggregation of effects. To say what life *is*, is only to enumerate all the actions of which a living being is capable —not only the visible actions, as of the members—but also the molecular actions, as those invisible motions among the proximate molecules of the matter of which he is composed, and by which his nutrition is effected. Life is to organism, contractility, sensibility, and stimuli, what chemical phenomena are to chemical affinity—what astronomical phenomena are to the centrifugal and centripetal forces, and the antagonization of these forces by each other—what the motion of the hands of a watch is to the main spring and its elasticity—viz. the sum total of numerous effects, of which these four attributes of organic matter above mentioned are the secondary causes. These effects we call living actions—actions, the totality of which constitutes life.

Organized matter is a harp of which vitality is the musical power; stimuli are the fingers of the performer; and life is the music produced—a hymn, day and night, in praise of the goodness and power of Him who permits

> "This harp of a thousand strings
> *To keep in tune so long.*"

Such is life—now what is health?

As life consists in the aggregate union of all the living actions, and *indifferently* whether those actions be well or ill performed; so *health* consists in the aggregate union of such only of those actions by which nutrition is carried on—and *not indifferently* whether they be well or ill performed, but *exclusively* when they are *well* performed. And *disease* consists exclusively in their being (one or more of them) *ill* performed.

You will now readily understand of what tremendous importance to health are the properties contractility and sensibility. For as health consists in the due performance of certain actions, and as these actions depend on contractility and sensibility, it is clear that they will be feebly or energetically performed, accordingly as these two properties are themselves energetic or feeble. You will also see, that the stimulus which the blood offers to them is of vast importance likewise. This stimulus is a sort of messenger sent to summon them to action. In proportion as the summons is feebly delivered, it will be faintly heard and feebly obeyed. Contractility and sensibility are a horse that gallops furiously, moves sluggishly, or goes to sleep entirely, exactly in proportion as the stimulus of the whip is gently or vigorously applied. Like the horse, too, the faster they are driven on by the whip, the sooner they are tired—like him they may be driven even to death—like him they require rest and repose. Do not therefore be led to undervalue the importance of these properties, because of the playfulness with which I have occasionally spoken of them—as, for instance, in the allusions to Paganini and his fiddle. "Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?" What reason on earth is there for always telling the truth with a grave face? Why should we not sometimes tell it with a smiling eye as well as a scowling brow? Gravity is not wisdom, nor a smile folly.

Besides, if to smile *be* a folly, what then? "Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il croit," says Rochefoucault.

Organism, then, is that arrangement of the component parts of matter which fits it to be endowed with contractility and sensibility. Contractility is that property which endows it with the power of executing living motions. Stimuli are impressing causes, acting on its contractility, and exciting it (organized matter) to action; and sensibility is the property by which it perceives the *presence* of these impressing causes.

The muscles of your arm are organized, and they possess contractility and sensibility; and when you will to raise your arm, your *will* becomes an impressing cause, exciting those muscles to action, that is, to contract. Their sensibility makes them aware that this impressing cause, or stimulus, (viz. the will,) is *acting* upon them, and they contract in obedience to it, and your arm is raised accordingly.

But if the nerves which convey that stimulus from the brain to the arm be paralyzed, you may *will* "till the crack of doom," your arm will not stir—it will care no more for your *willing* than did the mules of the Abbess of Androuillet for all that pious old lady's pish-ing and pshaw-ing, and thumping with her cane on the bottom of the chaise. There are the organized muscles still; there are still remaining the contractility and sensibility of those muscles; and the impressing cause is still in energetic operation, like the good abbess's cane. But then this operation is confined to the wrong place—the cane is thumping on the bottom of the chaise instead of being applied to the crupper of the mule—the stimulus of the *will* still exists, it is true, but then it is in the brain only. From the muscles of the arm, where its presence is required, it is absent—absent without leave, like the abbess's muleteer—and your arm will remain as obstinately immovable by your side, as did the mules of the Abbess of Androuillet at the foot of the Burgundian Hill.

I trust, my dear John, there are now clearly depicted on the canvass of your mind, four distinct and well-defined ideas, representing organism, contractility, sensibility, and stimuli; and that you plainly perceive their intimate connexion with each other, and the necessary co-operation of all in order to produce the phenomena of life. As to stimuli, when you consider the literal meaning of the word, you will have no difficulty in understanding that modified sense in which it is used in the language of science. It means, *literally*, a long stick with a sharp point, with which husbandmen were wont to goad their oxen along, in times and countries when and where oxen were used for agricultural purposes.

Now these properties, contractility and sensibility—these important properties upon which, it is manifest, life depends, and without a healthy condition of which, the health of the body can no more be preserved, than the true motions of a watch can be maintained with a broken or otherwise injured mainspring—these properties, I say, are subject to certain laws. I am now about to endeavour to establish these laws—or rather, I am going to endeavour to convince you of their existence. That they do exist, is a truth that has been well

and incontrovertibly established and admitted among all men acquainted with the animal economy, the effect of medicines upon it, &c. &c. ever since Hippocrates practised physic at Athens, and that is more than two thousand years ago. But it is not sufficient that medical men are aware that these laws exist—my object is to convince *you* of their existence. I want you to know what is good and what injurious to your health, not from my dictum, but from the simple exercise of your own reason.

I beg that you will consider what I am about to say on the subject of these laws with great attention—examine the proofs and arguments carefully, but fairly. For I tell you, at the outset, that if you admit the existence of these laws, you will not afterwards be at liberty to question or *doubt* the truth or propriety of what I shall say with regard to diet and regimen. For the existence of contractility and sensibility are like the axioms of Euclid: they are self-evident truths, of which any one may convince himself by experiment. For instance, a dead man may easily be made to move his limbs, to breathe, and frown, &c. by exciting the appropriate muscles to contract by means of galvanism. And the laws to which these properties are subject, and of which I am now to speak, are, if I prove them, of the nature of the propositions of the first book of Euclid. If *these* be true, the propositions of the second book must be true also, *of necessity*—the truths of the second book arising out of the truths of the first, "*as naturally as pigs squeak.*" As, for instance, if you admit that twice two are four, you must of necessity *also* admit that the half of four is two. So if you admit what I am about to say of these laws, you must also admit the propriety of what I shall hereafter say as to diet and regimen, as the correctness of the latter will depend solely upon the correctness of the former. As, for instance, if you admit *now* that sensibility can be *worn out*, and that such and such a regimen is calculated to wear it out, then I say, you must also, of necessity, admit that this particular regimen is injurious to health. When I come to apply these laws to the subjects of diet and regimen, I repeat, that either what I shall say then *must be true*, or what I am about to say now *must be false.*

As all the actions of the body are performed by *contractions*, and as these contractions are performed in virtue of the contractile power, that is, *contractility*, it is evident that the physical *strength* of the body—that strength by which we raise heavy weights, walk, run, leap, &c.—will be in *proportion* to the energy of the contractile power. A high degree of contractile power, then, is synonymous with strength, and a low degree of contractile power is synonymous with weakness.

But not only are the motions of the limbs performed by contractions, but also those motions of the internal organs by which nutrition is effected. Now this being the case, and as these *internal* contractions are also performed in virtue of the contractile power, or contractility, it is again manifest that the energy with which these internal motions are performed, (and by which nutrition is effected,) will be also in proportion to the energy of the contractile power; and as health consists in the due energy (as we have before seen) with

which these motions or actions are effected, it follows, clearly and logically, that a high degree of contractile power is synonymous with a high degree of health; and that a low degree of contractile power is synonymous with feeble health.

Having premised the above short paragraph, I now proceed to mention to you the first important law to which contractility is subject, viz. EVANESCENCE. Contractility can only exist in perfection in *recently* organized matter. No sooner has a molecule of matter become organized and assimilated to the living matter, than its contractility begins to fade—to evaporate, as it were, like breath which has been breathed upon a highly polished surface, such as steel, or looking-glass. Indeed, it seems to be the evanescent nature of contractility, which has given occasion to that particular contrivance by which life is supported—viz. by constant organization and disorganization—that is, perpetual building up by the arteries, and pulling down by the absorbents. For if contractility could continue to exist in full energy in an organized body during the whole time that body was destined to exist, what necessity was there for this constant renewal?—this constant disorganization and re-organization?—this constant pulling down and building up?

The evanescent nature of contractility may, I think, be accounted for thus. It seems to have been a predetermined law of nature, that the only *permanent* condition of matter should be the *inorganic* condition. Nevertheless, certain ends in the general scheme of creation were to be fulfilled, which required for their accomplishment the existence of *organized* matter. But in order that organized matter might *not* be permanent, and so destroy or neutralize that original law, by which it was enacted that there should be no *permanent* condition of matter except the *inorganic*, all organized matter was made subject to the laws of fermentation and putrefaction, whose office it is to destroy its organism, and bring it back to its original *inorganic* condition. But if this had been all that was done, the objects for which matter had been organized could never have been accomplished; for no sooner would matter have become organic, than it would instantly have begun to be *disorganized* again by virtue of the laws of fermentation and putrefaction to which it has been made subservient. But the ends to be answered by organized beings required time—required a continuity of existence, in a perfect state of organism, for a determinate period. It was necessary, therefore, that there should be another contrivance, in order to withdraw organized beings beyond the influence of the laws of putrefaction and fermentation for a *definite time*—that is, until the *purposes* for which it had been organized should be accomplished. The phenomena of life are this contrivance—a number of *temporary* phenomena, set up in order to *withstand* the phenomena of fermentation and putrefaction *for a limited period*. But since the phenomena of life result from contractility, and because contractility can only reside in full activity in very *recently* organized matter, it was necessary, in order to make the matter of an organized being a fit residence for vigorous contractility, that it should be continually renewed—that while the whole being, as a being, grew older and older, the molecules of which he is composed

should nevertheless be always young. And thus we observe in the aged, in whom the process of renewal goes on but feebly, and in whom the laws of fermentation and putrefaction are gradually gaining the ascendancy over the laws of life—the laws of that contrivance, which was instituted in order to *remove*, for a time, living beings from the *influence* of fermentation and putrefaction—we observe, I say, in the aged that contractility is greatly diminished—it has waned, it has faded—their strength is greatly reduced—they are no longer a *fit residence* for active contractility; since this property can only reside, in its perfection, in very recently organized matter, whereas, in the old, organization goes on very slowly and imperfectly. On the contrary, in children, contractility exists in a very high degree, because, in them, the process of organization goes on with great rapidity. A child will play about on its legs for a whole day without fatigue; and will endure far longer exertion than a man, when we take into consideration the comparatively small size of the child's muscles.

It is a law, then, of contractility that, in order to its perfection, it is necessary that the molecules of the parts in which it resides should be rapidly re-organized—in a word, that they should always have a plentiful supply of healthy and well vivified blood, for it is out of the blood that the solid body is repaired—reproduced.

Another proof of the evanescence of contractility is the physical weakness which invariably attends total inaction.

Another law of contractility is this: that it is in PERPETUAL STRIFE with the laws of fermentation and putrefaction. This law arises necessarily out of what I have just said, viz. that life is a contrivance to withdraw, for a time, organized beings from the influence of fermentation and putrefaction. It is proved, also, by the fact, that healthy living beings cannot putrefy—that living beings, in whom life and strength, that is, contractility, are at a very low degree indeed, as in putrid fevers, *do begin* to putrefy *partially*—and that all beings who have lived are instantly acted upon by the fermentative and putrefactive forces as soon as contractility has left them. Observe, NOT as soon as *life* has left them, for contractility will sometimes remain, for a short time, after life has ceased. Contractility, you must remember, is *not* life, but one of the secondary causes from which life results.

Another law of contractility is, that it is in an inverse ratio of sensibility. When contractility is vigorous, sensibility is dull; and when contractility is deficient, sensibility is acute. This will be proved when speaking of the laws of sensibility.

It will be as well, perhaps, here to caution you against confounding the sensibility of science, which signifies the property of feeling, or becoming sensible of impressing stimuli, and that other kind of young-lady sensibility, which is, I believe, peculiar to boarding-schools.

In my next letter, I shall speak of certain laws and characteristic facts peculiar to sensibility. Till then, adieu.

E. JOHNSON.

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## WOMAN'S LOVE.

THERE's a light in the glance of woman's eye,
When with love its lustre teems,
That thrills to the heart, till its feelings vie
With the poet's raptur'd dreams:
There's a bliss in the birth of woman's sigh,
When affection bids it live,
Which awakens such gush of entrancing joy
As no other source can give:
Oh, the heart that is steeled to fond woman's love,
Hath its like in the falcon when caged with the dove!

There's a buoyant strength in woman's love,
Which change can ne'er repress;
And a constancy that soars above
The chill of false caress:
Woman, dear woman! vigil keeps
By the midnight couch of pain,
Her eye ne'er droops, her love ne'er sleeps,
She deigns not to complain:
For woman's love is the only trait
That hath 'scaped the curse of our fallen state.

Affectionate woman—daring as true!
Hath severed the gyves of the brave;
And reckless of peril, by love nerved anew,
Hath rescued the doomed to the grave.
The wrestling waves of the restless seas,
The winds in their tireless flight,
Shall we liken the love of a woman to these,
When aroused to its slumberless might.
Oh, no! for there's naught in creation's range,
So strong as this love, so unwitting of change.

Woman's true love!—'tis the dew of life,
That blesseth the old and the young;
The talismic potence which quelleth the strife
Of the heart when with anguish wrung:
For what were man, in his cycle of toil,
But an Ixion bound to his wheel,
Were it not for his ministering angel's smile,
And her tenderness sunny and leal?
Without woman—the last and best gift of his God,
This world were a wilderness cheerlessly trod.

J. F. FAULKNER.

# THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

## A TALE OF HARROGATE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

" Oh! mickle thinks my luve of my beauty,
And mickle thinks my luve of my kin,
But little thinks my luve I ken fairly,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him;
It's a' for the apple he'll nouriah the tree,
It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee,
My lad's sae mickle in luve wi' the siller,
He can hae nae luve to spare for me."

BURNS.

IT was a beautiful morning in autumn, and the inmates of the Granby at Harrogate were dispersed in various ways. Some were riding or strolling in the vicinity, some studying newspapers and magazines at the library, a few gentlemen were engaged at billiards, and, not a few ladies intent on forthcoming conquests, were busily employed in selecting and arranging the decorations of the evening; the drawing-room was left to the undisturbed possession of two young men of the names of Stanley and Travers. These gentlemen had been resident for a week at the Granby: they were strangers when they came, but a league of amity had taken place between them, not at all uncommon under similar circumstances. I once heard a gentleman say that it was impossible any lady could enter into the spirit of Horace Walpole's declaration, " When I lose one friend, I go to the St. James's Coffee-house and get another," because ladies are not in the habit of frequenting coffee-houses; but I am of opinion that those ladies, who are in the habit of frequenting boarding-houses, can be at no loss to remember innumerable instances where the temple of friendship, instead of being laid by a stone at a time, has sprung up, like Aladdin's palace, in the course of a single night. Stanley and Travers, however, were not without many points of congeniality; they were both young, both remarkably good-looking, or what the young ladies of the house called " transcendently handsome," both poor—Stanley was a briefless barrister, and Travers a lieutenant on half-pay—both gentlemanly and well-educated, and both desirous to be married, only Stanley was hopeless, and Travers hopeful, of entering that blissful state. But I cannot better make my readers acquainted with the characters of these gentlemen, than by taking up the thread of the conversation in which they were engaged.

" It is in vain to reason with me, Travers," said Stanley; " I feel that I am condemned, for many years, at least to a single life. I could not love a woman who was not calculated to shine in society, and ac-

customed to the elegances of life, and I could not reduce such a one to submit to deprivation and drudgery."

"There is no occasion you should," said Travers; "such a speech would come well from the lips of our opposite neighbour at the table, who is past sixty, has a glass eye, and seven children by a former marriage; but you, Stanley, who are young and handsome, have an obvious path cut out for you; marry a woman of fortune, and provide her with the elegances of life out of her own income."

"Perhaps I may not find it so easy to meet with one."

"Nay, can you deny that you stand high in the favour of more than one in this very house? Has not the widow from Somersetshire intimated to you that her heart and acres are at your disposal whenever you please to ask for them?"

"Yes, and the amiable spirit of candour prevalent in boarding-houses, has induced a dozen of the inmates of the Granby to confide to me that I am only the third gentleman to whom she has made a similar communication during the six weeks she has been in the house!"

"Well, then, the young lady from Lothbury?"

"Do not mention her, I shudder at the very thought of her cockney pronunciation. I could not endure to listen to it for life, even were it to conduct me to the ultimatum of penny-book felicity, a gilt coach and six: besides, she has a cast in her eye."

"She casts it very favourably towards you, at all events; but I do not blame your spirit; neither of these ladies have property worth your acceptance. I remember a very fine young fellow, who, when recommended by his friends to pay his addresses to a lady with five thousand pounds, replied, 'Five thousand pounds! I value my teeth and eyebrows at the whole of that sum!'"

"Contemptible coxcomb," said Stanley, indignantly.

"Not at all," replied his friend, laughing. "In a mercantile country we must all trade on our capital; and if we are not possessed of money or goods, we are surely at liberty to venture our persons; perhaps, like Whittington's cat, the article seemingly of no intrinsic value may prove more precious than all the rest of the cargo, and conduct us to greater wealth in a moment, than we could amass in an office or counting-house in a quarter of a century."

"But I am unfortunately difficult to be pleased," said Stanley; "my future bride must possess beauty, intellect, and grace."

"And do you think you can attain all these articles united with fortune?"

"I must be as vain as your friend of the teeth and eyebrows, if I expected such a thing," said Stanley with a smile; "therefore, I repeat, I must lead a single life, unless I do a far more silly thing, and marry for love."

"Marry for love!" repeated Travers, with a look of horror; "pray leave that to haymakers and labourers, who have nerves sufficiently strong to gaze on the probable perspective of a workhouse as the termination of their happy union."

"Nay, Travers, do not flatter yourself that fortune hunting is so gentlemanly a pursuit, as to be exclusively confined to the higher

classes. I remember a farmer's man, who, after paying his addresses to the prettiest girl in the village, suddenly deserted her in favour of her deformed and ill-tempered cousin. His master good-humouredly rallied him on the subject, and asked him if he could really prefer his new sweetheart to his former one. 'Surely not,' said the clown, 'but her father will give her a portion of two cows; now with her cousin I should only have one; and to tell your honour the truth, I do not think there is the difference of a cow between any one woman and another!'"

"He showed an acuteness," said Travers, "not generally seen in his sphere. However, Stanley, believe me I am too much a master of the subject of fortune-hunting (since you are resolved to apply such a plain term to the pursuit of a wealthy wife) to suppose it confined to the upper classes. If a woman be once independent, however moderate that independence, she will find some lover to whom it is of consequence. The prudent men of all classes are much the same in their veneration for property, although their habits, rank, and education, influence their opinion as to its necessary amount. The impoverished nobleman, who wishes to pay off his mortgages, and repair his paternal inheritance, will only sacrifice his liberty to a fair one capable of conferring those favours upon him."

"Permit me to illustrate your prose by a poetical quotation,—

> 'He tender sighs through groves of—timber vents,
> And runs distracted for her—three per cents!'"

interrupted Stanley with a smile; "but pray proceed in your enumeration."

"The untitled dasher," continued Travers, "contents himself with the bride who can insure him curricles, race-horses, and foxhounds; the smooth-tongued professional man pays his court to the carriage and jointure of the middle-aged widow; the ensign looks with complacency on the few thousands which he destines to purchase him promotion; and the tradesman sighs to gain the few hundreds which may extend his business."

"And could we descend to the loves of lower life," said Stanley, ironically, "I doubt not that we should see the serving man anxiously calculating the probable amount of his sweetheart's wages, and laying schemes to ascertain the extent of her investments in the savings' bank!"

"Very probably we should," said Travers coolly; "for, as I have just said, the prudent men of all classes think alike on these points: for my part, I have fixed my price, although, like many other salesmen, I do not think myself bound to make it known, except to those who have an interest in asking it."

"And should a lady, who was old and ugly, seem inclined to offer it?" asked Stanley.

"That should not interfere with the bargain," said Travers, "although, of course, I should be better pleased if she were young and handsome."

"Then you are actually a fortune-hunter?" said Stanley.

"Confessedly so," answered Travers; "but do not look as horror-

struck, Stanley, as if I had avowed myself a vampire! I hear the sound of carriage-wheels, probably they intimate an arrival."

A travelling carriage now drove up to the door, and Stanley and Travers planted themselves at the window to watch the descent of the new-comers. Probably, my readers will say that this officious curiosity furnishes no proof of the gentlemanly manners that I have attributed to them; but much must be allowed for the habits of a watering-place. How eagerly have I seen people by the sea side watch the appearance of the steam-vessel—how repeatedly have they interrogated the boatmen standing about as to the time it is expected—how rapturously have they accepted the offer of a by-stander's telescope when the small speck first comes in sight—how courageously do they plunge into the midst of the dense mass of people who crowd to behold the passengers land on the pier. You would feel assured that a beloved wife or husband, or an only child, must be in the ardently-welcomed vessel; and yet, if you ask them whom they expect, the answer, in nine cases out of ten, will be—"Nobody that I know of!" How natural, then, is it for the inmates of a boarding-house to feel anxious curiosity for the first glimpse of a new arrival, for in an hour or two the strangers will be at the same table with them, by the evening they may be on terms of intimacy, and on the following day they may possibly be walking out together deep in confidential communication. Having thus defended my heroes from the charge of looking at the carriage, I will proceed to relate what they saw.

An elderly gentleman of highly respectable appearance alighted, and handed out, first a lady of a similar description, and afterwards, a very lovely girl, apparently about twenty. The fair stranger had blue eyes, a dazzling complexion, and nut-brown ringlets; in short, she was that being so often talked about and so seldom seen—a real beauty.

"How enchanting a creature!" said Stanley: "if it were the custom of this country to travel with passports, hers should be drawn in the terms of that given to the bewitching Sontag—'*Presque angelique.*'"

"She is extremely pretty," said Travers carelessly, "far too pretty, I am sure, to be worth a guinea. Depend upon it, Stanley, in the words of the song, 'Her face is her fortune.'"

"And who would wish a more ample fortune?" said Stanley, continuing to gaze upon her.

"It will prove an ample fortune, undoubtedly, to her," said Travers, "if she has sense to play her cards well; but I would advise you, Stanley, to be very shy of her—I mean to be so, for my part. Flirtations that lead to nothing are all very well in a cheap obscure place; but living at Harrogate is expensive, and ought to lead to something worth having."

"And would not so lovely a creature be worth having?" said Stanley, pursuing her with his eyes as she entered the house.

"I earnestly hope, Stanley," said Travers, "that you will not waste your own time, and that of the girl, by any foolish attentions to her; I would not even advise you to dance with her: however, I dare say she will have too much good sense to encourage you to

dangle after her. I will wager something that before this time to-morrow, she is laying violent siege to Sir Harry Dashwood, or old Lord Shakerly."

"Travers, you really put me out of all patience by your selfish, cold-hearted calculations!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Selfish!" said Travers, "far from it. 'What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?' that I should care whether she marries well or ill; but I am speaking disinterestedly and benevolently. She has a right to make a good market of her attractions as well as myself; if she be well-born and well-educated, I think she may expect a handsome income, and some sort of title: nay, if she were my sister, I do not know whether I should not insist on her stipulating for an opera-box, and a set of diamonds into the bargain."

"And should you not think it sacrilege to condemn such a creature to a union with a booby fox-hunting baronet like Sir Harry Dashwood, or a decrepit peevish invalid like Lord Shakerly?"

"Not at all; I should think it far greater sacrilege to condemn her to the horrors of the washing week in a damp cottage, with a smoky chimney, a solitary servant, a banquet of hashed mutton, and a family of five small children; but the dressing-bell summons us: I am quite disappointed in these new arrivals, I was in hopes we should have had somebody worth dressing for."

The young men now separated, neither of them at all raised in the opinion of the other by the conversation I have recorded; they met again in the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner, and had just time to ascertain from Mr. Fielding, one of the gentlemen who happened to be acquainted with the last comers, that the name of the beauty was Helen Lennox, and that her companions were her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, when the dinner bell sounded. Helen looked still more lovely than in the morning; her beautiful shape was displayed to advantage by a light evening dress, and her shining hair redeemed from the confinement of a bonnet, flowed in rich ringlets over her high forehead and finely-turned throat. Stanley could scarcely look at any other object, while Travers appeared unconscious of her presence, and directed all his attention to the young lady from Lothbury, of whom honourable mention has already been made. Shortly after the ladies had retired, Mr. Maxwell followed them, and inquiries were then eagerly addressed to Mr. Fielding by several of the young men in company, respecting the additions to the party. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell he informed them were a rich couple residing in Harley Street, and moving in a high circle of society.

"Have they any children?" asked Travers, with earnestness.

"A son and two daughters, all married," replied Mr. Fielding with some surprise.

"I only asked," said Travers, "because if they had been childless, it would have been a good thing for the interests of their niece."

"Happily," said Mr. Fielding, "she stands in no need of their wealth; few unite the goods of fortune with the gifts of nature like Helen Lennox."

"Indeed!" said Travers, eagerly.

"Her father was a rich country gentleman, and Helen was his only

child," said Mr. Fielding. "At his death, his family estates became the property of a nephew, but he bequeathed to his daughter the whole of his personal property, which amounted at that time to sixty thousand pounds; in the course of the two years that have elapsed since his death, it must have received a handsome accumulation. Miss Lennox comes of age in February, when she will take possession of her fortune."

"She is a fortune in herself!" said Travers, with vehemence. "I never beheld so lovely a creature; I could not take my eyes off her all dinner time; she is equally a study for a painter, and a theme for a poet."

"You are a young man, Mr. Travers," said the unsuspicious Mr. Fielding, with a benevolent smile, "and employ very unmeasured terms of approbation; however, I do not think your enthusiasm will do you any harm with my young friend, Miss Lennox; she is, to own the truth, a little too much inclined to romance."

Stanley sighed heavily, as he reflected on the little gratification her propensity to romance would receive, if she formed an attachment to the calculating and worldly-minded Travers, but he never dreamed of contesting the brilliant prize with his friend. Humble and unassuming, he might have ventured to indulge his admiration for the beautiful Helen, had she been moderately portioned; but he now regarded her as far beyond his pretensions, and rejoiced that he had obtained such early information respecting her property, that he might subdue his infant passion in the bud. Travers rejoiced still more fervently at this discovery, although for very opposite reasons; he paid the most marked attention all the evening to the beautiful stranger, of whom he had previously determined to be so very shy; danced three quadrilles with her, flattered her incessantly; and, in short, gave her to understand in very refined terms, that she had performed that feat, which in vulgar language is denominated "making a conquest." I cannot undertake to keep a correct diary of every thing said and done at the Granby during the next fortnight, therefore trust my readers will be contented with the general outlines. Travers had succeeded in making Helen believe that he was violently in love with her, and in getting her to fancy that she was a little in love with him. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell had not yet been taken into the confidence of the young couple, for the quick tact of Travers enabled him to perceive that he was far from being a favourite with either of them. Stanley, the warm-hearted, amiable Stanley, who had more tender thoughts about Helen in an hour, than her avowed adorer had in a week, was highly esteemed, and liked both by herself and her uncle and aunt; nor could Helen avoid noticing the superiority of his intellect and accomplishments to those of Travers, but the one had never addressed to her any professions beyond those of friendship, the other had poured forth to her the fondest vows of affection; and Rochefoucauld says with some truth, "We love those who admire us more than those we admire." "The course of true love, however, seldom runs smooth" anywhere, and certainly not in a boarding-house.

I have already alluded to the amiable candour and openness displayed by the members of these establishments, and therefore my read-

ers will not be surprised to hear that many of the ladies at the Granby, headed by the widow from Somersetshire, and the damsel from Lothbury, assured Helen that her suitor was in love with her property and not with herself; and many of the young men expressed their earnest hope that she would not throw herself away on an avowed and acknowledged "Fortune Hunter." Nothing amuses me more in a boarding-house, than the perfect unreserve and nonchalance with which those affairs of the heart are talked over, which in private circles are generally confined to the most intimate friends and relations of the parties. The thoughts, hopes, and feelings of any two people suspected of a penchant for each other, immediately become the joint-stock property of the whole house, to be commented on as freely and publicly as the style of their caps and coats; and even the few conscientious individuals who, for a little time, refrain from contributing to the gossip, and protest that it is "too bad" and "very unfair," always end in the thorough enjoyment of it, like the school-boy, who shares in the apples taken by his comrades, although he would not for the world have led them on to the plunder. Many people wonder how a man can have courage to make love in a large house in the country, full of staying company; I wonder much more how he can have courage to make love in a boarding-house! The owner of a large country-house, who is rich enough to fill it with company, has generally many different apartments for their reception and entertainment: besides the regular public rooms, there are the music-room, billiard-room, and library; and then there are pleasure grounds, with arbours and summer-houses, and perhaps a park in addition, where the "high contracting parties" may easily elude the observation of the multitude, and carry on their negociation in comparative privacy; but a boarding-house, (I allude now particularly to those by the sea-side, which accommodate about twenty inmates,) has, generally speaking, no garden, no variety of rooms. In the dining-room every body always sits in the same place according to priority, and a lover may be divided the whole length of the long table from the lady of his heart, and may be obliged to have recourse to the kind offices of the waiter, even to make known his wish to take wine with her.

The large square drawing-room is the only theatre of action; there is, to be sure, a small sitting-room opening into it, but this is almost always let off as a private apartment, either to a newly-married couple, to whom a *tête-à-tête* is yet a novelty, and consequently a luxury, or to an invalid lady, "who likes occasionally to be out of the noise and bustle of the company," and is therefore willing to pay handsomely for the privilege of excluding so much of the aforesaid noise and bustle, as a thin partition and a badly shutting door will enable her to do. Where then are the enamoured couple to carry on a little private discourse? The large open verandah is generally the place first thought of, from the undeniable fact that it is out of the room; then it is really a very pretty *locale* for a love scene; there are green garden chairs, and several pots of flowers placed in it, and a canary hung on one side, with a lump of sugar between the bars of his cage, holding an harmonious duet with a bullfinch similarly situated on the other; there is also, perhaps, "the sea, the open sea" in front. Here then

the lady seats herself on one of the garden chairs, rests her satin slipper on the mignionnette box, and inclines her perfumed ringlets over the geraniums and myrtles, "stealing and giving odour." The gentleman stands by her side, "hanging over her enamoured," while the canary bird in the back ground, somewhat alarmed by his near vicinity, screams and flutters its wings against the cage by way of an *ad libitum* running accompaniment to his soft nonsense. No attitude can be better for effect; but, alas! none can be worse for privacy. By the time the hour has elapsed, to which a flirtation under such agreeable localities will probably extend, not only all the boarding-house, but half the watering place are perfectly aware, or in the way to be aware, of what is going on. In the first place, the party in the drawing-room have been watching them through the three French windows, as comfortably and effectually as if they were looking through the glass circles at the Cosmorama; and passers by! how can I presume to reckon the multitudinous passers by in a populous situation in a watering-place? all idle people too, with nothing to do for the time being, but to watch and talk over the proceedings of their neighbours. Nursery maids and their charges without number have passed and repassed to observe them, governesses have unbent from their dignity to exchange a few remarks on the subject with their senior pupils, the doctor taking his usual round of visits, notes down the circumstance to relate to his patients, and divers "observant pedestrians" cast up their eyes at the window; among them probably are some of the London friends of the parties, and they will some weeks hence be destined to be taxed with their sea-side flirtation at the Coliseum or at the Pantheon Bazaar. The shopman of the library too is making up to the house, perhaps with the charitable intention of delivering the first volume of "The Wife and Woman's Reward" to the identical flirting lady in the balcony, but seeing how well she is amused, and thinking that under her peculiar circumstances it will probably be a long while before she returns the volume, he alters its destination, and leaves the precious deposit with a middle-aged spinster in poor health, who lives in private lodgings a few doors off, and to whom he justly considers it will be "a much greater treat." Then the adjoining houses on each side have also their verandahs; to be sure, they are separated from the one in question by a division of thin green wood; but although this precaution may exclude seeing, it does not prevent hearing. The old gentleman in the right-hand verandah, who has just spelt to the end of the county paper, is quite delighted to be spared the necessity of spelling it over again, by the excitement of a little original conversation in his vicinity; and the young lady in the left-hand verandah, who has been amusing herself the whole morning with nursing her curly French dog, and studying the dresses in the "Repository of Fashion," sits and listens to every word of the dialogue as eagerly as if she were a newspaper reporter, deputed to take it down in short-hand. Her little brother, too, imagining that something very interesting must give rise to his sister's abstraction, leaves off spinning his top, and gradually protrudes his round chubby face beyond the intervening slip of wood, till the astonished pair behold close to them a personification of Cupid, ready to take aim at them,

the peg-top and string in his hand serving as a substitute for the usual bow and arrow. At the same moment they are recalled to a full sense of their situation, by hearing the fancy bread-baker going his rounds, observe to a fly-driver beneath the window, that he thinks "them young folks seem mighty taken with one another, and would make a nice couple any how!" Driven into port by this unexpected salute from the enemy's camp, they look despondingly round the large square drawing-room; nobody is playing on the piano, and they seat themselves on each side of the Canterbury, vainly hoping that they are not likely to be disturbed. Alas! however, in the generality of mixed parties, one half are likely to be ladies, and two-thirds of those ladies are likely to be musical, and the ill-starred pair have scarcely begun to feel tolerably settled, before a fair performer places herself at the piano, five or six follow in her train, either to admire, or to criticise, or to be ready to take her seat upon occasion, and "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" reminds the fugitives that they could not have wandered to a worse situation; or, "We met—'twas in a crowd," convinces them, if they required to be convinced, that a crowd is a particularly awkward place for any meeting of a sentimental description to be got up in. For a moment they ponder the expediency of appropriating one of the little tables, and playing, or seeming to play, chess or backgammon, but they soon abandon this as being, in every sense of the word, "a bad move." Chess and backgammon players are always sure to have a number of observers to overlook them, and I cannot say I wonder at it; there is something extremely agreeable to the pride of human nature in being at liberty to tell people that we could have acted a great deal more wisely than themselves if we had been placed in a similar situation. If we hear any one sing a song or read a poem indifferently, the customs of society forbid us to say, (whatever may be our private opinion on the subject,) that we could have done greater justice to the same; but it is a universally allowed privilege to tell the chess or backgammon player that we know what he ought to do far better than he knows it himself, and we need not feel any scruple in exercising it, for let the cases only be reversed, let us be the player, and he the overlooker, and he will favour us in his turn with equally candid and undisguised information of our inferiority, and of his own ability to supply our deficiencies.

The lovers look despondingly round the room; large as it is, spies seem dispersed in every part of it; the sofa is occupied by two portly matrons in voluminous satin dresses and towering blonde caps illustrated with large bows of bright coloured gauze ribbon, from the centre of each of which arises a spiral flower; between these respectable individuals is stationed a veteran who visits the house every year, and stays great part of the season, and, consequently, has considerable power and influence therein. He is usually an elderly man, and either a general or an admiral; sometimes he is a baronet, in which case his opinions on "things in general" are at a premium; and woe to the flirtation which he denounces with an ominous shake of the head as being "a very nonsensical affair indeed!" The three French windows are all tenanted: at one is a clerk in a public office who, having a

limited leave of absence from London, is nervously anxious to make the most of his time, and to inhale as much sea air as possible for his money. At another is seated a young lady sketching a ship in the distance; the performance does not cost her much trouble—a few random pencil dashes beneath serve for the sea, a few exactly similar above do duty for the sky, and a nondescript article is suspended in the middle, which is as much like a fancy work-box or ornamental tea-caddy as a ship, but the fair *artiste* has answered her purpose in displaying to advantage her white hand and emerald ring. At the third window stands a pale, pensive young man, looking through a telescope; from the expression of his countenance it might be imagined that he was watching the ship in the distance, and that she was making signals of distress; but he is merely directing it to a public walk within view of the house, where the sprightly widow who possesses his heart is, at the very moment, engaged in animated flirtation with a dashing officer of the guards. Round the large table in the centre are gathered several persons; two or three young ladies are netting purses or working collerettes; two or three young gentlemen are entangling their silks by way of sorting them, or breaking their yard measures by way of winding them up; an old maid is knitting a worsted comforter, to be in readiness for the winter three months hence, and an old bachelor, after employing five minutes in fixing on his spectacles, is reading his own pocket-book, the most delightful of all works in his opinion, because it contains an account of his individual sayings and doings from the beginning of the year, a chronicle in which no earthly being but himself would take the slightest interest.

Foiled in these quarters, the disconcerted couple now turn their eyes to the book-table. In the generality of private houses, this table is of a round form, and composed of rose-wood or satin-wood, but in boarding-houses, *nous avons changé tout celà*, the book-table is mahogany, of a square shape, and placed in a corner, to be out of the way; as to the contents, they are, like the company of the house, continually changing. The stationary articles are a Peerage, a Court Guide, and several thick volumes of old magazines belonging to the lady of the house, and benevolently brought forth by her on a rainy day, to dissipate the *ennui* of some unfortunate inmate, who, relying on the continuance of fine weather, has neglected to subscribe to a library. There are volumes of novels too numerous to particularise, generally two or three of Sir Walter Scott's, who is, as he deserves to be, a favourite with every body; for the rest, the gentlemen usually patronise the author of the "King's Own," and the ladies Mrs. Gore; a volume of "Jacob Faithful," or the "Fair of May Fair," is pretty sure to be found on every boarding-house table during the greater part of the season; there are also always several publications forming the happy medium between works of instruction and amusement, such as Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," Silvio Pellico's "Ten Years' Imprisonment," Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," and Madden's "Infirmities of Genius," and their owners take high literary ground, and observe to some unfortunate trifler who is eagerly devouring the "Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry," that they

"really have no notion of wasting their time in reading such trash as novels!" There is also usually an odd volume of the "Library of Romance," and another of the "Library of Useful Knowledge," wooing the choice of the by-stander, like Pleasure and Virtue contending for the preference of Hercules, and there are a pile of cheap papers, where more knowledge and good advice can be procured for a penny, than any of us are likely to glean from the whole circle of our friends in the course of a month. Here then, the wearied couple seat themselves as a last resource; the lady takes "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," and the gentleman the "Saturday Magazine," and they each read in sober silence for, at least, five minutes; they then begin cautiously to exchange observations, in hopes that it will be supposed they are merely discussing the chances of the success of the aerial ship, or canvassing the advantages of Babbage's calculating machine; but, alas! all their movements are watched, and an emissary from the table in the centre speedily advances towards them, saying, "If I do not interrupt your *literary* conversation, (with a strong emphasis on the adjective,) will you allow me just to look for my volume of the 'Coquette' or 'Peter Simple?'"

The books are speedily separated and put to confusion, and the lovers are in a similar predicament. If thus annoyed while together, they have still more unmerciful raillery to undergo when asunder: the gentleman is perhaps undisguisedly told by his companions that he "makes love shockingly," as if any man but Young or Charles Kemble could make love to the taste of a continually varying auditory: the lady is more delicately treated by her female friends; instead of being talked to, she is only talked at: if she be lively, she is informed that flirts are never successful in the end, and that it is easier to make nets than cages; if she be diffident, it is hinted to her that still-life coquettes are always the most designing.

Her greatest trial, however, lies in the pertinacious way in which her lover, (to use an expressive Irish phrase,) is "faulted" within her hearing by both sexes indiscriminately: the gentlemen in a boarding-house are just as much inclined to gossip as the ladies; they have also that amiable feeling set forth by Æsop many centuries ago in the interesting recital of the dog in the manger, and although they may not care for the attentions and smiles of a fair lady themselves, they cannot bear to see them engrossed by another. Various, then, and manifold are the deficiencies which they set forth in the lover, every particular is criticised, from his waistcoat and whiskers, up to his mind and manners; minor defects, however, predominate, each partaking of the peculiar views and tastes of the critic for the time being; and these miscellaneous accusations come thick and fast as the arrows of the Lilliputians:—he walks badly; he has no general conversation; he writes an illegible hand; he does not employ a fashionable tailor; he takes snuff; he is a sad judge of a horse; he belongs to no club; his politics are dreadful: (i. e. they are the reverse of those of the speaker;) he has no ear for music; he wears buff slippers; he objects to pin-money; he has been detected in the fact of smoking a segar! These comments are usually wound up by a sentimental young lady fearing he has "no soul," and a shrewd old gentleman suspecting he

has "no money!" The human heart, however, often, like the handkerchief in the nursery game, "goes by the rule of contrary," and the opposition that is intended to extinguish the flame only causes it to burn more brightly.

Such, eventually, proved the case with Helen, although, at first, she was undoubtedly deeply mortified at the imputations cast on the sincerity of her lover. Travers one morning found her in tears, and soon learned the cause; he boldly pleaded not guilty to the accusation.

"Your fortune, dearest Helen," said he, "is rather a subject of regret than of rejoicing to me, and it would give me happiness to know that you were portionless, because I could then prove the disinterestedness of my regard for you."

A slight cloud passed over Helen's brow at these words; it appeared to her that Travers was rather overacting his part. "I am concerned to tell you," she said, "that my uncle and aunt are too much disposed to believe the reports against you."

Travers sighed, and actually summoned a tear or two into his eyes.

"But," said Helen, softening at the sight of his sorrow, "in February I shall be my own mistress, and then——"

"Oh! speak not of such a cruel delay," said Travers, who imagined that Helen, like Lydia Languish, might think it an odious thing to 'go simpering up to the altar with consent of friends,' "become mine immediately, dearest Helen; leave every arrangement to me: I will guard against the possibility of discovery or pursuit; but compel me not to separate from you, and to leave you surrounded by my enemies."

The conversation continued about half an hour longer, and Travers quitted the drawing-room with an ill-concealed smile of triumph on his countenance, while that of Helen bore the traces of tears.

The faint grey light of morning was just beginning to appear, when a post-chaise and four stood at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the Granby. Helen Lennox, leaning on the arm of Travers, drew near; they entered it; the horses bounded along the northern road, and the heart of the fortune-hunter beat high with exultation. My readers, doubtless, expect that my next scene will be in Scotland, and in ordinary cases I would have suppressed a minute account of the journey thither, because it is so very same and dull an affair; the lady of course weeps and talks of her friends, and the gentleman quotes poetry and talks of his passion. The *tête-à-tête* of Helen and Travers, however, presented something out of the common way, which I will hasten to narrate.

About an hour had elapsed, Helen had ceased weeping, but her spirits still continued depressed and her manners constrained. Travers could only impute one cause to her conduct; he could not suppose that her sense of duty could be violently outraged by leaving the protection of an uncle and aunt a few months before the law allowed her to do so, especially when it was considered that the aforesaid uncle and aunt possessed three children and a dozen grandchildren to console them for her loss; it could only be the recollection of the

warnings and predictions that she had received at the Granby, and the fear that her lover was actuated by mercenary motives; accordingly, Travers, without being accused, renewed his defence, and protested that her fortune was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

"This declaration," said Helen, raising her eyes, "encourages me to enter upon a subject which, perhaps I ought not to have concealed from you so long, but reluctance to allude to the foible of a deceased parent must plead my excuse; you have probably never heard of the clause in my father's will?"

"A clause in your father's will!" interrupted Travers, with eagerness.

"Yes," resumed Helen, "he bequeathed to me, as you are aware, the whole of his large personal property; but the bequest was merely conditional."

"Conditional!" exclaimed Travers with a look of as much horror as if he had just ascertained that all the inmates of the Granby were "riding and running" in quest of them, like the "Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves," in pursuit of fair Ellen and young Lochinvar.

"My father," said Helen, in a faltering, agitated tone of voice, "had, unfortunately, strong feelings of family pride; the want of a son was a subject of perpetual lamentation to him, and his only hope and consolation was in the idea that his estates might eventually become the property of a grandson. This could only be effected by my union with my cousin Anthony Lennox, who was perfectly willing on his part to fall in with my father's wishes, but I could not endure the idea of such a sacrifice. My cousin was awkward in person, coarse in manners, devoted to low pursuits and amusements, and I plainly saw that his professed regard for me was of a mercenary description, and that he loved nothing in reality beyond his dogs and horses. My poor father, however, was blind to his defects, and when his will was opened, imagine my distress at finding that his fortune was only bequeathed to me on condition that I united myself to Anthony Lennox within a year from the time of his death; in the event of my refusal, three thousand pounds was all the portion that was allotted to me, and the remaining sixty thousand was to become the property of my cousin. I need not tell you my decision; I immediately resolved on rejecting this hateful union, and sacrificing my fortune rather than my happiness."

"What folly! what absurd infatuation!" exclaimed the astounded Travers.

"Folly! absurd infatuation!" repeated Helen, now in her turn taking up the words of her lover, just as if she was practising the "Echo Duet" with him. "I do not understand you, Mr. Travers."

"I am afraid I understand you but too well, Miss Lennox: am I to gather from your words that I am the subject of an imposition on your part, and that, instead of being the heiress of more than sixty thousand pounds, you are only the possessor of three?"

"Suffer me to answer your question by asking you another," said Helen. "Am I to gather from your words that, had you known me to be only the possessor of three thousand pounds, you would not have placed yourself in your present situation?"

"Most assuredly I should not," replied Travers; "I have no inclination wilfully to pursue the road to ruin."

"Then why pursue it a moment longer?" said Helen with spirit, "I will direct the postilions to turn back, and the humiliating events of this morning need never be known to the world, and, I trust, will soon be forgotten by ourselves."

Helen paused a minute or two to give her companion time to oppose her proposition, if he had been so inclined; but he preserved a sullen silence, and putting her head out of the window, she ordered the postilions to return, but imagining some lover's quarrel to have taken place, they paid no attention to her mandate. She repeated it, and in a much higher tone of voice, but the postilions now drove faster than ever, for they surmised that having reason to think she was pursued, she wished her friends to believe that she had been forcibly carried off, and they held themselves prepared to bear honourable testimony to her shrieks, if she should ever call upon them to do so. Travers, who did not enter into the delicate judgment and tact evinced by the postilions, was enraged at the thought that what he denominated their "deafness and stupidity" might be the means of burdening him for life with a slenderly portioned bride; accordingly he took the affair into his own hands, and issued his commands from the window in a tone so very decided and imperative, that the postilions could no longer mistake the matter, and were obliged to comply.

Silence ensued for some minutes, and Travers, now that he was released from the fear of being married to a lady with three thousand pounds, began to be a little ashamed not of what he had done, but of the manner in which he had done it; he was sensible that, by the abruptness and rudeness of his remarks to Helen, he had shown himself guilty of "bad taste," that deepest and most deadly of all sins in the estimation of the fashionable world. Accordingly, he began a tender and eloquent speech, in which he meant to have set forth his concern that the smallness of his fortune prevented him from gratifying the affections of his heart, and to have assured Helen that it was the excess of his love for her which induced him to shrink from the idea of reducing her to the inconveniencies of a narrow income; but he had scarcely uttered a dozen words, when Helen nipped his flowers of rhetoric in the bud by so haughty a command to be silent, that he was obliged to do what she had set out on her journey with the view of doing, namely, to obey. Nothing more was said, and for the remainder of the ride Miss Lennox and Mr. Travers were certainly anything rather than "agreeable companions in a post-chaise." The chaise now arrived at the spot from whence it had started, and Helen indignantly rejecting the proffered assistance of Travers, alighted from it, and throwing a gratuity to the postilions, quickly disappeared. She had not walked above five minutes, when, to her utter dismay and astonishment, a turn in the road brought her into the presence of Stanley. Travers had informed him of the projected elopement, and, unable to sleep, he had sought the refreshment of the morning air at an early hour. He flew to meet Helen with an exclamation of alarm, for he imagined nothing less than the overturn of the chaise, and some fatal accident to Tra-

vers; and when she assured him that such was not the case, a very embarrassing pause ensued. Helen first broke it; the question of Stanley had convinced her that he had been admitted into the confidence of her suitor, and she therefore thought it the best way to honour him with her own. She explained every particular of the journey to him in simple, unexaggerated language, and she could not have met with an auditor more sympathizing, kind, and feeling. He encouraged her to believe that her elopement would remain a secret to every one in the house but himself, consoled her for the selfishness of her mercenary lover, and all but intimated to her that those who might never have dared to aspire to her when a rich heiress, would now venture to lift their hopes to her.

Helen, with the tact natural to all women, understood that his speech referred to himself; it was a balm to her wounded feelings; for as my readers may have discovered, her heart had much less to do than her fancy with her attachment to Travers, and her judgment had always preferred his friend. Stanley, at so early a period, felt that it would be indelicate to avow his affection in explicit terms, but his manner had never evinced such tender interest. Helen's mind was much calmed by her conversation with him, and, at the end of half an hour, she returned to her apartment at the Granby, and found that she had time (such are the beneficial effects of early rising) to compose her looks, dress, and spirits so effectually, that when the breakfast bell rang, she descended into the general room, appearing, to use a colloquial expression, "just as if nothing had happened."

The inmates of the Granby had two subjects of wonder that day, one was the unexpected departure of Mr. Travers, who left the house without taking leave of any body, and the other the exceeding nonchalance with which his desertion was borne by the lady of his love and his particular friend, and their evident inclination to console each other for his loss. Stanley's attentions soon became evident and pointed; Helen was again warned against fortune-hunters; but she could now smile at these insinuations, for Stanley was aware of her slender portion; but had declared that the possession of one whom he loved so sincerely, would be the means of inspiriting him to greater exertions in his profession, and that a narrow income with Helen would be preferable to the greatest wealth without her. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were decidedly in his favour; but Helen, grown wise from experience, would not yield so hasty a consent as she had done in a former instance. She avowed her determination not to be married till she became of age; but, in the interim, Stanley was to be received at the house of her uncle and aunt as a constant visitor and acknowledged lover. These concessions, although not quite enough to satisfy Stanley, were received by him with gratitude. The Harrogate season drew to an end, and the society of the Granby dispersed, most of them out of humour with the events of the autumn; some had failed to gain health, and some to gain connexions; some had lost their hearts, some their temper, and some their money; but Stanley was perfectly contented with his success; he dated his visit to Harrogate as the commencement of a

life of happiness; and when, at the request of the Maxwells, he took his seat in their travelling carriage to accompany them on their journey, he was in an enviable state of satisfaction with himself and the world, and felt truly thankful to Mr. Lennox for his tyranny, to Anthony Lennox for his boorishness, and to Travers for his avarice, since, all combined, had been the means of putting him in possession of one who realized all his ideas of female excellence and perfection.

Several months had elapsed: it was the middle of February, and Helen Lennox, in a few days, would attain the age of discretion. She still resided with her uncle and aunt, who, on quitting Harrogate, had proceeded to their house in Harley Street. Stanley had, since that time, been their almost daily visitor. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell had introduced him to their relatives, and to a large circle of acquaintance, as the contracted husband of their niece, Miss Lennox, and attentions, invitations, and even briefs, began to pour in on the once friendless barrister, now suddenly converted, by the magic of patronage, into a young man of "rising talents," and of "uncommon promise." Travers had not passed his winter in so pleasant a manner; he was domesticated in a cheap boarding-house in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road; his finances could not afford a season at Bath; nothing but scrupulous management would enable him to compass a summer's visit to Cheltenham, therefore he prudently retired to —— Street in the interval, in order (to quote a favourite expression of an elderly lady in the same establishment) "to economize his money and his spirits for gayer scenes!"

One morning, while taking his accustomed stroll in the Regent's Park, he encountered Major Markham, a valuable ally to him and to all gentlemen of a similar vocation, from his correct knowledge of the affairs, fortunes, and expectations of half the female world; and Travers gladly accepted his offer of a concert ticket for the Hanover Square Rooms, not so much with the view of enjoying the delights of harmony, for in common with most selfish and cold-hearted people, he was extremely indifferent to music, as for the advantage of hearing the "good hits" and "lucky specs" of the season, correctly enumerated by his enlightened friend. Evening came, and Travers was listening listlessly to a beautiful air, and looking all the time at a little crooked woman with a sallow complexion and large amber necklace, who the major had just assured him was the owner of twenty thousand pounds in the new three and-a-half per cents., when his eye suddenly fell on a party a few rows distant. There sat Helen Lennox, radiant in smiles and blushes, pearls and pale pink satin. Stanley was by her side, his whole look and bearing those of an acknowledged lover. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell formed a sober and respectable back ground to this "*tableau vivant*" of youth and happiness. Travers fixed his eyes on the enamoured pair, not with envy or with regret, but with gratitude at his own escape. "How will the interest of three thousand pounds possibly support all that finery?" he murmured to himself.

"I see," said the major, "you have found out the most distinguished star of the season, but you must form no hopes in that

quarter; she will be married in a few days to the young man by her side; I consider him a most fortunate fellow."

"Fortunate!" said Travers, whose gaze continued fixed, not on Helen's blue eyes, but on her blonde sleeves; "I consider him anything but fortunate; the girl is certainly pretty enough, but he will be thrown into gaol, in a few months, for her milliner's bills!"

"Nay, nay," said the major, laughing, "you speak misanthropically; sixty thousand pounds will not even in these extravagant days be so quickly converted into gauze and tiffany."

"Allow me to correct your mistake," said Travers, delighted to show himself, for once, better informed than his companion; "you have evidently not heard of the clause in her father's will."

"I have not only heard of it, but have read it," said the major; "I had received contradictory accounts of it, and as I have no notion of being perplexed with uncertainty when a shilling paid at Doctors' Commons will decide all doubt at once, I inspected the will."

"And did not Mr. Lennox," said Travers, eagerly, "bequeath his large property to his daughter merely on condition of her union with her cousin within a year?"

"Undoubtedly he did," said the major; "and in the event of her refusal, bequeathed her only three thousand pounds."

"And did she not determine to refuse her cousin?" asked Travers with still more anxiety.

"She did so, much to her credit," said the major, "and would have signified her rejection formally to him when the appointed twelvemonth ended, but death, which defeats alike our good and bad intentions, prevented hers from being carried into effect. Three months before the appointed time, Mr. Anthony Lennox was thrown from his horse in a fox chase, and killed on the spot; and in the event of his death, or refusal to marry Helen, her father had willed the property unconditionally to herself, the estates going to a distant relation, who, fortunately for her, was a married man."

"Fool! madman! that I have proved myself," ejaculated Travers, turning as pale as if, like Mr. Anthony Lennox, he had been thrown from his horse.

"How aghast you look, Travers," said the major, laughing; "you know I told you that Miss Lennox was engaged to be married, and you were evidently not much struck with her beauty; what then can the amount of her fortune signify to you?"

"It signifies every thing to me," said Travers, warmly; and first binding the major to secrecy, he disclosed to him the history of the Harrogate elopement.

"You have been rightly served," said the major, bluntly, when he had finished his communication, "and I commend Miss Lennox for her ingenuity and prudence."

"Commend her for artifice and falsehood?" said Travers.

"Stop," replied the major, "there was not a word of falsehood in the case; she gave you a true and simple account of the clause in her father's will; had you listened to her with propriety and respect, she would doubtless have informed you of the subsequent events, but you insulted her by your reproaches; and what right had you to expect to

be rewarded for your ill conduct by her further confidence? She owed you no duty—she complied with your own wishes in separating herself from you; and, to use a popular and highly approved form of consolation, you have 'nobody but yourself to blame!'"

Travers returned home in what the newspapers call "a high state of excitement;" he lay awake for several hours, and towards the morning fell into a disturbed sleep, haunted by confused dreams of blue eyes and pink dresses, songs, wills, and post-chaises; at last the Hanover Square Rooms appeared suddenly to change to the church in their immediate vicinity. Stanley and Helen were declared man and wife, and the bells struck up a merry peal, which awoke him; but though awake, the sound still seemed to continue, and at length he ascertained that the breakfast bell of the house was calling its inmates together, and, making a hasty toilette, he descended to partake of a cup of tea much weaker than usual, in consequence of his late appearance, and to meet his usual half dozen associates at the table.

The company at this house was, as the mistress of it took care to inform every body who inquired the terms, "peculiarly select and genteel;" it consisted at the present time of two old maids in faded apple-green silk dresses, and washed blonde caps with dyed ribbons, a deaf widow with an ear-trumpet, a midshipman of mature age, who was in the habit of complaining that he had "served his country all his life, and got nothing by it," to which an auditor once rejoined, "Yes, you have got a good grievance; and let me tell you, that is no bad thing for an Englishman!" an apothecary with eight patients, three of whom were within particularly convenient visiting distance, being inhabitants of the same house, and a young man, a clerk in a banking house in the Strand, who was considered a fine gentleman, wit, and fashionist of the first grade by his fellow inmates; these distinctions he had won by sporting a topaz shirt-pin, an elaborate watch, chain, and seals, and a purple velvet waistcoat, reading the "Morning Post," taking in the "Court Journal" and going at least once a week to what he denominated a *soirée*, held in one of the streets or squares in the neighbourhood. Travers was too much out of spirits and out of humour to reply to the questions respecting the concert which poured in upon him from six several directions. Hastily dispatching his meal, he retired to his own room, and concocted a long letter of intreaty, explanation, apology, and affection to Helen: none but a fortune-hunter could have had audacity enough, after all that had passed, to give vent to a similar effusion.

He summoned the boy of the establishment, gave him the letter and a shilling, and directed him to wait for an answer. The letter was delivered, read, laughed at, and a message was sent down that no reply was necessary. The boy, however, did not immediately return home; he met with a friend, who allured him to participate in the exciting delights of "pitch and toss," and he remained upon the enchanted ground at least an hour. Poor Travers was deceived by this delay into the hope that Helen was writing a long and tender epistle of love and forgiveness, and that he should be speedily summoned into her presence; accordingly he curled and perfumed his hair, selected his most fascinating waistcoat, and tied his cravat in its

most irresistible folds. At last, when he was fully armed at all points for conquest, Dicky Green entered with the killing message, (translated into his own language,) "Miss sends her respects, and the letter doesn't want no answer at all." Soon, however, Travers recollected that, considering the great provocation which he had offered to the fair Helen, he had scarcely a right to expect that she should condescend immediately to reply to his letter: he determined to follow up the attack by another pathetic composition on the morrow; and in the mean time he resolved to rally his spirits, and make himself more agreeable to his companions than he had done in the morning, for Travers was civil and obliging to every one, on a system of self-interest. It was not certainly very likely that an heiress should come to board in —— Street; but then its inmates might have cousins or nieces who were heiresses, or at all events, they might have acquaintance who were connected with those desirable articles. It was a favourite observation of Travers, that a good chess player always calculates three moves forwards, and that a player in the great game of life ought not to be less wary in his anticipations. Accordingly he descended to the dining-room in his most courteous mood, partook of a repast in the usual family style, (the details of which I will spare my readers,) and wound up the tempting banquet with three glasses of cheap fiery sherry, enumerated every song and glee at the concert for the satisfaction of the ladies, and favoured the gentlemen with Major Markham's opinions on politics.

After tea, he played three games of cribbage with the widow, and six hits of backgammon with the midshipman, invited the apothecary to take up the conqueror at the latter game, and complacently joined in the general laugh at his facetious retort that "he had enough to do to gammon his patients!" heard one of the old maids play on a cracked guitar, and sing "Cupid, god of soft persuasion," and listened for the seventh time to the other's account of her first love, poor dear Captain Constant, who was killed at the battle of the Nile. At half-past ten he lighted his japan flat candlestick, and repaired to his chamber; the rest of the company usually retired at a still earlier hour, but to night they were all (the deaf widow with the ear-trumpet not excepted) sitting up to receive Mr. Philpott, the dashing young clerk, on his return from an evening party in Alfred Place, given by a lady who was particularly fortunate in gathering together stars and people of consequence; her present party was expected to be remarkably brilliant, her invitations having been accepted by a sheriff who was to be Lord Mayor next year, a young artist who had just finished a picture which he talked of offering to Somerset House, the second son of a baronet, whose father was troubled with flying gout, and whose elder brother had shown symptoms of consumption, and a dramatist, who had recently produced a tragedy which had failed, owing, as he and his friends said, to the widely-circulated rumours of its great merit, which had induced a rival party to go into the house for the purpose of condemning it. Travers, by the aid of the two inches of tallow candle, to which the mistress of the house prudently limited her guests, (doubtless with the charitable wish to prevent them from injuring their constitution by midnight vigils,) contrived to indite

a new letter of supplication to his offended heiress, which far surpassed the eloquence of the former in his own estimation, for with amateur as with professional writers, the last production is always the favourite; and having sealed it by the last flickering remains of his candle he proceeded to rest.

Morning came; he dispatched his letter soon after breakfast; his Mercury returned, but not empty-handed; he bore a delicate white paper packet. Travers tore it open; alas! a slice of bride cake, a pair of white kid gloves, and two cards conjugally tied together with silver twist, too plainly told the tale. Francis Stanley and Helen Lennox had that morning been married! Leaving Travers to the society of the house, (and he might be in a worse situation, for he had both female consolation and medical assistance close at hand,) I will transport my readers to the Maxwells' residence in Harley Street. The drawing-rooms presented a gay scene; the company had just arisen from the splendid *déjeûné à la fourchette*, and were scattered in groups round the apartments; it was a region of smiles, happiness, and sunshine. At length the bride retired, and in about half an hour, (during which she had received and replied to the letter of Travers,) she again appeared, attired in a different dress, not in the style of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, where each new dress worn by a bride is more magnificent than the last. Helen adhered to old English customs; she left the room in all the pomp of white satin, blonde, and orange flowers, and returned in the demure unobtrusiveness of a lavender lutestring pelisse and a Leghorn bonnet. The Maxwells' carriage was at the door to convey the young couple to Windsor, and when they had lost sight of the crowd and bustle of London, Helen, for the second time, made a confidential communication to the accompaniment of clattering wheels and horses journeying at full speed. The present piece of information was received exactly as she could wish it to be. Some of my readers may say that it is scarcely necessary to mention this circumstance, but such was Helen's quickness of observation and delicacy of feeling, that I am of opinion some men would have offended her by too palpable rapture, and others by the affectation of indifference. Stanley, however, was a remarkably natural character, and he spoke on the subject exactly as he felt.

"For myself," he said, "the acquisition of wealth is of little importance, but it gives me sincere pleasure that I shall not see my beloved bride deprived of any of the luxuries to which the customs of her life and the refinement of her habits so well entitle her. My satisfaction is increased by the reflection that no one can impute mercenary motives to my choice; and I scruple not to say, that this discovery has imparted additional brightness to a day which, however, required not its aid to be the happiest of my life, since it has given me possession of my lovely and noble-minded Helen."

"Call me not noble-minded," said Helen; "I have erred greatly, but Heaven has mercifully convinced me of my fault, by the aid of blessings instead of chastisements. I was naturally haughty and imperious; the will of my father appeared to me the severest punishment that could be inflicted on me. I, at once, determined to reject my detested relative, but I shrunk from the idea of vegetating through

life on a narrow and scanty pittance. Natural feeling prevented me from speaking with disrespect of an earthly father, but I hesitated not to murmur unceasingly against the dispensations of a heavenly one. I did not want for comforters; my old nurse recalled a fairy tale to my mind intended to prove that misfortunes were blessings in disguise, in which the heroine, (the Princess Aurora, I believe,) after losing her beauty, losing her child, and almost losing her life, is restored to perfect felicity, and discovers that each of her losses has been the means of shielding her from some greater calamity. My governess assured me that

> 'Whatever is, is right,
> All discord harmony, not understood,
> All partial evil, universal good.'

And my young friends unanimously declared, that, although I was deprived of one fortune, my first season in London would give me a choice of three or four. My excellent aunt, however, bestowed more valuable consolation upon me; she led me to the study of those sacred records which I had hitherto too much neglected, and taught me to feel that I was in the hands of an Almighty friend and director, whose wisdom would judge better for me than it was possible for one so frail and weak to judge for herself. My mind gradually became tranquillized and quiet, and I held myself prepared cheerfully to resign my large fortune when the allotted twelvemonth expired, and thankfully to reflect that I had still a sufficiency to shield me from want and dependence. My cousin's death effected an immediate change in my prospects, and some of my friends remarked, that it was now 'just the same as if the clause in my father's will had never been made,' but it was not the same to me; it furnished me with a magic spear of truth to distinguish real from pretended affection; had it never existed I should have been deceived by the protestations of the plausible Travers, and have become his slighted and unloved wife; but the event which I considered as the greatest calamity has, in reality, been the greatest blessing of my life, since it has given me to the protection of a fond and disinterested husband, and rescued myself and my property from the grasp of a mercenary and heartless Fortune Hunter."

# THE SERAGLIO.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Curtained by odorous plants of eastern bloom,
The gilded lattice of the harem room
Admits such softened light as Dian's beams
Shed o'er the emerald earth. There brightly gleams
The white and perfumed fountain, sweetly fraught
With lulling music; there in beauty wrought,
Gay plumaged birds and brilliant flowers between,
Spread o'er the costly walls a fairy scene;
And there too, brighter still, alluring grace
Shines in each flexile form and melting face,
Shapes such as he, the visionary, made,
Who hung enamoured o'er the breathing shade
His chisel moulded from the Parian stone—
Bosoms as soft and white as cygnet's down,
Bright shadowy tresses floating wildly free,
Braided with orient pearls less fair to see—
Lips like unfolding roses springing new
To kiss the eastern sun that drinks their dew,
Sweet beaming eyes like those of young gazelle,
Whose darkness match their jetty arches well;
Small polished feet like flakes of snow that rest
Their naked beauties on the couch so blest;—
Yes, all that love can covet they possess,
And does not love his fairest offspring bless?
Ah, no! to them denied, entombed alive,
Their loveless hearts hope's sunny smiles survive.
From kindred bosoms early torn to prove,
Not the sweet interchange of wedded love,
But feelings adverse to Love's holy joy,
Unhallow'd passion, with its dark alloy
Of unconfiding thoughts, suspicion shrined
Like things of darkness in the guilty mind;
Object of grosser sense and selfish care,
To man debased in intellect: despair
Has wreathed for woman's lip the poisoned bowl,
And stripped that beauteous temple of a soul.
What is to save her with so harsh a creed?
What intellectual lore her mind can feed,
That soars no higher than the things of earth,
Nor owns a spirit of immortal birth,
But fixing here her final resting-place,
Dreams not of God or his redeeming grace?

Well has that son of song immortal, shown,
Even he whose wizard harp hath lost its tone,
What anguish waits on them, those creatures fair,
Wedded to tyrant's will like young "Gulnare."
That poor abused one, who sickening turns,
And kiss unsanctified as loathsome spurns,

Whose hand as cold as her insensate heart,
Drops listless down, unmoved and glad to part
From proud imperial sultan in his hour
Of hateful courtship, who but wears that flower
Of human loveliness, till fancy tire,
And some fresh budding rose relume his fire.
Drinking as guilty choice or chance impels,
Unhallowed waters from an hundred wells.
Oh! lost to all the sweetest joys of life,
The mind's companion in the faithful wife,
Domestic pleasures all to them unknown,
Amidst their regal splendour slaves alone,
Pitied, but most unenvied in their state,
Poor lawless exiles from love's happier fate.
"For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above,
To draw new rapture from another's joy,
To share each woe half its sting destroy."
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless and be blessed, adore and be adored,
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,
Passion to life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm;
Lives there but would for blessings so divine,
The crowded harem's sullen joys resign?

Ye soulless tyrants, who in climes of light
Possess whate'er can minister delight,
Whose lands all rosy as at nature's birth,
Teem with the treasures of the pregnant earth,
Fair fruits and blooming flowers profusely spread,
Where once the conquering Grecians proudly led
Their hosts to battle forth; those godlike sires
Sleep in the tomb of ages, but the fires,
Long smouldering in the fettered bondsman's heart,
Touched by fair Freedom's hand, shall flames impart,
To light the funeral pyre of man debased
By sensual appetite, till all effaced
Mahomet dared to write, the veil shall fall,
And God's eternal face be seen of all;
Then woman will be free! and not till then,
Servant of glory, and not slave of men,
Her charter signed by his redeeming hand,
Shall prove her heirship to the promised land,
Where angels, and not fabled houris, wait,
Guardians and ministers at heaven's gate,
Crowned with their amaranth wreaths with wings of light,
Fanning those golden skies, that know no night.

# A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.[1]

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

## CHAPTER VI.

"To other regions!"
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PEDESTRES distributed his P. P. C.'s, or D. I. O.'s—I forget which—threw his knapsack over his shoulders, and then took Clavileno by the hand. On the 24th of April (1833) he turned his back on Sidmouth, making for Exeter over Aylesbere Hill. And on this elevated situation, his ignoble tongue wagged metre in the accents of Lord Byron, when he spoke of the remains of a Moorish castle in Andalusia—

"Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host."

During the last war this hill was—I fancy more than once—the scene of an encamped army: and in the days of Charles and the Roundheads, the more bloody scene of the meeting of two armies, that smiled not on each other.

The renowned and valorous Don Quixas, Quixana, Quixada, Quesada, or Quixote, sallied forth into the world in the purest spirit of philanthropy; and I doubt not but that Sir Hudibras had reasons equally honourable and satisfactory, for practising his bruised yet laurelled knight-errantry. To redress wrongs—succour the afflicted—feed the hungry—clothe the naked—cheer the sad—chastise all discourteous knights—and, exceeding all other—to fight for the fair. Laudable motives!

To the everlasting shame of Pedestres be it spoken, he had not entirely and exclusively departed his home, with such unspeakably good resolutions in his breast. He did not sufficiently consider the matter: he did not reflect that this *naughty* world is a garden of weeds, flourishing with wrongs that require sturdy eradication—that it is a tragic stage paced by the afflicted that look round them for succour—that it is inhabited by many, who daily waste under the sharp corrosion of their own gastric juice—that some of the sons of Adam, breathing a less salubrious climate, and pinched by the envious nipping frosts, have neither his virtue nor his verdant apron, to fortify themselves against such untangible enemies: he should have thought of the numerous sad who look to be cheered—it should have occurred to him, that there might exist certain discourteous knights,

[1] Continued from page 324.

who in all cases should, without the faintest tinge of mercy, be chastised with the greatest possible severity: and, in fine, he should have reflected, that there might be some unfortunate Andromeda to liberate, or peerless Dulcinea to disenchant. Then, perchance, could he have enrolled himself under the banner of "*a white wench's black eye;*" and calling on his mistress in the true essence of chivalry, rushed unconcerned into danger, or indeed death.

He had even sallied forth without being mounted; he trusted and entrusted to his own strength and resources, the safety of his body in all chances and haps, that hap might; and, therefore, by a kind of concatenation—the safety of his mind. Neither had he 'squire to share his fortunes—to back his valour—to pursue his advantages—or (if possible) to share his victories. The incomparable Clavileno was both his Sancho and his Rosinante. At the pleasing thought, Pedestres gave him a hearty squeeze with his hand. Clavileno was indeed inestimable: he was not only an agreeable companion on the way, which, as the Spaniards say, is as good as a coach; but his actual services were at every instant so felt and acknowledged, that Pedestres has often declared, with tears in his eyes, that he could, on no account, have attempted the walk without his aid.

On arriving in Exeter, Pedestres, with a glance of retrospection, recalled some of the tourist's rules and memorabilia, that should always maintain a vivid delineation on the tablets of every wanderer's brain, and which have been hinted at in the fourth chapter.

The first thing, therefore, that suggested itself to his mind, was, that it was not only useless, but extremely foolish, to make laws and regulations, if there existed afterwards no intention of putting them into practice. It was waste of time—waste of thought—and waste of labour. He accordingly summoned the first he had laid down; and which should stand, as he affirms, on the tip of every man's tongue, whenever he enters a strange and unknown place.

"*Unde derivatur nomen?*" said he to an old woman, the only person who happened to be near enough at that moment when the spirit moved him to speak.

"Ay? what, what, what——" answered she of the petticoat, stammering with sudden rage, and unable to articulate through the tremor of her fury.

"*Unde derivatur nomen*, my good woman?" said Pedestres again, quite astonished at her unaccountable paroxysm.

The mad blood rushed into her face. "None of your imperence, young man," replied she; "none of your sauce here—*Lundy, how I hate a woman!* Lundy is no name o' mine, though I have been nicknamed *Old Lundy* by some lot of mischievous knaves, as wicked as yoursel'. I'll take you down, or twenty such Jacks," she vociferated, raising a broom-stick, which she held in her hand; "*Lundy, how I hate a woman!*—why, I never heard the like o' that in my life; and may be, I had seen many a long day before *you*, and older knaves than *you* knew what it was to be imperent to honest women in this world. I'm none of your stocks and stones, to be butted and jeered at by all such comers as you—don't think it."

"My good woman, I'm sorry——"

"Don't good woman me," cried the virago, flourishing the broom-stick over her head; "don't speak to me—don't give me any more of your lingo, or I'll beat your cursed brains about the street, and call all the dogs in the parish to eat 'em, and tear the rest o' thee to pieces!"

"Indeed," said Pedestres, in a conciliatory tone of voice, "I intended only to ask you a simple question. Although I am not entirely a stranger here, still I cannot say I had ever the *honour* of meeting you before, or of ever having had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with either your true or false name. *I* knew nothing of the nick name of '*Old Lundy*'—*I* knew not even your real name, nor knew it now, (nor care to,)—how should I have been aware of offending you by a nick-name, or by words that, to your ears, sounded so like it?"

These words, instead of producing the desired effect, only seemed to make things worse.

"Hypocritical *devil!*" she cried, putting a stress on the word; "thou varlet! thou villain! thou art as false as the rest of thy sex: thou wilt come here, forsooth, with an antic face, to scoff and flout at a poor creature—call her '*Lundy*' with the very first words you speak—tell her how you hate a woman—abuse, insult, and sneer at her—and then indeed, like a true man, turn to, and tell her to her face, that there was no imperence in it! *I'll* stop your gab," she added, taking a desperate swing with the broom-stick, in order to accumulate force which she intended to hurl upon Pedestres' head, "I'll scatter your cursed brains!"

But philosophers tell us that fortune never forsakes the brave: and at that very critical moment Providence called upon a young lad who sat nursing a cat in a cottage on the other side of the way. Hearing a great altercation without, and moreover, hearing the word *Lundy* bandied about in ungenteel tones, his attention was arrested: he started from his chair, and rushed out of the cottage to the spot where we were.

"Stop, Granny!" cried the boy, seizing the old hag's uplifted arm, which was just in the act of bringing an all-levelling blow on her opponent; and to parry which, Pedestres had raised Clavileno. "Stop, Granny! 'tis against the laws to kill any body, and much more a gentleman. What's the matter, Granny?—can't 'e let people alone?—you know you are a little testy sometimes—you know——"

"Out, you imp of iniquity!" said the old woman, cutting him short, and at the same time pushing him backwards with great violence. "You must come too, like a young sprig of the old tree, to give your paltry word against me:—thou'lt be a man some o' these days, an' it please Heaven to spare thee,—I see thou wilt. Take that, and be ——"

The boy was unable to stand against the strength of her brawny and masculine arm. He fell forcibly backwards to the ground, rolling over several times without being able to recover himself, until finally he was lodged in the middle of a deep ditch of black mud. Here he floundered for a second or two, like a porpoise in the ocean; and it was not without great difficulty and exertion on his part that he at last extricated him-

self from the ditch, and, casting a disdainful look at Granny, re-entered the cottage. Several persons by this time had collected "to see the fun," as they expressed it:—some appeared to know Pedestres' fair foe; others had not the felicity of her acquaintance. The little dirty boys that composed the greater number of the rabble, cried and hooted "Old Lundy!" while some of the more elderly and sober endeavoured to pacify the anger which these shouts only served to augment. Pedestres is one of those personages who "hate greetings in the market-place;" and the appearance of affairs now had assumed such an aspect, that he began sincerely to wish he were clear of such a public greeting as he, at that moment, enjoyed. Lundy (for so I must call her) seemed to have acquired additional stoutness and assurance—not, however, that she wanted it—by her late victory over her grandson: or rather, the circumstance, trivial as it might have been to a woman of her unwomanlike habits, by favouring her with a slight taste of revenge, had heightened her thirst, and she turned towards Pedestres with the full determination of taking it to satiety. The broomstick was again uplifted on her side, and Pedestres on his had summoned his 'squire, Clavileno, to his aid, in time of such fierce and unequal battle. Clavileno would have succeeded in parrying the blow in all probability; but the un-knightlike and un-chivalrous contest was painfully grievous both to master and faithful servant. Praised be all the powers that governed this momentous affray, things did not come to such a pass:—there were stronger arms now on the battle-field than those which arrested Granny's direful aim in the first instance, and which had paid so dearly for the interference. A gallant knight, Sir Lapstone, to all appearance of outward bearing, "a mender of bad soles," had unobserved mingled in the crowd, for such it had now become, and he, seeing the hostile and deadly state of things, bravely interposed—not his lance, nor his shield, no, nor his Andrea Ferara—but with untold and untellable valour threw his whole person fairly betwixt the "wrangling queen" and the object of her boisterous wrath. What a relief to Pedestres!—he felt as if Providence had covered a check-mate that but the instant before had appeared inevitable, or as if there sat in his house of prosperity a power that had suddenly and miraculously averted the evil that was about to pounce on him, as the falcon swoops on the heron whose doom is irretrievable. The divine intelligences that presided over his safety were propitious;—Pedestres felt it; and he declares that his preservation from so imminent a danger was as deifical as the rescue of Paris on the plains of Troy, when Venus snatched him from the impending wrath of Menelaus, and conveyed him in a cloud of vapour to a place of safety. Indeed, the circumstances and manner of escape of these two heroes tally to the most minute parallel, for just at this favourable turn in the tide of affairs, a brewery window was thrown open close to the spot where Bellona had been raging, and there issued into the street such an enormous, spreading, and dense cloud of steam, that Pedestres and the whole host were entirely enveloped, so that he was alone and concealed in the midst of a multitude. Whether any kindly Venus inside the brewhouse had done this to save the object of her peculiar care from

hazard and from shame, (for Pedestres saw no reason why she should not befriend him, as well as anybody else,) and snatch him from perdition, he knew not, nor could he discover any more than Paris at the moment; but he has every reason for believing it to have been Venus and none other, for as Homer calls her "the laughter-loving dame," so at the same moment the brewery window was opened, there also burst forth a most obstreperous roar. However, there is no denying the fact that they were both preserved through the kindly favour of vast fumes of smoke. Perchance, the Trojan warrior was conveyed away through unmeasured regions of upper air by a power which he felt not, but which wafted him, like a gossamer floating in the zephyrs, without any effort on his part, to safety and to ease. Pedestres wanted no supernatural agency to waft him from the field; for as soon as he discovered himself to be out of the eye's-ken of mortality, he *felt* his way out of the cloud, and then betook himself to his *legs*, as if he had been contending on the arena of the Circus Maximus.

## CHAPTER VII.

"In aliena castra transivit; non tanquam transfuga, sed explorator."
SENECA.

It might be expected that Pedestres' ardour for etymology had been a little damped by the effects of the affair related in the last chapter: but the next morning he aroused and summoned up the man within him, and determined on making another attempt. The vessel that rides the storm is not always at the top of the wave; and the sun shines not without intermission on the same flower of the garden: even if the day be cloudless and clear, from the first warble of the lark even until the latest note of the robin, still the night advances, when a certain though a transitory gloom must rest on the hill and the valley. Pedestres, therefore, wisely resolved on thinking that his ill-fortune was not permanent, but would shortly take a different turn, as the tide of the ocean must ebb when it has attained its greatest height. For, according to the incomparable Juliet's reasoning, fortune, being fickle, can never endure long in any one pursuit, but will soon directly reverse herself, and take the very opposite and contrary course, to that which she traversed so ardently before. Wonderfully delighted and encouraged by this, Pedestres begged fortune to be fickle, and in a second attempt prosper his scrutiny into the christening of Exeter.

Julius Cæsar tells us, that this part of England, that is, Devon and Cornwall, was formerly called *Dumnonia*, or, as it has been rendered, "the county of vallies;" and a later author adds, "but now corruptedly it is named *Devonia*, or *Devonshire*, and not *Daneshire*, of the *Danes*, as some would have it."

The city, or capital, once bore the name of *Corinia*, and from this, the cathedral church was called *Ecclesia Coriniensis*. Leland and Bale further affirm that it was so designated by Corinus.

The Romans spoke of the city by the appellation of *Augusta*; but

this by itself was quite indefinite, for they applied the word to many other cities, either from the circumstance of size, wealth, or importance, or out of compliment to the emperor. But to this was attached another name, thereby making a distinction from all other cities; they added that of *Britannorum*, making *Augusta Britannorum*.

According to the authority of Geoffery, of Monmouth, the ancient Britons assumed a somewhat extensive latitude in telling of its attributes; sometimes expressing the existence of the same city in one way, and at others by another set of words, or that which was an equivalent to it; in the same manner in which a certain youthful cavalier, "sighing like furnace," spoke of his sweet lady-love—that is, her name bespoke her perfections. In the warmth of his heart he cried out, "O Clara *Cleopatro-Hello-Lucretio-Venusio-Didoneissima!*" But Exeter was only called *Penhulgoile*, which may be rendered, "The prosperous chief town in the wood," though it was sometimes known as, "The famous town on the hill," or *Pennehaltecaire*. But this name is nothing to the cavalier's.

The western Danmonii called it by three different appellations: *Pennecaire*, meaning the chief city: *Caireruth*, the red city, from the colour of the soil from which it sprung: and *Caireiske*, otherwise, the city of *Iske*, the name of the river flowing immediately under Rougemont Castle Hill.

Hoveden in his Chronicle mentions this latter name when speaking of the hostile Danes—"Anno Domini 877, exercitus Danorum, ab Wharham, nocte quadam, fœdere dirupto, ad Exeancestre diverterunt, quod Britannicè dicitur *Cairiske*."

The learned Ptolemy calls it *Isca*; while the river he calls *Isica*.

Ball, the antiquary, also expresses it as *Isca*; and the inhabitants he calls *Iscans*.

From *Isca*, (the appellation of the river, as well as *Isaca*, as Ptolemy has it,) the name easily passed by a few gradations, into Exe; that by which it is now known. The two middle letters were first transposed; the offspring of which transposition, therefore, being *Isca*: and thence, to the next metamorphose, into the word *Exa*: then, by substituting *e* for *a*, we have the modern name Exe: although it is sometimes written without the final *e*.

The Saxons altered the then acknowledged name, and by a rechristening, called the city *Monkton*. This is a barefaced onomatopeia. It bore this name more than three hundred years; when Athelstan, by a further mutation, changed it to *Esseterra*, or *Exeterra*:—that is, *Excestre*, or *Exeter*, where we at last find the city clothed in its habiliments of the latest fashion.

Let me moreover add, that it was also known as *Exancestria*, or *Exancestre*; and the river by *Excestrum*.

We are told by sages and philanthropists innumerable, whose bounty has scattered to the world many wholesome saws and salutary apothegms, that it is very naughty and unbecoming to "*call names*." Not denying the truth of this, I cannot but feel a vivid sense of remorse now rising within me, as the fruits of my recent occupation depicted on the foregoing page or two. Therefore let me weep for the past: and as I think in amity towards Exeter, that I have against her

*called names* to universal contentment, Clavileno and Pedestres will pass to something else.

As Clavileno had no *veto* to put in opposition to his master's inclination, they both in merry mood walked towards the castle, to survey and ponder over little more than a few foundations. The west gateway on the city side is the only relic that will attract the eye of a casual observer: it is the highest, most prominent, and most revealed feature now standing on the circuit of the walls, and being also a gatepost to the principal entry, is happily that object on which the first glance of the stranger must fall. The area of the castle within the walls, as given by Leland, is one hundred and one feet only, in one direction, and one hundred and nine in the other. These are small dimensions for that which has been the occupied palace of kings—the residence, as well as the fortress—and the magazine of pleasure and carousal, commingled with the magazine of war.

If a tourist in his wanderings, let him be in what part of England he may—or indeed, what part of the old world—discovers the grey towers of some ancient castle, abbey, or other venerable fabric, standing forth in all the deep hues which antiquity is so fortunate in giving —if his eye is seized on by the glow of a warm gleam of sunshine lighting up the moss-clad stones of a dilapidated turret, crowning the summit of some picturesque crag of rock—he need not ask the passer-by or the peasant who it was who built it. He need not ask a question, to the which there ever is returned the same answer. And pray, then, who built the castle of Exeter? for, according to tradition, the answer to this query will set homogeneously in reply to all interrogations of a like kind. Who built this castle? and who built that? and who built Rougemont Castle—that castle of the red soil, resting on the hill? Forsooth, Julius Cæsar—he built them all: the eternal answer to all queries—Julius Cæsar, Julius Cæsar, Julius Cæsar! And as certain and unerring as Cæsar built all castles, so sure and certain is the information respecting him that pulled them all down. And who made a ruin of Tutbury Castle? who battered Conway Castle to pieces? and who destroyèd Chepstow Castle? and who shattered fifty others? Oh! Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell! Confound Oliver Cromwell, say I! But peace be with him: let us not a second time rake his bones from their quiet grave.

Rougemont, or Rugemont Castle, was erected by Julius Cæsar, or the Romans after him. It was long the palace of the Saxon kings of Westsex, or Wessex. After them, the habitation of the Earls or Cornwall; and then of the Dukes of Exeter. In modern days its fortunes have worn a very contrasted aspect: ruin, decay, neglect, and dilapidation, have usurped the seats of royalty, splendour, revelry, and massive architecture. And for some years the site of the quondam guard-house has been occupied by the courts of justice.

There is, in the vicinity of Exeter, another vestige of antiquity, which perchance may lay claim to the honour of as early an origin as the castle. And notwithstanding Pedestres had been in the city at times during far the greater half of his life, and had frequently passed within twenty—ay, ten yards of the spot, he had never conceived the

most remote idea of the existence of any thing so attractive. It generally so happens, that when persons reside in or near, even the known and acknowledged reality of a *lion*, although it be such as may decoy thousands of the curious to the neighbourhood to examine and admire; yet, when feeling themselves as residents, they scarcely appear to consider it worth the price of a short walk, to go and see that, which others have travelled across counties for the express purpose of coming to do no more. It had, in a great degree, been Pedestres' case in this instance; but now all at once fancying himself a tourist—whose attributes, and indeed *duty*, he thought, consisted in search, inquisitiveness, and curiosity—he was led to this Danish relic, as the fruits and reward of his inquiry. It is situated in one corner of a grazed field, immediately at the back of the county gaol: and from the public road, a leap of infinitely less agility than would demand the seven-league boots of Peter Schimmel, would carry the antiquary lightly over the hedge, and set him in the centre of the circular vallum. A diametrical measurement, gave its dimensions to be thirty-eight paces, from the top of the agger on one side, to the highest ridge on the opposite. By the peasants in the surrounding cottages, it is universally called "*Danes' Castle;*" and by them it appears to be looked upon in the light of one of those evidences of remote industry, and mysterious dark ages, that will never fail to engender in minds like theirs, a species of superstition for its preservation and perpetuity.

Oh, Jonathan Oldbuck! thou pattern and model of all that is true, genuine, and specific, to form the real and perfect antiquary! Oh, wert thou but only here at this moment, standing with myself and my goodly 'squire on the ridge of this vallum, to tell us of the origin of so obscure a work—to tell us who defended within—who assailed without—who fell struggling for freedom, glory, and their country, on this side the breast-work—and how many died the death of the brave on the other! Wert thou but here now to descant and expatiate unto us with as much eloquence as thou didst to thy companion Lovel on the Kaim of Kimprunes, we were then indeed of a piece with thee. We should be enabled by the all-seeing glass of this research and scrutiny, to look clearly back into those ages of night and secrecy, during the existence of which this encampment, as well as the Kaim of Kimprunes, sprung into being. There does not reign that *indistinctness* here, of the supposed presence of which, thou wert so grievously ruffled by Lovel. All is plain, clear, manifest! On the southern side behold the *porta sinistra*, (a drain cut through the vallum to let off the rain that would settle in the basin,) oh, fear not Edie Ochiltree! fear him not! and yonder see the *porta dextra!* All is obvious—all is apparent and undeniable.

> See, Pedestres, see—
> See the huge battle moving o'er the heath:
> Their spear-heads sparkle in the glittering sun-beam
> Their rude accoutrements, and ruder selves
> March like the tumbling storm. And life or death
> Sits on the careless turning of a die!

*(To be continued.)*

## THE RETAINER'S SONG.

Fling out the old standard,
To flirt in the breeze;
No more shall be squander'd
Our moments in ease;
Bring the steed from the stable,
The sword from its nail;
And, ye that are able,
On, on with the mail:
Our foot in the stirrup,
Our hearts on the prey,
A last cup to cheer up
Our hopes, and away.

Farewell, my heart's-heart, love,
A truce to your fears;
'Tis a poor way to part, love,
With whining and tears;
If thy hopes faint and waver,
Why, get to Priest Hugh,
Let him broach in our favour
An Ave or two.
But tears are for cravens;
Then dry up thine eyes;
When I'm food for the ravens,
Time enough, love, for sighs.

Then, come, my blithe vassals,
As erst, follow me;
And we'll make his old castles
Resound with our glee;
We'll beard, spite his anger,
The lord in his hold;
And a hand-shake with danger
Shall win us his gold;
We'll kiss his old lady,
If better we lack;
And at morrow be ready
To trace our way back.
Then, foot in the stirrup,
Our heart's on the prey,
A last cup to cheer up
Our hopes and away.

J.

# DE L'ALLEMAGNE.[1]

PAR MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR C. M. FRIEDLAENDER,

MEMBRE CORRESPONDANT DE L'INSTITUT HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE, ETC. ETC.

## CHAPITRE IV.

### M. M. Goerres et Baader.

#### Et leur Mysticisme.

Il est évident que le mysticisme, quelque part qu'on le rencontre, quelque forme qu'il revête, laissera toujours entrevoir, malgré toute son habileté à la dissimuler, une teinte plus ou moins foncée de mystification et façonnée en système aujourd'hui, usurpant le titre sacré de science ou de doctrine: il a paru en Allemagne et en Angleterre, à l'ombre de la religion, et ainsi protégé, il a grandi. Mais quelle peut être la mission du mysticisme? quelle influence dans l'avenir doit-il exercer? Sa mission, c'est de détourner l'esprit humain de la réforme religieuse de Luther et de ses successeurs: par son influence le Christianisme se précipitera de nouveau dans le chaos des images, des symboles et entouré d'un cortège aussi absurde, il n'aura rien à envier aux fables du paganisme dont il aura copié les mythes. Le mysticisme est un dogme, si l'on peut appeler dogme ce qui n'a pas pour base un principe raisonnable, qui abuse de la société et de la religion en les jetant l'une et l'autre dans un cercle d'erreurs métaphysiques, au milieu duquel elles doivent se mouvoir, sans jamais atteindre de but, sans jamais toucher au terme de leurs efforts inutiles. Loin de nous cependant l'intention maladroite de décrier les hautes capacités de M. Goerres et du fondateur de son école, Jacques Boehme, quoique le doute soit bien permis sur les visions du premier. Mais quand même nous consentirions à admettre que M. Goerres dans les revers d'une vie toute pleine d'orages, aurait appris ce qui fut révélé à Jacques Boehme gardant les troupeaux de son père, nous serions toujours d'avis que ces visions, si visions il y a eu, ne peuvent se transformer en système. S'il en était autrement, ne serait-ce pas consacrer l'absurde, et prononcer la destruction la plus complète de l'esprit humain; ne serait-ce pas renverser d'une main sacrilège, la réforme du seizième siècle, et oublier par une lâche ingratitude les bienfaits de Luther, que de confondre de nouveau de ridicules miracles avec les sentimens d'une religion toute riche de sa pureté et de sa forme simple?

Et cependant qui oserait dire que le mysticisme ne tend pas à opérer ce malheureux résultat. Il entraîne dans les réseaux d'un langage symbolique dont les moindres nuances sont souvent calculées, les esprits disposés à recevoir facilement des impressions, il les éloigne de la voie de la raison et de la religion pour les lancer dans les espaces incommensurables, qu'une imagination désordonnée seule peut choisir pour son domaine.

Si Jeanne d'Arc cette pieuse bergère qui dans le silence de la solitude, non moins que dans les sublimes profondeurs d'une foi vive

[1] Continued from p. 310.

et sincère, s'est prise à se laisser aller de rêve en rêve, si par la force de sa croyance, elle est parvenue à accomplir des destinées qui nous frappent encore d'étonnement, ce merveilleux épisode de l'histoire d'un grand peuple peut-il se transformer en système, devenir une école, et cette puissance de foi, de méditations, de l'illustre héroine née aux champs incultes de Vaucouleurs, serait-elle une propriété qu'elle pourrait transmettre à des disciples comme le manteau mystérieux d' Eli le prophète ? Jeanne d'Arc est un caractère à part, une nature exceptionnelle, une figure historique qui ne s'est modelée à aucune école, qu'aucune école n'aurait pu modeler ; de pareilles organisations ne peuvent pas former les autres à leur image, et celui qui tenterait de les imiter ne serait qu'un fou ou un imposteur.

Du mysticisme à la superstition il n'y a qu'un pas, et la superstition, on la reconnaîtra sans peine : n'est-elle pas contraire à toute croyance vraiment religieuse, contraire surtout à la réforme du catholicisme, qui pour se rendre inaccessible s'est entouré de formes mystiques, de symboles et d'images afin de mieux cacher sous les voiles nombreux d'oripeaux métaphysiques la majestueuse figure de Dieu et la dérober à notre esprit, à la raison, pour mieux soumettre le monde chrétien à la volonté du saint siège, aux caprices et à l'intérêt sordide de sa phalange ecclésiastique qui interprète Dieu et le ciel, comme les chambellans, les valets et les femmes dépravées de St. Pétersbourg dirigent les audiences des empereurs de Russie.

Jean Joseph Goerres né à Coblentz le 25 Janvier 1776, est un homme de circonstance. Après avoir essayé en vain d'exploiter plusieurs entreprises, après avoir parcouru bien des carrières, il se voua à Dieu, sans doute parce qu'il crut n'avoir plus rien à espérer des hommes. Comme rédacteur de journaux politiques et littéraires, il se montra très libéral, même trop libéral pour l'époque et le pays où il vivait ; aussi ess publications périodiques furent elles persécutés et supprimées. Plusieurs ouvrages scientifiques et politiques, ont révélé la grande portée de son intelligence et de son érudition. Lorsqu'il écrivit son livre, *Les visions et rélations avec l'église de Emanuel Swedenborg*, Emanuel Swedenborg, seme Visionen und sein Verhältniss Zur Kirche, Strasburg 1827, le roi de Bavière l'appela à Munich en qualité de professeur de littérature générale, et c'est là qu'il travailla de concert avec le philosophe Schelling et M. Baader à ranimer l'esprit religieux du moyen age, pour rappeler, s'il est possible, cette époque solennelle des persécutions et des meurtres commis au nom de Dieu : c'est là qu'il évoque, dans son admiration pour les siècles passés, les vieux systèmes politiques auxquels il paraît attacher, quoique l'opinion ait prononcé en dernier appel, la planche de salut qui doit sauver la société du naufrage : et c'est à ces sources que M. St. Marc est allé puiser les preuves qui l'ont amené à se réconcilier avec le catholicisme ante-Luthérien.

Le talent mystique de M. Goerres est fort brillant. C'est une justice à lui rendre. La forme de son style est séduisante, il entraîne facilement par la poésie dont il colore habilement ses images, le tour de sa phrase ne manque ni d'une certaine fraicheur, ni d'une certaine vivacité, il déguise avec tant d'habileté la nature intime de sa philosophie, qu' à Munich, on se met déjà à genoux devant le portrait du roi Louis, pour implorer sa grâce, et l'on oublie que c'est à une

image insensible que l'on s'adresse. Aussi Munich n'est plus aujourd'hui qu'un immense couvent, gouverné par le triumvirat de MM. Schelling le philosophe converti, de J. J. Goerres l'homme aux essais, et de François Xavier Baader né à Munich en 1765, et professeur à l'université philosophico-papale de la capitale de la Bavière. Baader dans ses égaremens fait preuve d'une sagacité rare. Vrai représentant du *Philosophus Teutonicus* Boehme, il embrassa le mysticisme avec chaleur, et sous le titre *de philosophie* il cherche à propager cette doctrine. Au reste on a tant abusé de ce titre sacré, il est devenu si contradictoire qu'il ne faudrait pas trop s'étonner si bientôt l'on effaçait les inscriptions des maisons de fous, que l'on désignerait à l'avenir sous le nom, *d'institutions philosophiques.*

Que les défenseurs du catholicisme, fassent usage du mysticisme, on le conçoit sans peine, c'est pour eux un échaffaudage puissant, sans lequel leur autorité s'affaisserait, mais qu'il serve d'appui aux réformés ! qu'il entre dans la réforme de Luther comme un système, comme partie intégrante du dogme ! il y aurait folie à le croire, faiblesse à ne pas s'élever contre la tendance ridiculement prétentieuse de cet écho religieux, sonore il est vrai, riche dans sa forme, mais vide de raison et arrivant à l'humanité de notre époque comme une injure au bon sens et une fausse interprétation de la destinée de l'homme sur la terre.

Le protestantisme de Luther a renversé la toute puissance ecclésiastique dont Rome était le siège ; il a brisé les chaînes d'un pouvoir mondain caché sous des auspices spirituels ; il a délivré une partie des peuples de l'Europe de la confession et il a sauvé la religion de toutes les dépravations auxquelles elle était exposée, parcequ'il a renversé, en parti au moins, le mysticisme, cette fausse direction de l'esprit humain. Le protestantisme est devenu une religion basée sur la raison ; il a d'abord exercé son influence salutaire sur la pureté des mœurs tout en rétablissant l'indépendance des nations Germaniques qui gémissaient sous le joug du Saint-siège ; et la religion est devenue une vérité par la raison. Et cette raison a repoussé les ornemens ridicules ou mensongers, les formes éblouissantes, les intrigues du conclave, et l'avidité et la corruption des couvens ; il a repoussé ausis le livre des taxes, imprimé par ordre de la cour de Rome, livre où se trouve entre autres la phrase suivante : *ayez soin d'observer que les grâces et les dispenses ne s'accordent poin aux pauvres, parcequ'ils ne peuvent pas payer. C'est pourquoi on ne peut les consoler. (Et nota diligenter, quod ejus modi gratiæ et dispensationes non conceduntur pauperibus, quia non sunt (soluturi), ideo non possunt consolari.** La réforme a établi un culte plus sage, plus pure et plus humain. Gardez-vous donc de retomber dans le mysticisme : c'est le tourbillon qui entraînerait immanquablement vers l'idolatrie, qui dénaturerait la raison et marcherait par conséquent contre le salut du protestantisme.

Et cependant, nous voyons beaucoup de protestans en Angleterre se jeter tête perdue, dans le mysticisme ; suivre les visions de Boehme, que la fanatique *Jeanne Leade* a transformé en école, en formant en 1697, sa société de Philadelphistes. Malgré l'évidence en dépit de la vérité, nous voyons des protestans en Allemagne prendre cette direc-

* Taxa Cancellariæ Apostolicæ, fol. 142, edit, 1553.

tion si vicieuse notamment depuis le retour du roi de Prusse du Congrès de Vérone, direction qui a forcé le monarque à se défendre de l'inculpation de s'être fait catholique.

Le protestantisme a pendu à la société les bonnes mœurs, a rétabli les rélations de la famille et de l'état, enfin l'esprit de la civilisation, qui n'aurait pu se faire jour aussi long temps que le mysticisme religieux abaissant le foible l'aveuglait tandis qu'il fortifiait le pouvoir exorbitant du chef de l'église catholique : foulant aux pieds l'histoire du passé, les réformés se détachent de leurs familles, pour suivre non pas la religion sage du protestantisme, mais bien une religion chargée, de symboles, et d'images. Séduits par une religion mystique en opposition avec les sentimens que Dieu a déposés en nous et qui sont ceux de l'amour chrétien, nous voyons les réformés se séparer de la société, mépriser les dons les plus précieux de la nature, pour suivre à travers tous les égaremens de l'esprit humain, une religion qui conduit à la superstition et au fanatisme ; nous les voyons dis-je en opposition avec la civilisation qui exige un rapprochement social, se déliant de leurs semblables et s'abandonner à une imagination, préoccupée de quoi ! du mysticisme qui détourne l'homme de ses rapports directs avec Dieu, en le jettant dans les miracles, dans un chaos d'idées confuses.

En Allemagne on profite des dispositions poétiques de la jeunesse pour l'entraîner vers une religion visionnaire, afin de préoccuper son esprit, dompter l'ardeur de son développement intellectuel ; on transforme les églises en chaires de philosophie, et les universités en couvents. Ceci entre parfaitement dans le plan politique des princes qui gouvernent l'Allemagne et s'accorde on ne peut mieux avec leur faire politique ; car tout y est *mystère, mystification, mysticisme !* Mais l'Angleterre gouvernée par une constitution ; l'Angleterre qui met de la franchise et de la justice dans ses actes, l'Angleterre devait repousser ces calculs honteux qui se jouent de l'idée sacrée de Dieu, comme ils se jouent des droits du citoyen. C'est elle qui seule en Europe pourrait se glorifier du titre de *pays protestant*, si elle n'était encombrée de sectaires qui détruisent la société Anglaise et la perdent par la religion, comme on divise et perd l'Allemagne par la politique. En Allemagne la politique s'est transformée en religion ; en Angleterre la religion est devenue politique et on s'arme contre elle pour la combattre, tout comme on combattrait un système politique. A qui donc la faute ? Aux sectaires qui ont affaiblie sa force, en se détachant du grand corps, en méconnaissant l'esprit de l'unité, en marchant drapeau déployé contre la raison, puissante garantie à opposer à la corruption et à la désunion de la société. Or donc, tandis qu'en Allemagne le mysticisme a fortifié les intérêts des gouvernemens, le mysticisme en Angleterre les a affaiblis ; mais en Allemagne les rapports de l'église et de la cour sont directs, tandis qu'en Angleterre, la constitution se trouvant entre les deux, la religion avait besoin de se consolider par l'union.

En Angleterre le mysticisme a pris un caractère purement religieux, il pouvait dégénérer plus facilement qu'en Allemagne, où il est présenté sous un forme philosophique ; cette dernière forme est au demeurant aussi dangereuse pour la société Allemande que la forme

religieuse peut l'être pour la société Anglaise, et nous recommandons à M. Saint-Marc Girardin d'avoir un peu moins d'enthousiasme pour Munich, pour MM. Goerres et Baader, et qu'il se garde bien de donner à la jeunesse de France des leçons entremêlées de symboles, d'allégories, et surtout d'interprétations philosophiques, que Grégoire VII. et Bossuet n'ont jamais vus dans le Catholicisme.

Le mysticisme est dans les mêmes rapports avec la religion, que le mensonge avec la vérité. Flexible et séduisant comme le vice, il emploie, comme lui, des détours et cache sous le masque et trompe adroitement l'humanité qui dans sa confiance n'aperçoit pas le piège qu'on lui tend; tandis que la religion, fille de la vérité, se montre dans toute sa simplicité, telle qu'elle est sans déguisement aucun, sans arrière pensée et surtout sans cet esprit dominateur qui dirige notre attention vers le ciel, pour détourner nos regards de l'abîme que le mysticisme creuse sous nos pieds, pendant qu'il nous occupe de Dieu.

Goëthe dans son admirable ouvrage *De Faust*, place le mysticisme à l'endroit où il doit se trouver (scène du laboratoire de la sorcière: Hexenküche) et parle avec toute la sagacité et le mordant que nous lui connaissons. Je ne puis m'empêcher de citer ici un petit fragment qui se rattache à l'idée principale de ce chapitre.

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*Faust et Mephistopheles* (le philosophe mystique) se trouvent dans le cercle magique.

La sorcière commence à lire avec beaucoup d'emphase dans son livre.

Tu dois comprendre,
A faire dix d'un,
Et laisser deux,
A rendre pair trois,
Alors tu es riche.
Perdre quatre,
De cinq et six,
Ainsi dit la sorcière,
Fait sept et huit;
C'est exécuté alors:
Et neuf est un,
Et dix n'est rien.
Voila l'arithmétique des sorcières.

Du musst verstehn!
Aus Eins mach' Zehn,
Und Zwei lass gehn
Und drei mach gleich
So bist du reich,
Verlier die Vier,
Aus Fünf und Sechs
Se sagt die Hex',
Mach sieben und Acht,
So ist's vollbracht:
Und Neun ist Eins,
Und Zehn ist Keins,
Das ist das Hexen-Einmal-Eins!

*Faust.*

Il me semble que la vieille est en délire.

*Faust.*

Mich dünkt, die Alte Spricht im Tieber.

*Mephistopheles*

Ce n'est pas tout encore,
Je le sais, son livre ne contient rien autre!
Combien de temps n'ai-je pas perdu avec lui,
Car une véritable contradiction
Reste également énigmatique pour les sages comme pour les fous.
Mon ami, cet art est vieux et neuf.

*Mephistopheles.*

Das ist noch lange nicht vorüber,
Ich kenn'es wohl, so klingt das ganze Buch!
Ich habe manche Zeil damit verloren,
Denn ein vollkommner Widerspruch
Bleibt gleich geheimnissvoll für Kluge wie für Thoren!
Mein Freund, die Kunst ist alt und neu.

Ainsi fut de tous les temps,
De répandre par trois en un, et un en trois,
Des erreurs pour la vérité.
C'est ainsi qu'on bavarde, et que l'on enseigne sans empêchement:
Qui donc s'occuperait des fous?
L'homme croit ordinairement, en n'entendant que des paroles,
Qu'il doit pouvoir y trouver des pensées.

Er war die Art zu allen Zeiten,
Durch Drei und Eins, und Eins und Drei
Irrthum statt Wahrheit zu verbreiten.
So schwätzt und lehrt man ungestört;
Wer will sich mit den Narr'n befassen?
Gewöhnlich glaubt der Mensch, wenn er nur Worte hört,
Er müsse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen.

*La Sorcière continue.*

La haute puissance
De la science
Est cachée au monde entier!
Et qui jamais pense
On la lui donne,
Il l'a par l'insouciance.

*Die Hexe fährt fort.*

Die hohe Kraft
Der Wissenschaft,
Der ganzen Welt verborgen!
Und wer nicht denkt,
Dem wird sie geschenkt,
Er hat sie ohne Sorgen.

Il nous semble superflu d'étendre d'avantage nos observations sur un objet, dont la nature est assez clairement démontrée dans l'exposé rapide que nous venons de faire, nous pouvons donc continuer la marche que nous nous sommes proposée de suivre et reprendre l'examen des auteurs étrangers sur l'Allemagne et sa littérature.

## CHAPITRE V.

### MM. Benjamin Constant,* Ampere,† Lerminiers.‡

Nous avons réuni en ce seul chapitre trois différens auteurs et trois écrits différens pour ne pas trop étendre l'examen des productions Françaises et abuser de la patience des lecteurs; nous terminerons par cette revue la série des auteurs Français.

Parmi les écrivains modernes qui ont jeté de l'éclat sur la littérature politique, qui ont combattu dans les rangs des constitutionnels avec une persévérance vraiment rare et qui ont su répandre en même temps des lumières sur la littérature étrangère, M. Benjamin Constant mérite d'occuper le premier rang. Orateur distingué, et jurisconsulte habile, il cultivait les lettres avec ardeur et se montrait presque toujours penseur profond et homme de goût. Jeune encore, le feu sacré qui brillait dans ses discours le fit remarquer, et ne manqua pas d'irriter contre lui l'esprit susceptible du premier consul. Il dût s'éloigner de Paris. Partageant ainsi le sort de Madame de Staël, il s'associa plus intimement à elle, et ils parcoururent ensemble divers pays, les yeux et les cœurs tournés vers cette belle France, vers ce paradis terrestre d'où l'ange flamboyant les avait chassés, pour avoir témérairement touché au fruit défendu. Quand ils se séparèrent, M. Benjamin Constant se rendit à Göttingue, pour s'y familiariser davan-

* Mélanges de littérature et de politique.
† Littérature et voyages.
‡ Au de là du Rhin.

tage avec la littérature Allemande, qu'il avait déjà cultivée lorsqu'il fesait ses études à Brunswick. Son voyage avec son illustre compatriote et son séjour à la cour de Brunswick, paraissent cependant avoir frappé d'une indulgence coupable l'imagination de M. Benjamin Constant ; car que penser de ce ferme et loyal défenseur du droit public et de la liberté constitutionnelle, qui s'exprime en ces termes sur l'Allemagne et la liberté des Allemands.

" De cela seul que trente millions de sujets se trouvent répartis sous un assez grand nombre de princes indépendans les uns des autres, et dont l'autorité sans bornes, en apparence, était limitée de fait par la petitesse de leurs possessions, il résulte pour ces trentes millions d'hommes une existence ordinairement paisible, une assez grande sécurité, une liberté d'opinion presque complète, et la possibilité, pour le parti éclairé de cette société de se livrer à la culture des lettres, au perfectionnement des arts, à la recherche de la vérité."

Nous ne savons en effet si M. Benjamin Constant admirateur sans bornes du talent de Madame de Staël, s'est tellement laissé intimider, qu'il n'osait la contredire ; ou s'il craignait se contredire lui-même dans les éloges dont il a comblé sa compatriote ; mais toujours est-il vrai que nous pouvons pardonner à Madame de Staël, qui écrivait sous l'inspiration de son ami M. de Schlegel ; ce que nous ne saurons pardonner à M. Benjamin Constant, homme clairvoyant et plein de justesse, apte à juger par lui même, sans préoccupation aucune, comme il convient à son caractère et à sa carrière politique.

Nous avons donc d'abord à remarquer que l'indépendance des princes Allemands dont nous parle M. Benjamin Constant est aujourd'hui une véritable dérision, et même l'était déjà à l'époque où il écrivait son article. Tout petit état, associé à un grand, ne saurait être indépendant et doit infailliblement suivre les intérêts d'une puissance plus étendue que la sienne. Son exiguité le placera toujours vis-à-vis de son associé dans une position inférieure et gênante, telle que se trouve un pauvre vis-à-vis de son protecteur. Ce n'est donc ici qu'une flatterie assez maladroite, dictée par trop de délicatesse, par trop d'égards pour la cour de Brunswick, et digne d'un courtisan, mais indigne de l'homme indépendant, indigne de M. Benjamin Constant. Si nous poursuivons l'examen de la phrase nous y trouvons encore une contradiction assez frappante ; car nous ne saurions concilier cette indépendance des princes avec l'autorité sans bornes en apparence, et limitée de fait par l'exiguité des possessions. De deux choses l'une : où il y a indépendance, et alors une autorité sans bornes, qui n'a pas de grande étendue par la seule raison que les possessions sont petites : ou il y a une autorité en apparence et point d'indépendance. Le pact fédéral de l'Allemagne est là, nous croyons donc pouvoir nous dispenser de toute explication relativement aux princes de la confédération Germanique ; leur dépendance est assez évidente. Mais quand même nous admettrions cette partie de la phrase si singulière de M. Benjamin Constant, il nous serait toujours difficile, je dirai même impossible de conclure qu'il en résulte pour les trente millions d'habitans : *une grande sécurité, une liberté d'opinion presque complète et la possibilité de rechercher la vérité.*

L'Allemagne n'offre aucune sécurité, car elle est à la merci de

quelques hommes qui la gouvernent selon leur bon plaisir, leurs caprices, leur entêtement; la dénonciation d'un agent de police zélé prive le citoyen de sa liberté et quelques fois, même de tous les moyens de défense, car il ne saurait recourir à aucune publicité; les tribunaux jugent à chambre close, et les journaux obéissent à la rigueur d'une censure extraordinairement sévère. La liberté d'opinion dans un pays, où l'on n'a d'autre liberté que d'obéir avenglément et de payer sa cotisation au trésor, parait donc passablement dérisoire. Quant à la recherche de la vérité, elle peut se faire à *Spielberg, Glatz, Glogau, Spandau,* etc. Les élèves du professeur Gall peuvent s'y rendre pour y étudier les protubérances de la vérité et de l'indépendance, mais on chercherait en vain de la trouver ailleurs, et surtout de la trouver en sécurité. Nous ne pouvions passer sous silence une assertion si contraire à la vérité, si contraire aux lois et aux règlemens qui régissent l'Allemagne, une phrase de cette portée écrite par M. Benjamin Constant.

Examinons maintenant la partie de lettre de l'article, du Wallenstein Allemand, par Schiller, transformé en Wallenstein Français, par M. Benjamin Constant; nous verrons si les excuses adressées à la littérature Allemande et les explications données à la littérature Française seront de nature à nous satisfaire.

Mr. Benjamin Constant convient que les Français ne peignent dans leurs tragédies, qui sont fondées sur la tradition et sur l'histoire, qu'un fait ou une passion; les Allemands dans les leurs, peignent une vie entière et un caractère entier. C'est-à-dire qu'ils n'omettent aucun évènement important, pour donner au caractère de leurs personnages toute leur individualité. L'isolement dans lequel le système Français présente le fait qui forme le sujet et la passion qui est le mobile de chaque tragédie, paraît cependant à M. Benjamin Constant avoir d'incontestables avantages. Nous en conviendrions, sans difficultés, s'il nous était permis d'ajouter, que ces avantages doivent être individuellement appliqués aux Français, qui connaissent mieux l'histoire des passions que la passion de l'histoire; ils perdraient certainement par le système Allemand qui suppose des connaissances, la puissance des allusions aux évènemens et les beautés des détails qui se rapportent à l'histoire.

Tout en défendant les avantages du système Français, M. Benjamin Constant, est conduit, quoique sous un autre point de vue, à se rallier à nous, et convenir que ce système est la suite de l'ignorance du public contre lequel le tragédien Français craint de heurter. L'auteur des *Templiers,* dit-il, a dû ajouter à son ouvrage des notes explicatives, tandis que *Schiller,* dans sa *Jeanne D'Arc,* sujet Français, qu'il présentait au public Allemand, était sûr de rencontrer dans ses auditeurs assez de connaissances pour le dispenser de tout commentaire." La scène n'est point faite pour y étudier l'histoire, mais bien pour nous la rappeler, pour nous exposer un tableau vivant qui raffraichît notre mémoire, qui nous représente enfin d'anciennes connaissances, un tableau mis en action. Mais il est donc indispensable, pour saisir les détails de l'action, d'avoir préalablement des notions de l'histoire. Toute la différence entre le système Allemand et le système Français se résumerait alors par l'instruction d'un côté et l'ignorance de

l'autre, et les avantages restent incontestablement du côté du système Allemand qui peut se hasarder à peindre et les passions et l'histoire, tandis que le système Français doit se borner aux passions. C'est là, aussi, où nous devons chercher les égaremens de la nouvelle école, qui croit que pour frapper juste, il faut frapper fort; ces égaremens du goût qui ont remplacé, par des passions outrées, passions qui ne laissent à l'imagination qu'un souvenir d'horreur, cette poésie simple et entraînante qui jette tant de calme, et tant de dignité dans nos âmes et civilisent en adoucissant nos haines.

Une autre preuve qui se rapporte aux connaissances historiques des Allemands et aux avantages du système Allemand, nous est fournie par la *trilogie de Wallenstein*, M. Benjamin Constant toujours préoccupé et engoué du système Français, s'étonne que les Allemands tâtèrent tantôt une pièce sans action: *Le camp de Wallenstein;* tantôt une pièce sans dénouement: *Les Piccolomini;* tantôt un dénouement sans exposition: *La mort de Wallenstein.*

Connaissant l'action et le dénouement des évènemens qui se rapportent à la guerre de trente ans, les Allemands admirent dans le camp de Wallenstein, ce tableau d'après nature de la vie militaire de l'époque, tableau retracé avec toute l'habileté de l'artiste et la vérité de l'historien; ils admirent les passions naissantes et l'orage qui paraît se rapprocher pour éclater sur la tête du héros dans *les Piccolomini;* et la destinée fatale comme dénouement dans *La mort de Wallenstein.*

" En me condamnant à respecter toutes les règles de notre théâtre —dit M. Benjamin Constant—j'avais détruit, de plusieurs manières l'effet dramatique." Sans doute. Wallenstein n'étant qu'un homme de destin, un homme de circonstance poussé aux derniers exces d'un esprit indomptable, par une ambition sans bornes, qui le dévorait sans cesse; un homme sans grandeur, enfin un guerrier valeureux, avide de gloire et de puissance, comment pouvait-il nous intéresser, détaché des accessoires qui seuls lui donnent un caractère dramatique? Or donc en réduisant le personnel de quarante huit acteurs à douze, comme dans la pièce française, l'effet principal, le grand mouvement qui s'opère autour de lui disparait, et il ne reste de Wallenstein que des passions isolées, privées du véritable effet dramatique. Par égard pour les susceptibilités contemporaines, M. Benjamin Constant a cru devoir supprimer ce penchant pour l'astrologie de Wallenstein, que Schiller a si bien mis en action, en l'exposant dans un triste récit sans action; parceque l'on n'envisage guères en France la superstition, que sous un côté ridicule. Les restrictions de la scène Française aux quelles M. Benjamin Constant s'est soumis tout en regrettant le crime qu'il commettait envers Schiller, et le déguisement qu'il a du prêter à la peinture du moyen age exposé dans cette trilogie, ont fait connaître aux Français une pièce nouvelle, sans caractère historique et sans action dramatique, une pièce enfin qui ne pouvait leur donner aucune idée de l'art dramatique des Allemands.

Nous ne saurions donc nous contenter des excuses de M. Benjamin Constant, car toute défiguration est inexcusable. Nous aurions préféré une traduction fidèle de la pièce, convaincu qu'elle eût été la plus parfaite possible, puisque M. Benjamin Constant connaissait à fond l'Allemand et écrivait le Français avec pureté et élégance. L'article

qui sert de commentaire à son imitation aurait également pu servir de préface et les Français y eurent gagné en informations littéraires, sans que les Allemands eussent eu à regretter de voir leur Wallenstein, modelé à la Française, agir sur la scène Française, non pas comme il agissait pendant sa vie, mais bien comme les règles de leur système dramatique exigent qu'il agisse.

Ecoutons une autre accusation non moins accablante que les autres, que M. Benjamin Constant nous confesse avec autant de franchise que de regrets; nous disons pas moins accablantes car il a dû transformer l'idéal d'une femme Allemande, en une femme telle que nous les rencontrons par milliers dans la vie réelle, privée de cette élévation poétique que Schiller a su créer avec tant de charmes.

" Mon respect pour nos habitudes et nos mœurs, dit-il, m'avait fait commettre une erreur plus grave encore. Le caractère de Thecla, fille de Wallenstein, excite en Allemagne un enthousiasme universel; et il est difficile de lire l'ouvrage de Schiller, dans sa langue originale, sans partager cet enthousiasme; mais j'avais craint qu'en France ce caractère n'obtint pas l'approbation du public. L'admiration dont-il est l'objet chez les Allemands tient à leur manière de considérer l'amour, et cette manière est très différente de la nôtre. Nous n'envisageons l'amour que comme une passion de la même nature que toutes les passions humaines c'est-à-dire ayant pour effet d'égarer notre raison, ayant pour but de nous procurer des puissances. Les Allemands voient dans l'amour quelque chose de religieux, de sacré, une émanation de la divinité même, un accomplissement de la destinée de l'homme sur cette terre, un lien mystérieux et tout-puissant entre deux âmes qui ne peuvent exister que l'une pour l'autre. Sous le premier point de vue, l'amour est commun à l'homme et aux animaux; sous le second à l'homme et à Dieu."

Je suis peiné de devoir répéter le compliment que M. Benjamin Constant adresse ici aux Français; mais toute dure qu'elle est, cette vérité est incontestable et caractérise de la manière la plus frappante la différence de sentir et d'interpréter les sentimens, qui distingue les Allemands des Français. L'amour chez les Français est dépourvu de poésie; c'est une passion convulsive, un délire, une rage, un instinct, un sentiment enfin qui est commun à *l'homme et aux animaux.* L'amour chez les Allemands élève l'âme et opère souvent un changement complet de l'homme; le monde palpable disparaît devant cet amour; les Allemands ne vivent plus qu'en lui, par lui et pour lui, leur amour devient tout pour eux, et ils sont tout amour, c'est un sentiment que *l'homme partage* avec Dieu. Eh bien, et cette création Allemande si pure, si noble, si franche, si divine de Thecla? M. Benjamin Constant en a fait une Française aux passions violentes pour ne pas manquer aux règles et aux sentimens des Français.

" Plus prévoyant, ou plus hardi," j'aurais, dit-il, " évité la plupart des fautes que je viens d'indiquer dans mon propre ouvrage. J'aurais dû pressentir qu'une révolution politique entraînerait une révolution littéraire." M. Benjamin Constant s'est montré peu prévoyant, mais d'autant plus hardi; car il me semble qu'il faut bien plus de courage pour massacrer une œuvre telle que Wallenstein, que pour la présenter au public tel qu'il est, avec ses conceptions étranges mais originales, et portant le cachet d'une école plus large et plus élevée.

Quant à la révolution littéraire qui s'est opérée en France, elle ressemble malheureusement comme deux gouttes d'eau à la révolution politique de 1793. La guillotine littéraire ne se contente pas d'abattre les anciennes règles et les formes absurdes et rétrécies dont il fallait s'affranchir; mais elle engloutit par ses passions démesurées et sanguinaires, la vérité, la vraisemblance, la nature, afin de provoquer des émotions accablantes qui sont aussi dramatiques que le spectacle hideux sous lequel gémissait la France à la mémorable époque de sa rénovation.

Les révolutions font naître de grandes passions, comme souvent les passions font naître de grandes révolutions, mais il n'y a que le calme et la réflexion qui, succédant aux commotions violentes, projettent la lumière douce et brillante d'un avenir heureux. Les passions sont là, la révolution les a fait naître; mais il faut à la France littéraire encore cinquante ans de lutte pour pouvoir fixer cet avenir calme et réfléchi qui éclairera sans incendier. Il nous reste encore quelques mots à dire sur les ouvrages de M. M. Ampère et Lerminier.

*La critique est aisée et l'art est difficile.*

Monsieur J. J. Ampère n'est pas de cet avis et il a parfaitement raison: "Ni l'art ni la critique sont aisées, la perfection de l'une est au moins aussi rare que la perfection de l'autre; je crois même qu'il y a dans le monde plus de grands artistes que de grands critiques. C'est qu'un critique, pour être parfait devait avoir l'âme d'un poète et la pensée d'un philosophe." La tâche que nous nous sommes imposée devient donc d'autant plus difficile, que nous partageons entièrement cette opinion aussi judicieuse que vraie; elle est scabreuse surtout vis-à-vis des personnes pour lesquelles nous professons ce respect qu' impose l'érudition, et serait scabreuse encore quand même nous nous sentions l'âme d'un poéte et la pensée d'un philosophe.

M. J. J. Ampère nous est connu depuis long temps aussi bien par son ardeur pour les lettres, que par l'étendue de ses connaissances; il nous est connu comme un homme qui réunit à l'érudition Allemande, l'élégance et la facilité Française. Ses constantes recherches et sa persévérance lui ont valu des richesses que l'on ne trouve rarement si harmonieusement associé que chez lui, et cet homme si érudit, poète et philosophe à la fois, ne nous a enrichis que d'un ouvrage dont un volume consacré à la littérature du nord ressemble à tous ces voyages lettrés dont l'Angleterre est encombrée et qui n'ont jamais été d'une grande valeur pour la littérature, mais toute difficile qu'elle est, cette tâche nous la remplirons de notre mieux.

Notre but n'est pas seulement de faire un livre, mais bien de faire un livre utile. Il ne s'agit ni des notices détachées, ni d'esquisses à moitié achevées; nous exposerons la marche de la littérature Allemande dans son ensemble, but qui reste encore à remplir et dont la nécessité se fait sentir aujourd'hui plus que jamais. Les mélanges et les notices littéraires recueillies çà et là par les étrangers dépendent, le plus souvent, de la société que l'on a fréquentée, des premières impressions que l'on a éprouvées, des circonstances dans lesquelles le hazard ou l'intérêt ont placé le voyageur; et tout observateur qu'il soit, tout grand et puissant que puisse être sa perpicacité, il n'est pas donné à

l'étranger de pénétrer dans sa marche rapide les intentions des personnes qui l'entourent et auxquelles il s'abandonne le plus souvent. M. Ampère connaissant et la littérature Allemande et la littérature Scandinave, ne peut être compris dans le nombre de ces hommes superficiels. Nous lui reprochons seulement d'avoir parcouru si lestement l'Allemagne dans son livre pour nous gratifier d'un faible aperçu des productions Danoises.

Après un discours sur l'histoire de la poésie, prononcé à l'Athénée de Marseille en 1830, discours brillant et propre à répondre aux circonstances pour lesquelles il a été fait, nous voyons M. Ampère partir de Berlin pour Copenhague, sans que nous l'ayons vu ni arriver, ni séjourner dans cette capitale de Prusse, qui nous paraît aussi remarquable comme but de voyage que comme ville littéraire. La Norwège et la Suède occupent le reste du livre. Ce ne sont cependant que des impressions qu'éprouve l'âme du poète, quand il la promène par un beau clair de lune le long d'un fleuve. Les notices sur *Oelenschläger* (que M. Ampère fait prononcer dans une note : *Eulenchléger*, de crainte que ce nom si difficile à prononcer ne soit un obstacle à sa gloire en France,) et sur de *Holberg*, le Molière du nord, renferment la partie la plus curieuse si non la plus neuve du livre ; elle jette quelques lumières, il est vrai, sur des productions littéraires ignorées par les Français, mais tellement familières en Allemagne qu'on ne saurait presque plus les séparer de la littérature de ce pays, à laquelle M. Ampère aurait du consacrer quelques momens de plus tout en persistant dans sa prédilection pour la littérature Scandinave à laquelle *M. Hoering* par son ouvrage : *Reise durch Scandinavien*, avait peutêtre donné une plus grande impulsion.

M. Ampère, écrivain supérieur au grand nombre des illustrations à l'ordre du jour, s'est donc abaissé à faire un de ces livres de boudoir, qui ne manque ni de charmes ni de poésie ; mais qui ne répond que faiblement à ce que nous pourrions en exiger ; nous attendons avec impatience l'exécution définitive d'un plan plus vaste, qui l'occupe depuis des années, pour effacer les regrets que nous avons éprouvés à le voir traiter avec précipitation un sujet qui demande plus de scrupule, et avant tout plus d'ensemble, que ne contient son livre—*Littérature et voyages.*

Le rapprochement politique des nations, par la chûte de Napoléon et surtout cet avenir politique de l'Europe qui se concentre en Allemagne, méconnu et négligé par le grand homme, a fixé l'attention des Français sur ce pays, d'où partait le coup mortel de sa suprématie. L'enthousiasme poétique de cette jeunesse ardente qui rompit d'une main de fer cette domination Européenne, établie sur la gloire d'une armée sans peur et sans reproche, a frappé de stupeur cette France habituée à porter des lois à la pointe de son épée. La paix lui a donné le loisir de se reconnaître soi-même, et de réfléchir sur les nations limitropes ; et l'expérience, ce grand maître de philosophie pratique, lui a servi pour l'instruire à ses dépens dans la politique extérieure. Les grands changemens politiques ont entraîné des changemens dans les idées, et l'Allemagne du dix-neuvième siècle en rappelant à la France son courage et sa gloire du siècle de Luther, est venue piquer la curiosité des lettres. On parlait alors pour la première fois en France de la littérature Allemande

comme un objet digne de quelque attention, sans cependant s'en occuper, car le caractère Français ne supportant pas les crises dans les études, ce n'est que bien lentement et à travers des préoccupations et des difficultés innombrables, qu'elle est parvenue tant soit peu à s'y faire jour. D'un autre côté nous voyons des écrivains capables céder à la légèreté du caractère, et manquer ainsi à leur vocation, bien différent de ces hommes de lettres de l'Allemagne qui écrivent pour instruire plutôt que pour plaire, et qui imposent leur savoir au public souvent aux dépens de leur aisance et de leur fortune, plutôt que de se laisser imposer par son ignorance, ou de céder à la dépravation du goût et former ce bavardage social, si superficiel et si nuisible à la science et aux progrès de l'instruction.

Monsieur Lerminier s'est tracé un cercle plus rétréci; il ne voulait parler que des derniers dix-neuf ans et il en parla avec un peu plus d'ensemble et avec assez de connaissance, si nous lui passons un peu trop de poésie dans ses vues politiques, et trop de politique dans ses poésies. Nous avons lu cet ouvrage avec plaisir et nous le croyons un des meilleurs que possède la France jusqu' içi. Il est préférable à l'Allemagne de Madame de Staël, car il est écrit avec moins de préoccupation; il est préférable aux notices de M. Saint-Marc-Girardin, car il y a plus d'unité et il embrasse un champ plus vaste; il est préférable aux voyages enfin de M. J. J. Ampère, car il parle de ce que celui-ci devait nous dire. M. Lerminier n'a cependant pas toujours réussi dans ses traductions; nous fesons cette remarque non pas dans l'intention de déprécier son ouvrage, mais seulement de rendre l'auteur plus exact dans ses travaux.

Dans les vers de Faust, seconde partie: Euphorion paraît avec Hélène et Faust, il n'écoute les remontrances ni de Faust ni d'Hélène; il entre dans le chœur de jeunes filles et les entraîne à la danse. Il leur dit: Je suis le chasseur et vous êtes la proie, et le chœur de jeunes filles répond:

Willst du uns fangen
Sey nicht behende,
Denn wir verlangen
Doch nur am Ende
Dich zu umarmen
Du Schönes Bild.

Et voici la traduction: " *Veux tu nous prendre, ne sois pas si pétulant, car nous désirons, mais seulement à la fin, t'embrasser toi bel enfant.*"

M. Lerminier n'a pas compris le vers: *Doch nur am Ende,* en le traduisant par: *mais seulement à la fin.* On supposerait par cette traduction; à la fin de la danse, ce qui est loin de l'idée de l'auteur. La phrase serait bien plus clair et l'idée plus saillante, si nous disons, comme le vers l'exprime: " *Veux tu nous prendre* (nous jeunes filles) *ne montres pas trop d'empressement, car au fond nous ne demandons pas mieux que de t'embrasser, toi, bel enfant.*" Allons plus loin:

*Euphorion.*

Nur duch die Haine
Zu Stock und Steine
Das leicht Errungene
Das widert mir,
Nur das Erzwungene
Ergölzt mich schier.

Voici la traduction de M. Lerminier: " *Ah ! seulement la haine ! le combat et la lutte ! Ce qui s'obtient facilement me répugne, ce qui s'arrache me dilecte.*" Je ne sais où M. Lerminier a trouvé que

Nur durch die Haine
Zu Stock und Steine,

peut se traduire par la haîne, le combat et la lutte. Serait-ce peutêtre la ressemblance de *Haine* avec haîne ? et puis que signifie: *ah ! seulement la haîne ! le combat et la lutte ?* Comment s'expliquer cette exclamation *d'Euphorion* qui veut jouer à la chasse avec les jeunes filles ? Veut-il provoquer la *haîne* et le *combat* pour se faire aimer ? L'Euphorion de M. Lerminier ne manque pas de franchise dans ce cas, puisqu'il annonce ouvertement ses intentions. Mais essayons de démontrer son erreur par une traduction plus exacte, nous verrons si la réponse d'Euphorion de Goëthe ne sera pas un peu plus claire. Il veut jouer cache cache, et chasser les jeunes filles à travers la forêt; il l'annonce en disant: *je ferai le chasseur et vous la proie.* Sur la réplique piquante des jeunes filles: *Willst du uns fangen :* il répond: *Allons, courrons à travers les forêts, par dessus les troncs et les pierres, ce qui s'obtient facilement me répugne.* Il n'y a *ni haîne, ni combat, ni lutte ;* ces passions sont de pure invention de M. Lerminier, mais pas la plus heureuse.

Nous citerons encore une phrase, qui nous rappelle la belle traduction de Faust par M. Gérard. J'y ai trouvé entre autre: *Er schlägt das Buch auf*, (il est question de Faust qui ouvre son livre de magie,) et traduit par: il frappe sur le livre. M. Gérard a pris la particule du verbe pour la préposition et il a traduit comme s'il y avait: *er schlägt auf das Buch.* M. Lerminier vient de faire une traduction moins maladroite sans doute, mais plus sensible pour ceux à qui la chose regarde, en citant des phrases détachées de Goëthe.

*Die Sentimentalität der Engländer ist humoristisch und zart, etc.:* M. Lerminier a confondu le mot *zart* avec *hart* et il a traduit: la sentimentalité des Anglais " est humoristique et *dure*" au lieu de " humoristique et *délicate*," ce qui exprime précisément l'idée contraire de l'auteur.

Ces petits erreurs ne sont pas de haute importance sans doute, mais je crois que M. Lerminier, qui dit avoir étudié à fond l'Allemand, nous donne une étrange preuve de sa science.

Nous ne pousserons pas plus loin nos observations sur les productions Françaises ; le prochain chapitre traitera des ouvrages Anglais et terminera la série critique des auteurs étrangers.

*( To be continued.)*

# THE EXPIATION.

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

"HEREAFTER!" all-embracing word! Man's glory and his dread—yet, to how few a glory, to what countless myriads a dread! Hereafter! awful meditation!—avoided whilst health permits us to be gay, and too often accompanied by the affectation of doubt when disease leads the shrinking soul, in spite of herself, into the shadowy realms that conscience tells us are replete with eternal realities. The hereafter—how have I prepared myself for it? Yes—I have greatly sinned. Even here, my crime has been weighed against me. The phantom of my guilt has walked by my side, the companion of my steps through terrible years of remorse. With me it will enter the everlasting portals, and turning upon its cherished associate, become my accusing demon.

I am weary of my life, and I call upon my soul to tell me where I may repose, and she answers—"Beyond the grave." But there is a voice that sounds, as it were, in the hollowness of my heart, that bids me live, and doubt, and tremble. Abjectly I obey.

Sin! thou glorious enchantress! In thy fresh youth, the darkness of thy countenance seemeth the excess of light, and, in the morning loveliness of thy face thou art dreadful as a blood-stained maiden, elate and fresh from victory; defiance sits enthroned in thy daring eye, and pleasure and wantonness course each other in smiles over thy sunny cheeks. This, Sin, is thy glowing youth—captivating—terrible—irresistible. Arrayed in these factitious splendours, I met thee in my early days among the aromatic solitudes of the southern groves; there, whilst my young pulse throbbed in rapture to the witcheries of thy silver voice, I mistook thee for a goddess, and fell down and worshipped.

Sin! I know thee now. In thy youth thou wert an enslaving companion, in thy womanhood a stern mistress—a crushing tyrant—but still, some remnants of thy former beauty hung about thee—thy flowing tresses had not then stiffened—thy robes were still majestic;—but now—what art thou *now* in thy detested age? A loathsome skeleton clothed in silks and ermine. I look upon thy countenance and behold only the fleshless, eyeless skull, crowned and mocked with a diadem—for even in thy hideousness thou art regal. Thou takest precedence of the King of Terrors. Before Death was, thou wert, and I fear me, when Death himself shall have died, thou still wilt be.

Too fascinating monster, I have struggled with thee. Thy bony hand I feel is yet upon my bosom—but I no longer walk with thee willingly, no longer find thy paths "the paths of pleasantness," and none ever found them "the paths of peace." Repentance is a

glorious champion against thee, but not all-sufficient. It weeps over the debt that it cannot always pay. Expiation is the only conqueror —but it is a rigid exacter—how rigid, let the ineffable blood of the Divinity testify! I have sinned—I have repented—have I expiated? May I hope that the life-stream that flowed on the Mount of Calvary will mingle with my tears of contrition, and blot out the record of my guilt for ever?

What am I now? At the age of fifty, look upon this decrepit—but let me pause—anticipation is agony—the present is torture. Let me travel back to the days of my youth, when the blessed sunshine of heaven shone, not only on my brow, but through my heart, when I was all light, and life, and love.

Upon taxing my memory for its most remote offering, it gives me no earlier recollection than a miserable and short voyage on board of a small ship, with some vague, very vague flittings of balconies, verandahs, and sunny walls. In due time, I found myself at a boarding-school, from whence I went, in the usual vacations, to spend a month or six weeks at three houses in rotation, the owners of which, I afterwards found, were the correspondents and commercial agents of my father, who, though an Englishman, was an affluent Spanish merchant, with establishments both at Barcelona and Madrid. It may be presumed that a stone, so movable as myself, had no time to gather much of the moss of affection.

At twelve years of age I went to a grammar-school at Norwich, under the control of a master, who would have been famous for his erudition, had he not been more famous for his discipline; and the severity of whose discipline would not have been tolerated, had it not been for the fame of his erudition. I staid at this seat of learning until I had attained my seventeenth year. Nothing remarkable characterized this long period. I used, once every three months, to receive two letters with tolerable regularity, one from my honoured father, redundant with good counsel, the other from my loving mother, shorter, but glowing with ardent prayers for my health and prosperity; but all these good wishes were conveyed in very bad English.

During my scholastic days I had had but very little religious instruction, and I may truly say that I had picked up a most heterogeneous sort of a faith, compounded from all the various materials that had been placed before me in my classical reading, in sermons from the pulpit, and lastly, and most importantly, from the holy Scriptures.

When at school at Norwich I still paid my periodical visits to my father's correspondents, and then I could, by long practice, almost tell whether the rates of exchange were favourable or not to this country, by the degree of cordiality or reserve with which I was received and entertained.

After I left Norwich I would have said that my character had begun to develop itself, were I not conscious that, at that time, I had no character at all. Apparently, I was a compound of negatives. If I were *not* clever, I certainly was *not* dull. If *not* handsome in

physical appearance, certainly *not* unprepossessing. As yet, I had evinced no decided bias for any one pursuit. Amidst the joyful I was joyous, sad amongst the sorrowful, and seemingly alive only to the present impressions. Though I had no vices, as yet, I had not warmed to the loveliness of virtue: at that time, I was correct from habit, and good from a compulsion that I neither understood nor saw. I was then often compared to a figure of wax—but neither those about me, nor myself, knew, that this yielding, impressible substance, to which I had been compared, was but as an outward coating over all the elements of latent fire—wax, if you will have it so, without, but nitre, sulphur, and bitumen within.

When nearly eighteen, I was placed as a clerk in the firm of Barnaby, Falck, Perez, and Co., the principal correspondents of my father. I was, of course, domesticated with the family of that portion of the firm, the Falcks, that resided in Lothbury. The house was certainly rather old, and the situation extremely dark. Indeed, through the winter months, we were necessitated to burn candles all the day on those desks of our counting-house that were not directly under the windows. The Falcks were a thriving race, for the old gentleman was blessed with five sons and five daughters. The sons were, like myself, common-place characters—the daughters shared among them every description of feminine characteristic; but all merely shadowed out, not filled up.

In this place I acquired a tolerable knowledge of the foreign exchanges, and a perfect initiation into the mysteries of book-keeping. Indeed, I was growing punctilious, and a magnifier of trifles. I prided myself upon the excessive neatness of those portions of the ledgers that were entrusted to me; my red-ink lines were invariably at mathematical right angles, with the line of perpendicular of the account book; my handwriting, though stiff, seemed, from its neatness, to have proceeded rather from the engraver than the penman; and I had as much horror of a blot upon my pages, as a waning spinster has of one upon her reputation.

Yes, I was growing a solemn trifler. With the principals of the firm I was a good young man, with my brother clerks a finical fop, with the young ladies of my acquaintance, and they were very numerous, a particularly nice young man, with a classical and romantic cast of countenance,—these terms being used according to the particular reading of my describer. This is all very dull: I mean it to be so—I mean fully to convey to the reader the Lethean monotony of my then creeping stream of life—that he may contrast, and shudder when he contrasts it with that awful period when, leaping over the precipice, to become, as a fall of roaring and of mighty waters—a torrent devastating wherever it rushed, until it was precipitated into the vast abyss that is shrouded by all but the mists of death.

During my clerkship I regularly received the paternal and maternal letters; and another correspondent, about this time, was added to my parental ones. It was from my sister Honoria,. whom, at that time, I had never seen. The letters were written evidently under the surveillance of her preceptors—they were extremely formal in their composition, and execrably bad in their English. If I had, at this time,

any one feeling more predominant than another, it was a curiosity to know what this little lady was like. I had not this feeling with respect to my parents, though I had totally forgotten their persons. But this curiosity disturbed not the even tenor of my life, and its paroxysms lasted no longer than two or three days after the receipt of one of the unintelligible little missives that caused it.

Thus I passed my eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth year, gliding by unscathed those happy periods, through so replete with temptation, so often destructive, so often fatal. Sometimes, when the dark mood is upon me, I look back upon this state of prim innocence with disdain, and brand it with the epithet of contemptible; nor can I even now comprehend, how, at that time, an awkward fold in my neckerchief, or an ill-arranged curl upon my brow, could possibly have discomposed my mind, when, in after life, I could have stood unmoved at, and almost unscious of the laceration of my flesh, so stern or so apathetical had my nature become. It might be amusing, but it would be foreign to my purpose, to recount the insignificant littleness of my counting-house life—the stoical indifference with which I passed through the five ordeals of the masked advances of the five Misses Falck, and the still better directed tactics of their good mother, and the magnanimous self-denial of their father, that more than asked me to woo, in solemnly condemning all such manœuvring as ungentlemanly and mean, and always finishing with, "But take care, my dear fellow, for I think that Agatha may become too susceptible of your merits."

Now, respecting Agatha, the eldest daughter, who had red hair, but was really handsome withal, though five-and-twenty, down to little Mira, who was extremely small and pretty, notwithstanding the obliquity of the glances of her bright black eyes, the same language was held forth to me, with the only difference of the name of the fair, as each, in her turn, was presumed to be my favourite. In the nature of things, I must perforce have fallen to the lot of one of these dear ladies, for they were really all amiable, and who, I firmly believe, had a true, though not a passion-born, affection for me—which affection I returned them all, in a staid and sober manner. Perhaps, in time, I should have been the enslaved of Mira, for I was beginning to think it an agreeable occupation, that of endeavouring to catch the fleeting glances of a lady who squinted, when she was otherwise exceedingly pretty—and so innocent too, as it reminded me of the time when, as a child, I used to flash the sunbeams from a broken piece of looking-glass upon the wall, and amuse myself with the vain endeavours of my playfellows to catch it.

It wanted but three months to complete the time when the law benignantly permits us to write something more manly to our names than "infant." But I remember me, that as yet I have not made the reader acquainted with the name I then bore—it was "Ardent Troughton." I know not why the baptismal name of Ardent was given me, excepting it may be accounted for by the prevalence among the Spaniards of the custom of calling their children by some adjective, such as Pious, Faithful, Blessed, or any other word denoting some quality that they wish, or that they suppose their children may possess. Such, however, was the name that I had received at the

font; and, at the time, when I was, according to law, no more than the infant, Ardent Troughton, my first name, seemed to be in ludicrous opposition to my nature. Much small wit was expended upon it, such as, I must, if I tried ever so little, be always an ardent lover, an ardent admirer &c., till at last my persecutions that way terminated in a quite opposite direction, and I found peace and content in the *soubriquet* of Quiet Troughton.

And I *was* quiet. There was a calmness and a sustained staidness about me, that Miss Agatha Falck was pleased to call the dignity of repose. I was in amity with myself, and with all mankind. I had witnessed bursts of passion, but I could understand them only upon the supposition that they were aberrations of the intellect. Indeed, morally, so torpid was I at that time, that I found the sublime rhapsodies of Milton unnatural, and the gigantic struggles of passion in Shakspeare, disgusting. I was almost sinking into the insignificance of frivolity and imbecility, for I was beginning to grow *genteel*, and to pride myself upon it.

Among my own set I was regarded as a miracle of accomplishments, and Quiet Troughton had but to open his mouth and speak, and his opinions were always listened to deferentially. The Spanish language was my mother tongue, and a Spanish master prevented my forgetting what I had learnt so early, in my native land. I spoke French tolerably well, *à l'Anglaise*, and had imbibed enough of classical learning, to make it requisite that I should diligently forget, for some years, in order wholly to deprive myself of the advantage. As to my personal appearance, at this time, it was rather advantageous. I had inherited from my mother a sufficiency of Spanish, perhaps Moorish blood, to taint my complexion with a clear bronze, and to crisp up my black hair into very enviable curls, and enough of the Saxon from the English, to make my cheek ruddy, and my form large and athletic. The ladies did me the honour to say of me, that I should have been a dangerous man, were I not so quiet. Well, this quiet, genteel young man, was rapidly advancing in gentility—all in a quiet way, however, for he had already made the acquaintance of a second-rate actor, and had ordered one suit of clothes from Stultz. For some months past I had all my gloves and hats from Bond Street. These aspirations were all managed in my usual quiet way, and no one ever augured ill to me either from my new friend or my new clothes. It appeared like a solecism of ideas to suppose me capable of an excess.

The mercantile intercourse between his agent and my father had never been suspended during the war that Godoy the Prince of Peace had entailed upon Spain against this country. Neutral and smugglers did that in a more extensive and circuitous manner, which the fair trader was soon to do. At length, when the European peninsula declared against the aggressive and encroaching policy of Napoleon, Godoy was banished, and Ardent Troughton, commonly named the Quiet, was recalled. The paternal mandate bidding me to return to the house of my father, naturally, as might have been expected, fell among us like a thunderbolt. The five Misses Falck fainted in succession. The respectable lady, the mother, went off incontinently into hysterics, and, when she thought fit to recover, she exclaimed,

the tears streaming over her full round cheeks, "that she was undone," though, in what manner, I was totally at a loss to comprehend. Mr. Falck almost rubbed the glasses out of the rims of his spectacles, perusing and reperusing the important document; but rub as he would, the fatal words were there, and he felt that he had lost a son-in-law. "Such a connexion," he could not help exclaiming, loudly.

This recall caused a great sensation in every bosom of the family but my own. Even the servants had begun to look upon me as the future son-in-law, and always called me, much to the annoyance of the young gentlemen, the five Messieurs Falck, juniors, "their young master." I had so trained myself from habit, to look upon all matters with indifference, that even the thoughts of again seeing my father and mother caused scarcely any perturbation in my bosom. The idea of embracing my little sister certainly was, I could not tell why, more exciting. I had, to my imagination, painted very complete pictures of my parents, but I wanted both form and colour wherewith to paint Honoria. I trembled lest she should have red hair, like that of Agatha Falck, lest her complexion were swarthy, like that of Miss Tabitha, that her eyes were light grey, like those of Miss Eudocia, that her figure was loose and dowdy, like that of Miss Eleanora; and, notwithstanding the pleasure I took in chasing the jack o' lanthorn glances of Miss Mira's black eyes, I trembled lest she should squint, like that lively and pretty little girl. I think that I have now confessed all the emotions that I experienced at the thoughts of rejoining my own family. At that period I was Quiet Troughton.

I prepared every thing for my departure in my usual calm and methodical manner. My worthy host and principal could not understand it or me. He said I wanted animation, as he fell into a passion with some little arrangement that I was quietly superintending for my voyage. Mrs. Falck said I wanted taste, as her eye ran down the graduated scale of her five daughters; the sons said with a sneer, that I wanted soul, and the daughters with a sigh, that I wanted heart.

'Tis the eve of my departure. The whole thirteen, unlucky number, are seated together at the last lugubrious supper. Every one appears dreadfully affected excepting myself. I am like Lance's dog, imperturbable. The young ladies' eyes are red, and their faces pale, and Mrs. Falck does not attempt to conceal her intermittent sobs, whilst Mr. Falck looks excessively grave, and eats with a savage vigour, as if he intended to wreak the wrath of some unexpressed chagrin upon every one of the various dishes on the table. There was something quite touching in his voracity. But even this way of expressing grief, grand though it be, must have a termination. At length, when his heart, and the region of his animal economy a little below it, were perfectly full, he thrust from before him, with an oratorical flourish, and a deep sigh, his knife, fork, and plate, and extending his arm he spoke, "My dear Ardent, this may be, nay, probably is, the last supper that we shall ever partake together." It was a hot one, for hot suppers were the fashion in Lothbury.

The young ladies sighed audibly: it was quite moving, the more especially as there was an indistinctness in the utterance of the old gentleman that seemed not unlike pathos, though it actually proceeded

from his not having completely swallowed his last mouthful of hot apple-pie. He continued:

"Mrs. Falck, I'll trouble you for the brandy. Here, my dear Ardent, in the bosom of my family, my affectionate wife, my blooming daughters, my—my—my industrious sons sitting round my hospitable board, the *props* and *stays* of my old age; here in the midst, in the very pride of my domestic felicity, I will disburthen my heart of its grief,—I will open the flood-gates of my sorrows."

"Now, don'tee, don'tee," sobbed aloud the fat Mrs. Falck, whilst Miss Agatha handed the eau de Cologne, according to seniority, to all her sisters, down to Miss Mira.

"I will, I will: I'll open my bosom before my more than son, and pour out the volume of my woe before him——in one word, as I can never rise before nine in the morning,—I will bid Mr. Troughton good-bye to-night."

"Ah," simpered Miss Agatha, "there is something indescribably heart-rending in the parting with an old and dear friend. I am sure papa has expressed all our feelings; an expression that nothing but maidenly reserve prevents from coming from our own lips. But, believe me, Mr. Ardent, as the glorious ancient exclaimed,—all that father has said, we feel."

I bowed to Miss Agatha, and quietly observed that, in all probability, I should soon return.

"Never," said Mr. Falck, oracularly, "never! You are going into the land of all manner of abominations; into a land of trials and temptations; a land of papists, a land of courtesans, a land of assassins. I see it—I see it—a land of ruin for a quiet, well-behaved, young man like yourself. In one day they will filch your religion from you—in one week your heart—in a fortnight your life. Quiet, and I may say without offence, yielding and weak as you are, you will rapidly lose, in that detested hot-bed of vice, your faith, your health, and your life."

I bowed my acknowledgments.

"I don't think he's yielding," said Agatha timidly.

"Why?" said the father sternly, for he did not like to be contradicted. Agatha blushed and held down her head, but other answer made she none.

"I am sure he is not weak," said the pretty squinting Mira.

"And pray, Miss," said her father, "what do you know about it?"

"Mr. Ardent took me up the other day like a doll in his arms—and—and—"

"What?" said a half dozen voices at once, the maternal treble gaining the ascendant.

"He very quietly put me down again," said she, all confusion.

"Quiet Troughton," said Mr. James Falck, with his usual sneer.

"Oh, oh!" said the mother, "perhaps Ardent may return after all."

Then the good man of the house commenced giving me a plenitude of that wholesome advice of which age is so lavish a dispenser, youth so sieve-like and so unwilling a recipient. At length, it was time that we separated. The formal leave-taking was yet to go through. Perhaps

old Mr. Falck really had a little affection for me. We all rose and stood, with our heads hanging down, in a confused circle round the fire, the father in the middle. No one liked to say first the mournful word, "farewell." At last Mr. Falck spoke.

"My dear Ardent, it is my duty to say, that since you have been domesticated under my roof you have been a most exemplary, a most virtuous young man. You have neither blotted my ledgers, nor tried to turn the heads of my daughters."

Then turning with a severe look to the spot where his five sons had huddled themselves together, acting, perhaps, the proverb of the bundle of *sticks*, indicative of their strength; he continued, "You, Ardent, have never exceeded your stipend, never stayed out late at night, never smoked, and never, no, never, called me either to my face or behind my back, the "old boy." You have given the servants no trouble, and me always great satisfaction; you have been constant in your attendance, with my family, at church; the first to appear every morning in the counting-house, the last to depart. You are a just, an upright character—you never made dinner wait:—there are those qualities about you that indicate the elements of real greatness. You will die worth a plum; and if you continue your career as you have commenced it, it may not be presumption in you to hope to see yourself, one day, Lord Mayor of this metropolis. You will return to us, Ardent, and again be unto us as a son, and an example to those young men who are hardly worthy to be called your brothers. Mind you, Ardent, come weal, come woe, the doors of my house shall be ever open to you; the smile of welcome ever ready, and the worse you may be off, the welcome shall be the warmer. I must retire, but I feel that before I go, if I did not give you my blessing I should not to-night enjoy the sleep of peace.—(Here the old gentleman's eyes glistened.) Be good, be wise, be prudent: adhere to your religion, yet honour your mother. Ardently espouse the interests of your father, as you have done mine: and now good night and farewell. May the blessing of God be always upon you, and don't, my dear Ardent, forget to impress upon your father the necessity of allowing our firm a further discount, say three-fourths per cent., upon the last shipment of wine, for you know it did not tally to sample."

Here my guardian was quite overcome; he wrung my hand, and with the tear upon his cheek, he left the room. The five sons now shook hands with me, and told themselves off one by one. The most trying scene of all remained to be enacted,—the parting with the mother and the five daughters fair. I wished it hurried over: they seemed to delight in the misery they averred they experienced. Miss Agatha came first; she begged me to accept from her a keepsake. It was a locket containing a small portion of her golden hair. I had a purse from Miss Tabitha, a watch-guard from Eudocia, and a pocket-book for the next year from Miss Eleanora, but little Mira held back.

"And," said I, piqued as much as my staid feelings would permit me to be, "is my little playfellow, Mira, the last in her love as well as in her birth?"

"I have nothing to give you, Ardent; but perhaps you will take

this letter for your sister, for I am sure she is pretty, and quiet, and good, like—"

"Me," said I. I caught her up in my arms, and in virtue of her childishness, gave her twenty kisses and a warm blessing that somewhat shamed my *sobriquet* of Quiet; but I certainly redeemed my character by the decorous manner in which I touched, with my lips, the offered cheeks of the other sisters. The train at length slowly departed, the weeping mother leading it, the silent and drooping daughters following: Mira was the last. She turned sharply round, and gave me one of her inexplicable glances with her bright eyes. It certainly was exposing me to a *cross* fire, which all tacticians know to be the most galling and subduing. I made one step forward to seize her white little hand, but my natural or my induced coolness stopped me, and the step was only the precursor to a low bow as she vanished through the door-way. The next morning early I was on board the brig Jane, bound to Barcelona, but then lying in Gravesend reach.

I had all my luggage stowed away with the regularity and neatness that had now become a part of my character, and the bloated, blustering master had already set me down in his estimation as a finikin milksop, and was, at first, inclined to treat me contemptuously, though his old and ill-found vessel had been chartered by my own father. My location on board this craft was the first real annoyance in my life; however, it did not overcome my usual placidity. True it was that the master had given up to me what he was pleased to call his state-cabin, but all the state that I could perceive that belonged to it was, its state of filthiness, and that was a very decided one truly. By the time that we had reached the chops of the channel, I found that Tomkins was nothing better than an ignorant, brutal, drunken swab, and that the valuable cargo under his care, of dry goods, was in imminent danger of getting a permanent wetting, and myself in extreme jeopardy of being drowned. His mate was a better sailor, but as sulky and morose as his commander was brutal and drunken. The seamen were ragged skulking fellows, that appeared to have been hired, as a cheap lot, by Tomkins, and the bargain to have been struck at the hospital. The only companionable animal that I could discover in the vessel was a large Newfoundland dog; and with him, for certain very prudential reasons, his expertness in swimming not being the least important, I immediately entered into the strictest bond of amity. No sooner had we lost sight of the Land's-end, than I began to cogitate upon my own, for a shattering gale arose, and I found that I had nothing to trust to but a crazy vessel, a weak crew, a drunken master, the dog Bounder, and Providence. Before two hours had elapsed, notwithstanding the trusts that I have just mentioned, I heartily wished that I was then perched upon the high stool in the counting-house of Messrs. Barnaby, Falck and Co. ruling red-ink lines at the bottom of the columns, that showed so plainly in very neatly-turned figures the "tottle of the whole."

*(To be continued.)*

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

In justice to all the legal and other parties connected with the trial of this young man, who certainly merited a better fate, it is but fair to state that no persuasion could induce him to swerve from the resolution he had on his committal taken, namely, to utter not a word in his own defence, more than barely to assert his innocence. At the period he was executed, the agents of the Bank of England were peculiarly active, making a merit, and claiming praise from their employers, for each victim they brought out to be sacrificed to the paper system; paid (hired) agents were employed to discover offenders, who knew in every case they got up for trial, they would either be complimented or censured, as the evidence was more or less complete or defective. This mode of reaching offenders, when the town is rife with crime, may perhaps be defended under the plea of necessity; but this is no reason why, on the other hand, the evils of the system should not be stated.

Caleb, the man who lost, and passed the forged notes in question to our innocent sufferer, was originally a boy who marked the game at a billiard table in the Strand, near the Spotted Dog, now more respectably conducted. At this place, which for many years was a den for the meeting of a very large body of men who in various ways lived upon the cross, Caleb early in life, to use a common phrase in the circle of rogues, became acquainted with all the moves upon the board (tricks of the town.) As he grew up he connected himself with those of like knowledge; but being naturally cold-hearted, dishonest, and devoid of the common policy of behaving justly towards his own fraternity, he was abandoned and cast out from the ring as an unworthy associate, and for several years afterwards got his living as a cad to a common informer; subsequently he became a *bonnetter* to a travelling E. O. table, and in this capacity saw an opportunity of passing forged notes as he journeyed through the country, or could meet with an inebriate or incautious person wanting change for genuine large notes. After several hair-breadth escapes during a three or four years' campaign in the country, he finally

[1] Continued from p. 224.

settled in London, daily and nightly attending the gaming-tables, to await opportunities for passing his fictitious notes; and in order to do this with more security to himself, he formed an intimacy with the attorney's (I will not say the Bank of England's) agents for the Bank, aiding and giving them information as it suited his purpose. I have never been able to discover in what manner the Bank agents, or the officers, in every case of forgery brought under my consideration, obtained their information; but in a vast number I have: that is to say, from Caleb and other such characters, who, in the hopes of winning good and genuine; when they lose, pass their own fictitious, notes; and afterwards, for a *douceur*, inform the Bank attorney's agent where they might find a man passing, or having about his person, forged notes, after which the party, of course, would be watched until the evidence of uttering was more complete against him, the law uniformly presuming a guilty knowledge of a forged note, when the possessor or passer of it is in no regular way of trade, and such are the majority of those who are found at a gaming-table.

Guilty knowledge is also always imputed to those who happen to be of the class of the poor, or in poverty for the time being; against these prejudices, that of the judges, and the opinions current in that day among citizens, viz. that in the absence of a small-note circulation of bank notes, trade could not be carried on, and that if men were not occasionally executed for meeting with a few forged ones, the country would be inundated with them. I say, under these prejudices had the young man, who suffered, to contend: this is the more necessary to state, as the times are so much changed, but neither then nor in the present day, will a mere declaration of innocence avail the accused at the Old Bailey session-house, or, indeed, in any other court: alleged facts must be met with counter evidence and disproved, or if true, all the circumstances connected with their occurrence should be ably, fully, and in a forcible manner laid before the jury, to remove the guilty or felonious intention, on which, and not the acts or facts themselves, does the fate of any prisoner standing at the bar depend.

I should not perhaps have stated this particular question so much at length had I not in view the leaving upon record, after I am no more, my opinion corrected and altered by experience upon one of most important questions, in my estimation (considered in a legal point of view) ever brought under the consideration of our legislature, viz. "Why should the ignorant, timid, obstinate, and quarrelsome litigants be allowed the advice and personal assistance of the most able counsel they can select, upon all the minor and petty questions of dispute which arise in social life, even down to the ownership of a blind puppy dog only a day old, whilst the man accused of an offence which affects his life, liberty, and property, nay, the welfare of his posterity, (for the sins of the father are literally in the present age visited upon the children,) is thrown upon his own mental resources, and that at a moment when all the considerations for himself and his family render his nervous condition such, that if the evidence of any honest medical professor were taken, he must declare upon oath, the natural incapacity of any man under the circumstances of fright and terror, to defend himself advantageously against practised talent, hired, paid,

and exercised too, (in the absence of any fears for himself,) against the accused, whose life it is his interest to exact at the hands of the law? Why, I ask, under all these considerations, should the accused be denied all assistance whatsoever? Let England not boast, but blush, for her laws, which hold our country up to the world, in matters of legislation, as one of monstrous anomaly and injustice in the construction of the criminal code, also uncertain and altogether wicked, and mischievous in operation. If, I say, in the case above stated, a counsel had been permitted to detail the whole of the facts of the case, the prisoner's connexion with his schoolfellow, from their meeting in Piccadilly, and had shown that it was the first time he was in a gaming-house, and that on the second occasion he was forced by the same friend, connected with circumstances which would have offered an excuse for the judge himself who tried him, had he been found there. Again, had the earthquake-like dissolution of his father's house, his uniform conduct through life, &c. &c. been all fairly and ably laid before a British jury, can it be believed that such an outrage upon justice could have been perpetrated in a country which wears so fair a face, and affects so much decorum in all her legal ceremonies? No! it is only necessary that the jury should be enlightened, and have a fair view of both sides of a question, to guard against all the other errors of the law. But can a nervous, irritated, ignorant, frightened man do this for himself, so well as one cool, learned, and practised? The question itself carries absurdity with it. I observe, that in our House of Parliament, whenever this question has been discussed, none of the members have shown sufficient experience upon the subject to justify us in supposing they understand the question: they for a long series of years could recognise a principle which nothing but a government in the last stage of imbecility and idiotism would tolerate: namely, the discharge of thousands of guilty culprits from prison for want of a dot upon an *i*, or the tail of a *g* or *q*, doubtfully executed in its turn upwards: but questions appertaining to moral guilt or innocence, whether considered absolutely, or in shades or gradations, they have no soul to comprehend.

Take the case of the man who cut his child's head off: when brought into court, it was not a question whether a child had been murdered, or who was the murderer, or whether there was the absence or presence of legal guilt; that is to say, whether the prisoner was sane or insane at the time; neither was it a question when or where the foul deed of taking the life of innocence was perpetrated; but whether a name could be found for the child, and if so, how it should be orthographically written, and whether, when so written in the indictment, the pen had neatly and perfectly executed a certain *r*, so that by no possibility a person might mistake it for another letter. As on minute inquiry it turned out that a letter was in part truncated or curtailed of its fair proportion by something like the dimensions of a point, it was thought highly proper that the murder of a child should pass unexpiated.

I am now old, but would not be thought prolix and over garrulous upon the question; sooner or later truth comes home to all minds, and justice, I imagine, in the end, will work her own way; as, how-

ever, she is said to be lame as well as blind, it is but civil of us as we go along on our journey to give her some little help. When these opinions are before our world I shall have taken my departure to another; I would, therefore, while I may, call upon you all to assist Mrs. Justice on her hobbling way to the Old Bailey court-house, and this will be best done by calling upon the legislature to provide a counsel for all prisoners accused of any crime whatsoever. Until such a measure be passed, as said in another page, should justice ever get into the court she will never be able to get out again.

Reverting again to the other facts immediately connected with my own experience, I must relate a singular case which occurred August 17, 1814. Had it not been witnessed by thousands of persons it would not perhaps have been credited; it happened too upon the first occasion of the Rev. Mr. Cotton's officiating at an execution. There were six men to suffer that morning; namely, William Henry Lye, for burglary; John Michell, for forgery; Francis Sturgess, for highway robbery; Michael Mahoney, for highway robbery; John Field *alias* Jonathan Wild, for burglary, and John Ashton, for highway robbery. Long before seven o'clock on the morning of execution there were as many persons assembled as the streets, avenues, and adjacent houses could contain. From the moment the order came down for their execution Ashton became insane: when he was brought out in the press-yard his features were most horribly distorted; he ran with rapidity up the scaffold, and having gained the summit, he kicked and danced, often exclaiming, "I'm Lord Wellington," clapping his hands as freely as the rope would allow him; two men were called to hold him, but he still continued to call out, "Look at me, I'm Lord Wellington!" In consequence of the trouble he gave, it was nearly half-past eight o'clock before all was ready. When the two men who held him released him for the Lord's prayer to be read, he again danced, and vociferated to the populace; presently the signal was given, and the platform fell. Scarcely, however, had the men dropped before, to my astonishment and that of all beholders, Ashton rebounded upwards from the rope, and was instantaneously seen dancing near the ordinary, and crying out very loudly, and apparently unhurt, "What do ye think of me, am I not Lord Wellington now?" He then danced, clapped his hands, and huzzaed, till my man went upon the scaffold and pushed him forcibly from the place where he stood, after which it was soon all over with him. Often since that day I have, when thinking of these matters, wondered, upon what principle our wise ones could be justified in frightening a man out of his senses and then hang him in a state of raving madness; while the parson, to make the scene still more absurd, preached of salvation, if he would only be passive, and say he believed in the doctrine he preached. The history of this Ashton is now well known, and could it have been laid before the court, or at the second trial, as I call it, that is, at the council, there is no doubt but he would have been spared, and the farce of hanging madmen been played once less at the Old Bailey. It is written that man is of a perverse nature, but this is nowhere so strikingly exemplified, as at the Old Bailey Session Court House; every attempt made in that court to prove a prisoner insane,

is viewed with a jealous and a prejudiced eye, under the notion that it is an effort to cover guilt by urging a natural defect of the understanding. If, however, we take an impartial view of these cases, it is palpable to sense, that the prejudice should run in the opposite course, and that we are bound in almost every case of guilt, (excepting only among the professional thieves,) to presuppose the culprits bereft of their senses, and be disposed to patiently hear evidence of the fact, instead, as they have hitherto done, opposing this course. Still, however, it is my belief, that had poor Ashton been a rich man's son, and been guilty of the same offence, that he would have got off; such deference do the city judges pay to property—a feeling which is the city's curse throughout all its corporate or municipal administration of affairs.

*( To be continued.)*

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## WHEN EARTH WAS YOUNG.

When Earth was young, pure Love and Joy
  One sacred isle in concord kept,
And Sorrow, wayward weeping boy,
  Deep 'neath the distant billows slept.

Within that isle, 'mid banks of flowers,
  (Sweet shelter from the noon-day glare,)
Beauty was wont to pass the hours,
  And raised her shrine and altar there.

Once at the crimson close of day,
  When Beauty wore her sweetest smile,
A gilded bark sailed in the bay,
  And moored beside the happy isle.

A youth furled up the purple sail,
  And to the altar trembling stept;
He breathed a vow, he told a tale,
  And Beauty heard that tale, and wept.

Unhappy maid! she caught the boy,
  And clasped him to her panting breast;
She thought 'twas Love, she thought 'twas Joy,
  While Sorrow to her heart she pressed.

G. Douglas Thompson.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1836.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Agnes de Mansfeldt; an Historical Tale.* By THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, Author of "Jacqueline of Holland," "The Heiress of Bruges," "Highways and Byways," &c. &c. &c.

No period in the history of the world can be more interesting or more instructive to the Protestant, and even to all classes of Christians, than that which embraced the first outbreak of the Reformation, and the subsequent events, when men's minds were still in the ferment of indecision. Mr. Grattan has very judiciously availed himself of the striking incidents peculiar to this state of things in the well-told tale before us. There was a time, which we hope the Christian world will never again see, when prelates wielded the secular sword, not abstractedly but actually, and the same hands that performed mass and the same mouth that gave the benediction of peace, clove the scull of his foeman with the battle-axe, and cheered on with the war cry his fellow men to murder. Ghebhard de Truchses, the hero of this historical novel, was the Catholic archbishop and sovereign of Cologne and its dependencies. He was a man of no common penetration and strength of mind. He is introduced to the reader as wavering in his faith, and love turns him at length to Agnes de Mansfeldt and marriage; from that moment the train of his misfortunes commences. His subjects revolt, another archbishop is elected, and after efforts almost superhuman, and the witnessing of the defection of friends and the baseness of human nature, he and his wife are driven forth upon the world as abject wanderers, and after much hiding and much misery, at length find refuge in the reformed court of the Prince of Orange. During all these strange vicissitudes, the character of the heroine comes out brightly. She, with her husband, meet many romantic adventures. Among others not the least striking may be recorded—her rencontre with the Earl of Essex, her subsequent visit to his palace on the Thames, and the interruption of their interview by the jealous and despotic Queen Elizabeth. Our author speaks not lovingly of the "Good Queen Bess," but we much suspect quite as she deserves. The reader will find these volumes very exciting, though he will perhaps regret that, excepting in the two principal characters, he will not find that unity towards a single catastrophe that tends to make the construction of a novel so complete. There is the continued interference of a celebrated and very

original villain, a Count Scotus, that makes the plot in many parts quite as intricate as that of a Spanish play: this keeps up a very absorbing interest, and the reader as well as the author must feel much obliged to the wily count. It is a great pity that he is such an unmitigated rascal; we hardly think him natural, as there is no one redeeming point about him—he is a monster, perfect in his villany. This novel will be read with pleasure by all those who understand and love good writing, and who are prone to take a philosophical view of men's actions and passions as they work out the great revolutions of history. Mr. Grattan has certainly, in this production, increased his reputation, and done no small service to those who read only for amusement, by thus pleasantly forcing upon them a lesson in history, at once so excellent and so extensive.

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*One in a Thousand; or, the Days of Henry Quatre.* By the Author of "The Gipsy," "Mary of Burgundy," &c. &c. 3 Vols.

These volumes excellently vindicate the utility of the class of writings to which they belong. They make history at once familiar and interesting, morality engaging, and serve the cause of virtue well by adding largely to the stock of amusement. In this tale, the attributes of not only great, but what is more difficult, those of common characters are faithfully displayed, and we thus receive, unconsciously, a well-concocted lesson in the knowledge of man. The hero of this romance, for it is as much a romance as a novel, is a noble character, grand in the simplicity of truth, and loveable not so much from shining as from sterling qualities. This is as it should be. The dazzling and the meretricious are too often placed advantageously before the public for their admiration. To admire is too often to imitate; and a character of attractive vices imitated, produces too often irredeemable and repulsive imitations. There are two female characters, both ably conceived and splendidly supported, but we know not to which to concede the palm of the heroine's dignity. Beatrice of Ferrara must occupy most of the attention of the reader, for it is to her plotting that the often complicated action of the tale is almost solely owing: but her unfeminine boldness, her nearly insane energy, and her suicidal end, will never permit her to hold that favour in the mind of the reader that ought always to be attached to her whom we conceive to be the heroine. There is also in this work a dwarf, by far its most original character, and a conception that shows the strong inventive and poetical powers of the author. Though this is necessarily a most singular personage, yet he has a distinct motive for all his very erratic actions—a motive that is at once comprehensible and sensible. Much of the language of this *lusus naturæ* is a fine specimen of compact force, biting satire, and witty irony. The noble Henry Quatre does not often make his appearance, but whenever he honours the *dram. pers.* with his presence, he dignifies the scene, and throws a glory on all the incidents connected with it. We forbear to give anything like an outline of the plot, as we would not abate one iota of that intense interest to those who will peruse this work; an interest that never forsook us from the third page until the last chapter but one. By the skill of Mr. James, the attention is never for a moment suffered to flag; and the spirit-stirring scenes are offered to the eye, only so long as their interest is all absorbing. We really do not like to say all the good of this work which we justly might, lest we make our friends incredulous of our sincerity. However, this we must assert: it is beautiful for the purity of its thought and diction; in it there will be found no scurrile jest, no indecent phrase, no brilliant yet loose conceit that wit too often makes splendid at the expense of violated decorum. We like not the

drawing of parallels, nor the placing of authors above or below those of their fraternity either living or dead, but still we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of saying, that since Sir Walter Scott is with us no longer to charm and to instruct, we are well content with George Payne Rainsford James.

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*Selection of Parochial Examinations, relative to the Destitute Classes in Ireland, from the Evidence by His Majesty's Commissioners for inquiring into the Condition of the Poorer Classes in Ireland.* By Authority.

There must be some legal provision made for the poor of Ireland, or the whole social compact of that unhappy country will be disorganized. In a land of natural plenty, a man, wife, and family of small children, endeavouring to live upon an income of six pounds a year, (vide page 267,) must involve one of two consequences; he must either break the laws of man and rob, or those of nature and of (we hope it is not impiety to say it) God, by seeing his babes perish before his eyes, without some mad effort, that must be illegal, to prevent it. Let the casuist argue as he will, no man has, or no body of men have, a right to do that indirectly, which they may not directly. Without the pressure of distress be common to all, actual starvation, which is a sharp form of murder, should be decreed to none. This is the law in England. Here, even the worthless are not permitted to die of actual hunger. It is revolting to reflect on the thousands that are computed to die yearly in the "flower of the ocean," by the want of the mere necessaries of life. We should like to know how many of those political murders could have been prevented by appropriating the amount of the O'Connell tribute to the relief of the dying peasants. Twenty thousand pounds a year would go a great way! Here is a fine opportunity for the agitator to perform an heroic act of self-denial. We recommend this work to the earnest attention of all English readers. It cannot be perused without a moral advantage. It will make the haughty humble, open the hearts of the proud, and, we hope, the hands of the rich, and inspire all classes with a sincere desire to regenerate Ireland; not by inflaming the passions of its wretched inhabitants, but by giving them good laws, and a certainty against the horrors of perishing by destitution. The volume is very well compiled.

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*The Cabinet of Modern Art, and Literary Souvenir.* Edited by Alaric Watts. Second Series.

This splendid annual is more particularly devoted to the pictorial branch of the arts, and contains some very curious information respecting them. We admire the fearlessness with which it attacks a strange and unnatural monopoly, that has hitherto bound and still binds patient genius a captive to the car of Mammon. For this exposure alone, the public should feel grateful to the editor. But, to speak more immediately of the work before us. The frontispiece consists of an exquisite engraving by J. Outrim, after W. Collins, called "Rustic Civility," and the souvenir is made beautiful in its title-page by an enwreathed vignette, and which contains sweet portraits of the sisters, the Marchioness of Abercorn, and Lady Georgiana Russel. This unique specimen is by Chalon, and engraved with much delicacy by Gibbs. The literary portion of the work opens with a piece of poetry, by T. K. Hervey, entitled, "A Vision of

the Stars," which candour compels us to say that we do not like, though it will be the subject of admiration with many. We are amply indemnified for our disappointment in the exceeding beauty of the next piece by Barry Cornwall, called the "Painter conquered," which makes the heart leap with pleasurable emotions. The plate of "May-day" is an engraving not merely to be looked at, but to be contemplated: it is well descanted upon by Leslie, R.A. The "Peasant Girl of Gersano," by Uwins, is a fine countenance altogether masculine: indeed, the vine-crowned head and the costume give it all the appearance of a young Roman patrician of the sterner sex. In one word, without particularising the letter-press which immediately follows this plate, we must observe that all the notices on artists and the works of art are good. We do not much approve of Stothard's picture, excellently engraved as it is, from Lalla Rookh. All the faces are repetitions of each other, possessing much more than a family likeness. "The Lament of Bobadil El Chico," by Alaric Watts, is conceived with a poet's imagination, and expressed with a scholar's highly-cultivated language. All Miss E. L. Montagu's sonnets are such as fairly entitle them to a place in this distinguished publication. The plate, after Howard, R.A., of "Fairies on the Sea-shore," is beautifully imagined; it looks, however, too dark in the engraving—or, we should rather say, the darkness is not sufficiently transparent for moonlight. Mary Howitt always writes beautifully: her "Forest Scene" is one of the best specimens of her inspiration. But we are exceeding the limits that we are forced to set ourselves for the notice of one volume, however meritorious it may be. We cannot conclude without fairly stating, that for a combination of talent and an eager solicitude to make his publication every way worthy of an enlightened and, just now, a somewhat fastidious public, Alaric Watts has been surpassed by none. "The Literary Souvenir" for this year is not a work to be forgotten.

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*Gilbert Gurney.* By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Love and Pride," &c. 3 Vols.

As every body will read this work and every one pronounce the same opinion upon it, we may well be excused from promulgating a lengthened one of our own. It is full of wicked wit, and instinct with humorous mischief. It certainly does not give a very exalted view of human nature, but it gives a very droll one. Gilbert himself is a sort of "Peter Simple" ashore, very honest and exceedingly well-intentioned, but not quite awake. However, played upon as he is by all who come in contact with him, he contrives, at last, to stumble into a very considerable degree of happiness. It is one of the truest pictures of the realities, the niaiseries, and the ridiculous conventions of human life that ever was displayed. Theodore Hook would be a Rabelais if he dared—and great is the praise to say, that he could be if he would. But one thing, one little thing has surprised us amidst all the sparkling showers of original wit that he pours so liberally upon us—the reappearance of sundry ancient, very venerably ancient Joes, those Joes that rejoice in Miller as their patronymic. How is this? Is it an act of reclamation? Every one knows, that Theodore Hook squanders away more oral wit than any two men of his time. That many of his good things have found their way into the jest books is perfectly natural, and quite as natural that Hook should want them back again. And why should he, of all men, be denied the joys of paternity? Momus forbid that we should be one of the cruel. With this feeling of sympathy strong upon us, we beg leave to inform him that we have an antique Joseph in our own library, with many exquisite and Hookish things in it—so good, indeed, that they deserve a father. This book is perfectly at Mr. Hook's service

immediately we are assured that he has commenced another novel. But, in sober seriousness, not only for wit but for higher qualities, Gilbert Gurney must stand as one of the best fictions of the age; for when the narrative is pathetic, it is with a pathos the most refined and the most natural. Is this highly talented author aware that he has repeated himself verbatim for a quarter of a page—the same passages appearing in two different volumes? *Il se repète*—ominous.

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*History of England by Hume and Smollet, with a Continuation, by the* Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Vol. XVIII.

This continuation in the volume before us, has been brought down to the year 180, an epoch sufficiently near to make us all cry, "Hold, enough." Hitherto, it has been our opinion, that this continuation has been impartially done—even well done; but we say it, though with hesitation, we do not think that it is, or that posterity hereafter will receive it as, the legitimate continuation of Hume and Smollet. It is most deficient in style, the faults of which we have pointed out in former numbers, and to which faults we will now add another. To the equable and stately march of history, it might be sometimes permitted to mention our seamen and officers, without always calling them brave, or naval heroes, or gallant captains, or using similar prettinesses of speech, (see page 209, and almost every other page in which our naval and military exploits are recorded.) A clear statement of the action will best supply to the reader the proper epithet to bestow on the performers of it. When Cæsar wrote his Commentaries, he did not say the gallant legions, the military heroes—he sometimes praised the enemy by an epithet—his own troops never. But we will pause, lest we be accused of cavilling, and conclude by saying, that, taken as a whole, this is the best History of England extant, and has every recommendation, as to convenience of size, beauty of type, and cheapness.

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*Plebeians and Patricians.* By the Author of "Old Maids," "Old Bachelors," &c. 3 Vols.

This novel has disappointed us, not as a novel *per se*, but as a work of fiction, from a pen so able as that which has produced the other works which have so much delighted the reading circles. In this before us, there is a great deal that is natural, and a great deal that is exaggerated; much that is probable, and much that is impossible; a great deal of humour, and a great deal too much anxiety to be humorous. It is a history of a manufacturing family; the plebeians are the all in all of the story, the patricians a mere episode, and not a very splendid one. The ridicule of a useful and now very important class, will not be relished, and is hardly deserved. Even the most uneducated among them would reject the book with disgust as being a picture of their general manners. Isolated instances of individual vulgarity abound in every sphere, not excluding the highest; but in no circle of society, however low, are all its members vulgar. The mistake of this clever author has been to make every plebeian, that appears in his tale, a specimen of vulgarity. This is not only unjust to the particular grade, from which he has drawn his principal characters, but unjust to humanity itself; and then, to heighten the grotesque of his delineations, he commits such absurdities. Was it ever possible, under any construction of society, that the wife of a knight, in a populous neighbourhood, that man the chief among it, should

be ignorant, for years, that she was entitled to be called "my lady," and this, too, very recently? But, as these volumes afford great amusement in the perusal, for the sake of that amusement, we recommend them. They are not without touches of genuine wit; and the pathos of one or two of the passages is exquisite. We feel assured that this will not be the last work of fiction from the author, and feel equally assured that it will be his worst; and, even as it is, he need not be ashamed to own it.

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*Vindication of the English Constitution, in a Letter to a noble and learned Lord.* By DISRAELI the Younger.

The crisis of a great struggle between the two parties, Tories and Whigs, is at hand. This book is at once a symptom, and a justification, of the approaching encounter. Disraeli has well championed his party; in argument, clear-sightedness, and eloquence, he has in this surpassed all his other works. Sometimes in wishing to prove the whole of his argument, we think that he asserts a little too much. But who can avoid this, when carried away by the spirit of triumphant argumentation? He takes for the basis of his position, this rather startling proposition, that Toryism is essentially democratic, and that the nation has always been decidedly, both numerically, and as far as the possession of property is concerned, decidedly, nay, almost unanimously, Tory; and, that this is the case, he offers very valid reasons, that will be more easily sneered at, than disproved. We earnestly recommend this work to the attention of the country at large. It is rather oratorically written, but we must not refuse to admit truth within our doors, because she does not come to us in her soberest garb. Though in her holiday dress, she is truth still. There is combined with its other merits, a great deal of historical research displayed in this publication; and the systematic manner in which its various parts are put together, show no little skill, as well as industry, on the part of the author. The sincerity of our commendation ought to be increased by the fact, that we have not had occasion to speak very favourably of some of this gentleman's later works. This vindication will, no doubt, be answered, and that virulently, by a faction to which it must prove eminently distasteful—the friends of the principles that it advocates, ought therefore to stand by it the more manfully.

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*Old Bachelors, their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions.* By the Author of "Old Maids." 2 Vols.

The ladies ought, in full conclave, to decree to the author of this very meritorious work, at least a triumphal arch. It is a glorious vindication of all the ennobling attributes of the sex; it is a sweet persuasive to marriage, and, were it not for our icy notions of political economy, and the somewhat smoky atmosphere in which we live, and breathe, and have our being, we are inclined to think that if this treatise were sung to any decent kind of lyre, it would have the same effect upon the cockneys as the famous epithalamium had upon the Abderites, sending the whole of the adult unmarried population to take unto themselves wives. All the various characters of bachelors are hit off with a nicety, a force, and a humour as true as diverting. This will prove to be a lasting work; and all who love genuine satire, tempered with sterling good-nature, will read and re-read this work with a satisfaction as lasting as it will prove great.

*Lorette; the History of Louise, Daughter of a Canadian Nun, exhibiting the interior of Female Convents. With a Preface by the* Rev. Henry Wilkes, M.A., Edinburgh.

We must presume, from the respectability of the clerical gentleman whose name appears in the title-page of this volume, that its contents are authentic. We therefore entreat the public attention to it. They will not find the book very eloquently, or very elegantly written, but they will find facts, that ought to make upon every Protestant mind, ay, and Catholic too, the deepest impression. Popery is making great exertions to establish its scarlet abominations in England. We almost daily hear of the erection of more mass-houses, and the establishment of fresh nunneries. Is it too much to expect that we should combat these innovations with the weapons of the innovators? Would not, at the present moment, a republication of the evidence taken at the suppression of the religious houses, in bluff Harry's time, be an excellent *counterblast* to Dan's theology? We know well that the individual sins of past generations of Catholics, ought not to cast obloquy on the present; but as they boast their religion to be changeless and unchangeable, the world has a just right to see, what, if their principles be again followed out, they are again likely to produce. The book before us is a specimen, in a small way, of all the pollution and incestuous abominations that seem to be inherent in the very nature of a nunnery.

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*Marco Visconti, a Romance of the Fourteenth Century, from the Italian of Tommaso Grossi.* By Miss Caroline Ward. 2 Vols.

How this romance may read in the original, we cannot pretend to say, but in English it is insufferably heavy. The story seems to be entangled by history, instead of elucidating, or being elucidated by it. Taking these volumes, sentence by sentence, criticism has nothing harsh to say of the fair translator, but the impression that the reading of the whole conveys, is dullness, and a feeling that all, or almost all, the characters are artificial. We make no doubt but that this romance is extremely popular among the Italians, which popularity seems to have been the only incitement that Miss Ward could have had to complete her task; but though we see so little to approve in it, we would not willingly deter a single person from wading through it, for perhaps there are many who will like it for the very reasons that make it distasteful to us. Your regular romance reader has an ostrich stomach, which will digest even stones.

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*The Excitement, or a Book to induce Young People to read, for* 1836. *Containing remarkable Appearances in Nature, signal Preservations, and such Incidents as are particularly fitted to arrest the Youthful Mind.*

This little work may be considered as a juvenile annual, though it is not very prodigal of gilding or engravings. It is got up neatly, however, and its letter-press is very good indeed. There is not one of the narratives that is not either instructive or amusing, and most frequently they are both. If the character of the "Original Painter" be not a little overdrawn, it is one of the most singular ever offered to public observation. We certainly recommend this volume to the attention of present-giving ladies and gentlemen.

*The History of the United States of North America, from the Plantation of the British Colonies till their Revolt, and Declaration of Independence.* By JAMES GRAHAME, Esq.

This work is written precisely as history should be. It is not the crude attempts of rapid composition—a volume written in a few months, to be forgotten in still fewer. Mr. Grahame has studied his subject, and well considered all its various and important bearings before he began to compose, and that operation has been performed neither hastily nor negligently. This is certainly the best history of the United States extant. It is written with a calm and philosophical spirit, and by one who, reverencing liberty, knows that it is best secured by order, morality, and an uncompromising obedience to the laws. These settlements were first founded in cupidity, and the lust for domination: but, though the motives of these expeditions were so sordid, the expeditions themselves were romantic in the extreme. Mr. Grahame has recorded them with a pen that reminds us of the descriptive powers of Sir Walter Scott. He is not so elaborate, perhaps not so elegant, as that graphic author; but he is quite as powerful, though necessarily much more condensed. As we proceed in the history, we find that the attention never flags; for the perspicuity of the arrangements of the several subjects, prevents weariness in the reader. Works of this magnitude, and of this merit, are appropriated slowly, but their final success and triumph are certain. The author must not hope that an edition, like a popular novel, will be sold in a month; but a steady demand, which the lapse of years will not prejudice, will be the writer's noble reward. May he live to enjoy it!

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*St. John in Patmos, or the Last Apostle, a Sacred Poem; from the Revelation.* By the Rev. W. L. BOWLES. *To which are added, Some Minor Poems of Early Youth.*

The characteristics of this poem are a chastened sublimity, and a reverence so deep for the subject, that inspiration seems sometimes checked by awe. The melody of the verse is simple and unaffected, and the language, seeking no other ornament than that which the grandeur of the subject conveys to it naturally, is of that clear and distinct nature with which we imagine tidings, from other than mortal mouths, would be conveyed to us. But Mr. Bowles has a reputation that needs not our panegyrics. Time has inscribed his name on those records that he destroys the latest, and though it may not be the first on the list of poetical fame, we think that it will prove to be one of the most enduring.

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*Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd.*

The part that we least like of this excellent little book is the title, in which strict propriety is endangered, for the sake of alliteration. This volume is replete with little snatches of wisdom, and aphorisms that are often tumid with instruction. They certainly are not so witty or so epigrammatic as those of Rochefoucault, but they are concocted in a much better and a purer spirit. Of course, we do not pin our faith unconditionally to all of them, but we find them mostly good. After all, how little are these fine sayings applicable as rules of life.

*Margaret Ravenscroft; or, Second Love.* By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN, Author of the "Tales of the Rahmad'han," "Egypt and Mahomet Ali," &c. &c. 3 Vols.

This is, on many accounts, a very singular and a very original work: in its singularity are contained its defects, in its originality its beauties. We have offered to us a first volume that is nothing but a succession of platitudes relieved by absurdities, and of common places contrasted with improbabilities. It is almost unreadable. We have no idea what the author would be at, excepting we suppose him, like the vaulter, to sink the lower in order that he may take a more elevated bound. But in the second volume, the under-current of passion begins to show itself; the narrative warms with energy, grows bewitching with interest, and the plot runs on with a fearful grandeur to its terrible development, in a catastrophe natural, terrific, and heart-rending. In all this we find the finest specimens of writing and the most elevated bursts of eloquence. And then the saddened repose that supervenes is not the less beautiful; it has all the rich and autumnal tints of the waning year. The character of the poet gradually improves upon the reader, from the absurd Zany, into the man of feeling, and true genius, the soothing and enlightened companion, and the faithful friend. We think, with all submission, that Molière's expedient of reading his lucubrations to his old woman, would not unwisely be adopted by this highly-gifted author. It might certainly be necessary to send us to sleep during the whole of the first volume, in order that we might the more completely enjoy the agitation of the two succeeding ones; but the experiment is a very dangerous one. People may not be inclined to awake in time, or if they be of a lethargic temperament, to awake at all. However, Mr. St. John awoke us, and to very beautiful scenes. Might not the second volume be so compressed as to throw it into the other two, and thus the preparatory dose be avoided? —the reader may construe the word dose either as a drug or a nap.

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*Norman Leslie; a Tale of the Present Times.* By THEODORE S. FAY. 3 Vols.

Mr. N. P. Willis has certainly got a split reed in his mouth that grew on the banks of the genuine Helicon, and it sounds almost as loudly as a penny trumpet when he condescends to blow it, and to blow it he has condescended before his countryman, Mr. Fay. Well, of all manner of literary assurances, this assuredly is the most assured. He tells the world, in his advertisement to this really superior work, that the MS. passed through *his* hands—*tant pis*—for some one, and that he has offered it the first word of encouragement. Goodness ineffable! Enter a little boy with a sixpenny drum, heralding the approach of a man who had really done some honour to his country, would be about as judicious a pageant as that of Mr. Willis introducing Mr. Fay to the English public. But let us get rid of the protector, and come to the author, or rather his spirited work. It is a production of great, even superior merit, and its characters are drawn with the bold hand of one who is destined to become a master. It opens with a vivid scene of bustle and American life in New York, and gives us a very favourable opinion of the degree of refinement that the enterprising inhabitants of that city have attained. Our countrymen will be surprised to find how very English in that which is good of England, they are. There is a villain hero and a virtuous one, and they are finely contrasted to each other. We however are inclined to think that Clairmont, the *soi-disant* French count, is too unmitigably

black. His character would have been more terrible, and much more complete, had his rascality been less so. However, this is almost a matter of taste, and there will be always many who think that it is impossible to paint the devil too black.. The pathetic parts of this novel, and some are deeply pathetic, are exquisite, and evince not only an observant but a very refined mind: indeed, all the passions and the modes of betraying them are well sustained. The gaiety is of the real buoyant description, the sorrow true to nature, and we find no character making free with sentiments, and language, not strictly appropriate to his individuality. That this production will become a great favourite in the country of the author's birth, and the one that he has adopted for his first-born novel, there cannot be the least doubt. That "Norman Leslie" contains parts which, if strictly scrutinized, would be found in some slight points objectionable, we are very willing to allow, but as a whole it will be found to be a fiction of a very high description, that will be read with eagerness, and be pronounced not either dull or too long by the most fastidious. The winding up of the story will prove to be extremely palatable to all professed novel readers, because it is not only sensibly but very happily concluded, without any of those violent destructions of time and space to which inferior authors are too often obliged to have recourse in order to make their two lovers happy. In this *dénouement*, the events are naturally worked out from sufficient and probable causes, and the ends of poetical justice are satisfied, and so are we.

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*The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. A new Edition.*

In noticing this new edition it will not be expected that we enter into an analysis of Mr. Campbell's genius. His works have become the classics of England, and classics of which, perhaps, his country is more proud than of any since the days of ——ah! there is the question—answer it as we will, what a host of antagonists we should raise, how many prejudices we should shock, and how many partisans we should exasperate! Can any one point out to us a better living poet? any, take him all in all, so good? He has not been expletive, he has not written himself out. Can you expect more than two or three *standard* works of genius from one man? An age has been amply prolific that has borne two such poems, as "The Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming." This edition is principally characterised by embracing so many of the poet's works in one volume, by the beauty and clearness of its type, and, above all, by a well-engraved frontispiece, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, of a portrait of the author. It is a very good likeness, and conveys much of that refinement and intellectuality which are the principal expressions of Campbell's countenance.

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*The Life and Times of General Washington.* By CYRUS R. EDMONDS. 2 Vols.

We have just received a second volume of this well-compiled work, illustrated with a portrait of the general in a full dress court suit. We know not if it convey a just idea of the liberator's presence, but it certainly is a very gentlemanly individual, with a countenance as full of energy as it is apparently of years. This second volume, for the matter that it contains, is much more interesting to the British subject than the former one, and will be the fruitful source of many reflections to all classes of readers. In his latter years, General Washington's position was, by no means, a bed of roses: indeed, he became suspected and un-

popular, and he was surrounded by disaffection, and death only was able to afford him that final justice and that high estimation which his elevated character so justly entitled him to. We had forgotten to mention that this volume forms No. 54 of the Family Library.

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*The Scottish Annual.* Edited by WILLIAM WEIR.

There are some airy pleasant papers in this work, and not one bad one. There is a continually recurring subject harping throughout upon autography, and several interesting specimens of the hand-writing of a few eminent and some remarkable persons. To hope to form an estimate of character from a man's scrawlings is worse than—is absolute—moonshine. In the course of our thirty and some years of pen-handling, we have written as many distinct hands, hardly one of which having any characteristics in common with the other, save that most all-embracing one of being wretchedly bad. As a school-boy, it was stiff and clear, and about as agreeable to look at as a well-starched shroud. As a midshipman, it was a perfect conundrum to our respective captains to make out what it meant, on little bits of paper that we were pleased to call day's works, but then it was most fantastically free. As an author, it is the terror of the compositors, and the despair of the printer's reader, that is, when we happen to be moody; when pleased, the letters seemed leading a graceful dance on the paper, every one telling his own name, and as legible as virtues engraved upon my lord's tombstone, when they piously assert that he was the best of husbands. We have nearly forty different hands, and it would be a great shame, with this Briarian advantage, if we did not contrive to do our work well, and get through enough of it; and we shall set one of our hands to the assertion, that the Scottish Annual is a very deserving book, and ought to find patronage on both sides of the border.

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*The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides.* By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. *To which are added, Johnsoniana, or Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c. And Notes by various Hands.* 10 Vols.

This carefully compiled and elaborate work has at length concluded, by the Tenth Volume, which is occupied solely by Johnsoniana and notes. This life is now complete, and is also redundant—but of such a man, redundancy of information may be pardoned. Upon a full perusal of all the evidence brought forward in this edition, it must be confessed, that, not only was Johnson not an amiable, but scarcely a good man—he was tyrannical, which is always indicative of something wrong about the heart, and selfish. There is one of the anecdotes told by Nichols, and one intended to be told to his honour, that seems to us to mark both timidity and meanness. On his death-bed, he bethought him of having borrowed a guinea thirty years ago, and he orders it to be restored to the son of the lender, the latter being some time dead. Many of these thirty years that he was in debt, were years of prosperity to Johnson. Was the approach of death necessary to remind him to be honest? We, however, will disbelieve this anecdote, for the sake of the reverence that we wish to feel for the character of one of England's great men. The frontispiece to this last volume is a full-length portrait of the prattling Bozzi, which proves him, as far as appearance and attitude can prove any thing, to have been a solemn

coxcomb. The vignette title-page is a Medusa-like head of Johnson himself, the very picture of savage irascibility contradicted. To the title of a standard work, these volumes have an indubitable claim. We take our leave of them, rejoicing in the certainty of their success.

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*The Sacred Classics; or, the Cabinet Library of Divinity.* Edited by the Rev. B. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A.

The twenty-fourth number of this beneficial and ably-conducted work is frontispieced with a villanously bad engraving of the sublime "Ecce homo" of Correggio. The perpetrator should have been made to dine off his own plate for six calendar months. However, the reader is not to be obliged to look at it, nor will he care to do so, when he has such beautiful and elevated matter in the letter-press to delight and to improve him. The introductory essay of Mr. Stebbing is worthy of the matter that it prefaces, which is the third and last volume of the great exemplar of Jeremy Taylor. This work is a sacred classic of the highest order, and really and truly a boon to mankind.

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*Watson's New Botanist's Guide to the Localities of the River Plants of Britain, on the Plan of Turner and Dillwin's Botanist's Guide.* By HERIOTT COTTEREL WATSON.

We presume that, as yet, only the first volume of this work has issued from the press, as the first only we have received, containing the plants of England and Wales. This must be an invaluable *vade mecum* to all those who delight in botany. It is merely a sort of Lexicon, giving the scientific name of the plant, and the spot where it is to be found. We wish that it had been consistent with Mr. Watson's plan, to have furnished us with the popular terms also. The numbers of these productions are prodigious, and are, no doubt, rapidly increasing. This work will be received with all that attention, that the labour bestowed upon it so fully entitles it to.

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*A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmiester.* By W. E. SHUCKHARD, M.E.S. *With Additions by the Author, and Original Notes and Plates by the Translator.*

The numbers of this well-edited periodical run double, and the public have now before them the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, which treat of the physiology of insect muscular motion, sounds, and of psychological physiology, which latter is extremely curious. The exquisite adaptation of means to an end, in the smallest insect, must increase our wonder with our knowledge, as we become acquainted with the attributes of those minute portions of creation. We wish that more attention were paid to the science of entomology, as we feel convinced that it contains the basis of many great and valuable truths, as yet undiscovered. The plates are delicately engraved, but very faultily faint. We would, for the sake of the work, that this were remedied.

*Chess for Beginners; in a Series of Progressive Lessons, showing the most approved Methods of beginning and ending the Game, with various Situations and Checkmates. Illustrated by numerous Diagrams, printed in Colours.* By WILLIAM LEWIS, Teacher of Chess, and Author of several Works on the Game.

This country is divided into interests; the money interest, the landed interest, the shipping interest, with many more interesting interests, too numerous to be specified. Now these interests sometimes clash with each other, and some of them are thought to suffer from their not having great minds to watch over and direct them. But the country has another interest well watched over, and well directed, and that is, the chess interest; though, we must confess, that the Paris club have got the better of us; and this important interest is particularly safe, since guarded by such men as Lewis and Walker. The work before us is a proof of this. It is a sort of recruiting book, with a gay cockade to tempt young gentlemen and ladies to enter into the service. We recommend it—because it is handsome, portable, and scientifically good. We ought to know, for we have been beaten by the grand Turk, or rather, by our own politeness.

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*Wilson's Historical, Traditional, and Imaginative Tales of the Border.* Volume I.

We ought to take shame to ourselves in confessing that we have never before met with any of the periodicals that form this volume. It has arrived late in the month, and is a very large affair. We have, therefore, had no time to do more than read about one dozen of these border tales; and we are quite astonished to find how good they are in matter, and elegantly told in language, and the astonishment is much enhanced by our never having heard mention made of them before. They appear to have been published in Edinburgh, at three-halfpence each, once a week, on every succeeding Saturday. The reader will perceive it is fifty per cent. dearer than the Penny Mag.—how many hundred per cent. better the reader himself must judge. We much wish that, on our recommendation, numerous may be those, who will make the trial. Still it must be remembered that we have, as yet, read but few of them.

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*The Columbian Bard, a Selection of American Poetry, with Biographical Notices of the most popular Authors.* By the Editor of "The Bard," &c. &c.

We much admire the conciliating and temperate preface to this little selection; and the selection itself is honourable to the country, the authors of which produced it. We will not particularize as superior any of these poems, in order to avoid the invidious accusation of undue partiality to any one of the talented individuals whose names are here recorded; and we have also another reason for this course, which it is not here necessary for us to specify. We hope that the "Columbian Bard" will find a welcome entrance into every circle of English society. It must increase our respect for the literary attainments of our Transatlantic brethren—and respect is the best precursor, and the surest preserver, of love.

*Very little Tales for very little Children, in Single Syllables of Four and Five Letters. Second Series, Fourth Edition. And Progressive Tales for little Children, in Words of One and Two Syllables, forming the Sequel to the former.*

As Mr. Shandy says, speaking of embryo men and women, a top and ball are a crown and sceptre to them; so are these two little documents as good as a title of nobility, or grants of vast estates to those for whom they were written. It is therefore not *infra dig.* in the Metropolitan to notice them: indeed, there is no condescension in adverting to that which increases the happiness and knowledge of extreme youth and innocence. These little tales are well suited to their object, and that is giving them deserved, and also the best of praise.

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*Northcote's Parliamentary Chronicle, embracing Impartial and Authentic Reports of all the Speeches in both Houses, during the Third Session of the Reformed Parliament.*

We are much pleased again to see this well-conducted periodical on our library table, though the present, No. XXXV, contains only a copious and neatly-printed index, and one sheet of the well-written history of the Scottish parliament. We will not refer to the enlightened and critical notices at the end of this part, further than by saying, that we heartily concur in the opinions that they express. Every gentleman should be possessed of this periodical, as it contains not only valuable, but accurately authentic records of his country, the only legitimate rudiments of future history.

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*An Analysis of the Parliamentary Proceedings of the Session* 1835, *with an Appendix, &c. &c.* By HENRY DEACON.

We have looked through this publication attentively, and find it to be a good digest of all that has taken place last session. It is a chronicle of acts, not of words. The parliamentary bursts of eloquence are all omitted —we have only the results, and God knows that is quite enough. Will no patriotic and sensible member move, at the very commencement of next session, for leave to bring in a bill to prevent excessive legislation? Such a bill would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. We find this publication is to be continued annually. We are glad of it, for we like it.

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*Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs, the Roads leading thereto, and the Doings thereat.* By PEREGRINE PROLIX.

This is a racy, and purely American *jeu d'esprit*, a gay trifle, over which the happy may laugh, and the misanthropical pish. Nor is the merry style of the narrative its best recommendation, for the medical and geological information is curious, and appears to be accurate. This little book is well worth while the looking through, though the reader may have no intention of visiting the springs that it celebrates.

*The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Part X. Illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty-eight Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard and Turner.*

This exquisitely illustrated work has now been brought to a conclusion by the publication of the Tenth Part. It is nearly filled with notes to the various works of the accomplished poet. These separate parts will bind up in a splendid volume, for they have all the necessary accessories, in excellent paper, beautiful type, and engravings of the very highest order. It must prove a successful undertaking to the publishers, and we should be pleased to see Campbell's works produced in the same manner.

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*Memoirs of Mr. Mathias D'Amour.*

We cannot conceive what possible good is to be answered by the publication of this biography. It is a task to read it, and a folly to buy it. Had it not been so intolerably dull, we should have supposed it to have been an attempted quiz upon the prevailing fashion of writing stupid biographies. Its appearance is certainly unaccountable to us, excepting upon the supposition, that some merry wags have laid a wager as to who could produce the worst book; and that the winner has succeeded so eminently, that the "Memoirs of Mr. Mathias D'Amour" are published to show the world how deep it is possible to go in trashiness.

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*The Pirate and the Three Cutters.* By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N. *Illustrated with Twenty splendid Engravings, from Drawings by* CLARKSON STANFIELD, ESQ. R.A.

We notice the appearance of this splendidly-illustrated work to undeceive the world in an idea, just now too prevalent, that it was intended as an annual; on the contrary, we hope it may be an eternal favourite in everlasting request. May the wish be gratified for the sake of its modesty.

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*The Juvenile Pianist; or, a Mirror of Music for Infant Minds.* By ANNE RODWELL, Teacher of the Pianoforte.

Great are the praises due to those who render the first step in science easy; and of these praises the authoress of this little work may justly claim a large portion. We like it so well, that we shall immediately put it into the hands of our own little dears, as we find it exactly what a very first book ought to be.

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*The Nursery Offering; or, Children's Gift, for* 1836.

An Annual, not, as the title implies, a gift of children, for, in the days of slobbering-bibs, they give little else but trouble, but an Annual to be given to them when they have done crying, and their bright little faces look up like a summer's daybreak. It is full of coloured plates, all very pretty, and of stories still prettier. Let, therefore, the givers be numerous.

*Japhet, in Search of a Father.* By the Author of "Peter Simple," &c.

We do not mention this work for the sake of uttering one syllable in its praise. We feel certain that all other critics will most completely take that trouble off our hands. We merely announce its appearance in three orthodox volumes, and feel that we shall very shortly have to announce its dispersion all over the reading world. Not to do thus much, would be putting a sort of slight upon our readers—to do more, we are much more capable than inclined.

*The Elements of the Greek Grammar. A New Edition.*

The general estimation that this grammar of Valpy's has obtained in so many private, as well as public, seminaries, relieves us from the necessity of doing more than announcing the appearance of this new edition. It is beautifully printed, and extremely cheap.

*Gog and Magog. A Legendary Ballad.*

This *jeu de mots* is excellently well punned throughout, and the author will make Thomas Hood shake in his shoes, if they do not happen to possess the same souls, and that they are two single punsters punched into one. It is good Christmas reading, whoever wrote it.

*A History of the British Fishes.* By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. *Illustrated by upwards of Four Hundred Wood-cuts, including numerous Vignettes.*

The Tenth part of this national and well-conducted work is devoted exclusively to those numerous tribes of fishes, denoted under the general term of Salmonidæ, which are so abounding on our coasts, and so welcome to our tables. This work is deserving of the highest commendation.

*An Experimental Guide to Chemistry.* By EDWARD DAVY, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

This is very well. We would recommend this short treatise to the notice of gentlemen and ladies who have no ambition to become chemically learned, but still wish not to be ignorant of its leading principles. The matter is well arranged, and, considering the size of the work, the information that it contains is very considerable.

*The Disowned.* By E. L. BULWER, Esq.

"Colburn's Modern Novelists," in shilling parts, is going on well. "The Disowned" is now being published in this manner, on excellent paper, and in very superior type. It must command a great circulation.

*La Chaperon Noir; or, the Sham Clubs of St. James's, and Acts of the Greeks.* By a TURK. No. I.

We shall refrain from speaking of this work until we see whether it be published in order to be bought up. The next number will decide us.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Pirate, and the Three Cutters. By Captain Marryat, R.N. Illustrated with Twenty Engravings, from Drawings by C. Stanfield. Royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; imperial 8vo. India proofs, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Remarks on the Geographical Distribution of British Plants. By H. C. Watson. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

The Doctor. Vols. I. and II., second edition. Post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Mysteries of Providence and the Triumphs of Grace. 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

The Ninth and Eleventh Sections of Newton's Principia. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Rudiments of Physiology. By J. Fletcher, M.D. Part I. 8vo. 5*s.*

The Suffolk Pocket-Book; or the Merchant's, &c. Annual Account-Book, with an Almanack for 1836. 3*s.*

The Cabinet of Modern Art and Literary Souvenir. Edited by A. Watts, 1836. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Letters on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Duties of the Christian Religion. By O. Gregory, LL.D. Sixth edit. 1 vol. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Simeon's Works. 8vo. new edit. Part I. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Alphabet of Physical Geography for Beginners. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Introduction to the Science of Botany. By C. F. Partington. 8vo. 6*s.* With fourteen coloured plates, in a box, 2*l.* 2*s.*; or with nine coloured plates, in a box, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Analytical Index to Hope's Essay on Architecture. With wood-cuts, royal 8vo. 6*s.*

Land and Sea Tales. By the "Old Sailor." 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. with Etchings by George Cruikshank, 16*s.*

Mrs. Austen's Story without an End. New edition, square, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Sister of Charity; the Magic Lantern, &c. By Edward Farhill. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Naval Service, or Officers' Manual for every Grade. By Captain W. N. Glascock, R.N. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Japhet in Search of a Father. By the Author of "Peter Simple," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Spirit of Chambers's Journal, Vol. III. 12mo. 4*s.*

Municipal Corporation Act. Abridged by R. Guppy. 18mo. 2*s.*

Legends of the Conquest of Spain, forming No. III. of Miscellanies. By the Author of the "Sketch-Book." Post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*

Hood's Comic Annual, 1836. 12*s.*

The General Turnpike Road Acts, with Notes, Forms, and an Index. By C. Bateman. Third edit. 12mo. 9*s.*

The Scottish Annual. Edited by W. Weir. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Garland of Love, gathered in the Field of English Poesy. Small 8vo. 6*s.*

The Law of Patents Explained. By W. Carpmeal. Second edit. 8vo. 5*s.*

The Right Hon. Sir J. Mackintosh's Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. With a Preface, by the Rev. William Whewell. 8vo. 9*s.*

The Sea. By Robert Mudie. Royal 18mo. 5*s.*

Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes. By the Author of "Eugene Aram," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Principles and Practice of Surgery, by Sir A. Cooper, Bart. Edited by A. Lee, M.D. 8vo. 18*s.* plain; 28*s.* coloured.

Letters, &c. of S. T. Coleridge. 2 vols. 12mo. 18*s.*

Savory's Companion to the Medicine Chest. 12mo. 4*s.*

Les Dames de Byron. 4to. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Essay on the Distinguishing Traits of Christian Charity. By G. Spring, D.D. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Edgeworth's Early Lessons, Vols. III. and IV. New edit. 18mo. 6*s.*

Vindication of the English Constitution. By Disraeli, the Younger. 8vo. 6*s.*

Dick's Philosophy of Religion. Third edit. 12mo. 8*s.*

Joe Miller's Jests, with copious Additions. Foolscap 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Memoirs of Mirabeau, Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 21*s.*

Life of Prince Talleyrand, Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 24*s.*

The Romance of History, (India.) By the Rev. H. Caunter. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Gog and Magog, with four cuts. 18mo. 1*s.*
Harvie's Communicant's Companion. New edit. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Kidd's Bridgewater Treatise. Fourth edit. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*
Hodson's Hackney Coach Fares for 1836. 1*s.*
Wortley's Travelling Sketches in Rhyme. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Collier's Midwifery. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*
Howitt's Sketches of Natural History. New edit. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth ; 5*s.* roan.

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## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

We have much pleasure in announcing a new edition of Mr. Montgomery's sublime poem of the Messiah.

Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia" will shortly make its appearance.

The work of Captain Glasscock on naval affairs, that has been anticipated with so much eagerness, has just made its appearance.

"The Book of Gems" will soon require, so rapidly has it sold, a new edition.

The public curiosity is at length gratified by the appearance of that very original and curious novel, "Japhet, in Search of a Father," from the masterly pen of Capt. Marryat.

We announce a new novel, lately published, from the powerful pen of Mr. Grattan, entitled "Agnes of Mansfeldt."

Lodge's "Peerage," fifth edition, is meeting with a great sale.

Elements of International Law, with a Sketch of the History of the Science. By Henry Wheaton, LL.D., Resident Minister from the United States to the Court of Berlin.

A Series of Outlines, from the well-known Collection of Italian Pictures, in the possession of W. G. Coesvelt, Esq. Engraved by Monsieur Joubert. Royal 4to.

On the Education of the Eye in reference to Painting. By John Burnet, author of "Practical Hints on Painting."

In the press, the complete works of Bentley, edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, in which are included various Critical Conjectures, &c., never before printed. The two first volumes, containing the Dissertation on Phalaris, and the Epist. ad Millium. with Notes by the Editor, will shortly appear as a separate publication.

M. Ladvocat, the French publisher, has, it is stated, just agreed to publish the Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte, the Prince of Canino, prefaced by a volume of Poems from the same hand. M. Ladvocat came to London to make the arrangement; and there can be no doubt but that the political revelations will be very important.

A Metrical Translation of the entire Eleven Comedies of Aristophanes. By M. Walsh, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The School Boy, a Poem. By Thomas Maude, M.A.

A Brief Memoir of Sir William Blizard, Knt., F.R.S. L. & E. of London and Edinburgh, Surgeon and Vice-President of the London Hospital. Read before the Hunterian Society, October, 1835, with additional particulars of his Life and Writings. By Wm. Cooke, M.R.C.S., Secretary of the Hunterian Society, Editor of an Abridgment of Morgagni, &c.

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## NEW MUSIC.

We are sorry to inform those gentlemen who have sent us their compositions, that the eminent Professor, to whom we entrust the task of noticing the new music, is still on a provincial tour. They will be attended to in our next.

## FINE ARTS.

We have viewed a full-length portrait of Admiral Lord Nelson, painted for the Junior United Service Club, by that clever artist, Lane, which is at once an honour to the arts, and to the patriotic spirit of the club that has called it into existence. The picture is very largely, and all the accessories finely, imagined. Mrs. Macham, the surviving sister of his lordship, has pronounced it to be the very best likeness that was ever produced of the hero of so many victories. Sir Thomas Hardy has also expressed the same opinion. For power, for harmony, and suavity of effect, this picture may challenge any lately produced by contemporary artists. There is, perhaps, a little too much opacity in the circumambient smoke. We wished this spirited example of the gentlemen of the club was more universally followed by our several public and private institutions; the benefits it would confer are numerous, and of a high order: even the institutions would not be the losers by their public spirit, for well-painted pictures of the description of that which we are now noticing, always increase in value by time, and when death has deprived the world of the artist who painted them. The hundreds spent in a gilding that soon tarnishes, and must be continually renewed, would be much better bestowed on the encouragement of the Fine Arts, and in cherishing sculpture and painting. Not that gilding should be banished—let us have both if we can, but the paintings first.

*Stanfield's Coast Scenery. A Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other Picturesque Portions of the European Continent, from Original Drawings taken expressly for this Work,* by CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R.A. *Dedicated, by Permission, to the King.*

The first plate in this publication, which it is almost the duty of every Englishman to foster, is a spirited view of Calais, forcibly and clearly engraved by W. Finden. It would be difficult to point out a fault in this impression. The view of Hastings from the sea, is very good, and of a merit nearly equal to the other; it would be quite so, were it not that the sky is not sufficiently detached from the white cliff. This is evidently the fault of the engraver only. The view of Dieppe has all the attributes of a first-rate picture, and the Upper harbour of Boulogne is in the artist's happiest style. In landscape and marine painting, the English school stands unrivalled. Excellent as it is, it only requires encouragement from Englishmen to attain as much of perfection, as any thing human is capable of. Is not what Stanfield and Turner have done, and are still doing, sufficient evidence of this?

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings by* STANFIELD, TURNER, CALLCOTT, R.A. *and other eminent Artists. Made from Original Sketches taken on the Spot, with Descriptions of the Plates,* by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D.

This publication will be completed in Twenty-Four Parts—it has now made progress to the twenty-first, and, though so near its close, we find neither lack of novelty in the subjects, nor any deficiency in the excellence with which they are handled. This part contains distant views of the Cedars of Lebanon, of Cyprus, of the Plains of Jezrul, and of Thyatira, and are all very beautifully engraved. We shall feel sorrow when this continuation ceases, as the monthly appearance of its distinct parts, comes to us each with the welcome that we give to an expected friend with whom we are well pleased.

*The Woman taken in Adultery.* Painted by REMBRANDT, engraved by S. H. PHILLIPS.

The original of this engraving must be familiar to many of our readers, as one of the finest in the National Gallery, and as possessing the qualities for which the

productions of Rembrandt are remarkable, all of which the artist has succeeded in reproducing on paper. The flood of light animating the fore-ground, is very effective, but the principal beauty of the production, is perhaps the figure of our Saviour, over which an extremely divine feeling is thrown. We think that few of the religious community will be long without it, while, as a work of art, merely, it is worthy a place in the portfolios of the most fastidious or refined.

*Illustrations of the New Testament, from Original Paintings, made expressly by* R. WESTALL, ESQ. R. A. *and* JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.; *with Descriptions by the* REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

This improves as it goes on. It is, for the money, one of the most wonderful productions of the age. We must, however, still express our regret, that artists so justly celebrated as Westall and Martin, should have nothing better than wood-cuts to reflect their beautiful conceptions.

*The Consequence of driving Things off.* Painted by J. J. CHALON, engraved by JOSEPH ROLLS.

This is a very humorous engraving, and one which may be of service to procrastinators. The attitude of the boy behind is very natural, and the whole possesses no small portion of effective drollery.

*Lady Selina Meade, Countess Clan Martinitz.* Painted by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, engraved by GEORGE T. DOO.

Beauty, in any form, and under any shape, is worthy attention, but the beauty of an intellectual woman is better than all—and such is the picture before us. As an engraving, it is extremely fine and delicate—as a portrait, good; and we cannot do better than recommend it to our friends, confident that they will thank us for the advice. The united talents of Sir T. Lawrence and of Mr. Doo, are not often to be met with, and deserve attention.

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## THE DRAMA.

The dramatic world is at present in a state of no ordinary bustle. Whatever grounds there may be to lament the decline of the drama, there is surely no cause for lamenting the decline of theatres. Dramatic authors too, who flatter themselves that they deal in a commodity of good words, absolutely swarm. We have the honour of being personally acquainted with, at least, two score of these gentlemen, who assume the title on the strength of having had a farce accepted, and who with melodramas in *esse* and comedies in *posse* take upon them to speak slightingly of all literature but dramatic literature, are believers in this blessed march of intellect, and call the passing of Mr. Bulwer's act the most wise of all legislative measures. It is a very pretty fool's paradise, and it would be a pity to spoil it, were it not that the learned professions are like to be all the worse for the same mania. It is extremely annoying to have scraps of Shakspeare always ringing in your ears, and absolutely insufferable the theatrical jargon about "the Lane," "the Garden," "Madame's," and all the other houses. There are whole tribes of the neophytes of the penny whistle school, each rehearsing to his admiring coterie of familiar friends, maiden aunts, and interesting cousins: and yet these men have their uses, and if they should be contented with the immortality of a season, which a successful piece brings them, they may even be happy, for these things have their place and serve their purpose. The butterfly of an hour that flutters over the stream makes a point in the picture of this brave world as well as the swan of an hundred years; and, for our own part, we relish the plays that are written expressly for ourselves as well as those that are written for our grandchildren. They too will have the playwright gifted with whatever inspiration may then be in fashion, who will write, and be reviewed, and be praised, and exhibited, and pass on to the grandchildren of that age, to make them wonder in their turn how their grandfathers could be so easily amused. How little

would such writings bear translation! melted and recast, how small the portion of pure gold we find in the crucible, and it is to this very trial, this final assay all writing is put by time. Posterity reads it as in a translation. The conventional, the artificial, all the borrowed charms in which the gay *modiste* fashion has dressed her are laid aside, and she appears before those who come after us in a simple vestal robe that bestows no artificial grace, and hides no natural deformity.

On ordinary seasons December was usually the dullest in the theatrical calendar, and the best fare that managers were accustomed to offer was magnificent promises for the holidays. But during the last two months all has been activity and enterprise; new theatres, new pieces, and new actors are as plentiful as blackberries. The houses which *The Siege of Rochelle* and *The Jewess* combined, have been drawing to Drury Lane, are such as to astonish the most ancient play-goers. The spirited management of Mr. Bunn leaves us little more to wish for; but we think that some means should be taken to give the town the benefit of the talents of the actors who compose his tragic and comic company. Spectacle, melo-drama, and opera, should not banish comedy from the stage, when Mr. Bunn has in his company such actors as Macready, Vandenhoff, and Farren, who have been idle for the last two months and yet receiving their high salaries. How would a day theatre suit the taste of the public in these times? We think it would afford a more agreeable and also a more reasonable mode of spending an hour or two than the present ancient concerts, private concerts, morning concerts of all descriptions and other morning entertainments at the Hanover Square Rooms and elsewhere. Not having an acquaintance with the mysteries of stage management we do not know whether it would be practicable to play on the same stage in the morning and at night also, but of this we are sure, that the lessee of Drury Lane, with three distinct companies in Opera, Comedy and Tragedy, would do well to make the attempt to open the doors of the theatre for morning performances. In the time of Shakspeare these morning plays were in fashion; and even later, after the putting down of the puritan. The nobility of that day did not fear the scoffs and scandal of the self-canonized saints, but still frequented Drury Lane in the morning to see the play.

If Covent Garden can command a succession of agreeable light comedies such as *King O'Neil*, with Mr. Kemble and Mr. Power to play in them, Mr. Osbaldiston need not fear the rivalry of his patent neighbours at Drury Lane. This last effort of the pen of Mrs. Gore, is one of the most amusing and sprightly of comedies. It puts us in mind of some of Jerrold's best pieces; the smartness of the dialogue alone would have carried it off successfully, without the rich dramatic situations in which it abounds. It is not easy to tell how this house prospers with the low prices; some of the company are lower than the prices, witness Messrs. Vale and Williams; the former is the least offensive of the two: his acting has some truth in it; though the vulgar cockney blackguardism of which it consists, having neither wit nor humour to relieve it, is not the most pleasant of entertainments at any time; but to put such a person into genteel comedy, is really too bad. As for Mr. Williams, we recommend Mr. Olbaldiston to take into consideration the suggestions of the Dramatic Critic of the *Times*, before he produces him again as a fine gentleman. The gentlemen into whose hands the Adelphi has fallen, are keeping up the reputation that house has long had. Mr. Buckstone has translated from the French of *Scribe*, a piece called "the Dream at Sea;" it is one of the most delightful Melo-dramas we ever witnessed, and it commands the success it deserves. The loss of Mrs. Nesbit, and her pretty sisters, will be a severe blow to the house. The success that attended the *debût* of Mr. C. Matthews, will give us an opportunity of speaking at length on a future occasion on his merits as an actor.—Mr. Braham's elegant little theatre in King Street, St. James's, has just been opened with great *éclat*, thanks to the architect, at which opening we were ourselves present; and it was impossible to witness a more gratifying spectacle. The audience was more than respectable—we may say, that it was distinguished and fashionable. And the hearty cheering with which it welcomed Mr. Braham, when he made his appearance, must have been peculiarly cheering to him. The company acquitted themselves excellently, and considering it was the first night, the machinery worked admirably. The stage, for a theatre so small, is of great depth and capacity, and the shape and size of the interior devoted to the audience, is very favourable for instrumental music, as well as the human voice. We hope that Mr. Braham's speculation will again bring theatrical amusements into fashion, and if it can be done, that celebrated artist is the man that can do it; and we think that he has taken the very best methods to succeed.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE principal stir is among the insurance-brokers, who are looking forward to a good harvest in the event of a war between France and America. Our foreign commerce has not had to boast of much increase during the last month; and the Elbe, and the northern sea-ports being closed up so early this winter, will give a still more lax appearance to our import trade. Our commercial intercourse with our West India colonies languishes greatly, but things look better with our Eastern settlements. The trade with Australia promises well at home. The iron market is improving, and there has been a steady, but not a very great, demand for most kinds of English manufactures. Were we assured of a prolonged peace, and have to suffer by no internal agitation, we think the country could adapt itself to those moderate views that are sure to induce a stable prosperity. Great fluctuations, even if they be prosperous, are sure to have their reactions.

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## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 28th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 211, 212 —Consols for Account, 90 half.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 90 three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 99.—Exchequer Bills, 13s. 15s.—India Bonds, 3s. 5s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, 1824, Five per Cent., 84.—Columbian, (1824,) Six per Cent., 32 three-quarters.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 one-quarter.—Mexican, Six per Cent., 36, half.—Spanish, (1834,) Five per Cent., 48 half.

MONEY MARKET.—The fluctuations in the National Securities have been so trifling, that they are not deserving of mention. In the Spanish Funds there has been much jobbing, and consequently, much variation. Rail-roads seem now to be the mania. Most of these speculations, and they are very many, being at a premium. Money is very plentiful, yet nobody can get at it. The above is the state of the Funds on the 28th ult.

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## BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOVEMBER 27, TO DECEMBER 18, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

*Nov.* 27.—H. Simmons, Lamb's Conduit Street, jeweller.—G. Levi, Pinner's Hall, Great Winchester Street, merchant.—F. Blyth, Tokenhouse Yard, Lombard Street, agent.—R. Turley, Bilston, Staffordshire, ironmaster.—J. Box, Bell Yard, Doctor's Commons, bill broker.—R. R. Colls, Southville, Wandsworth Road, coal merchant.—T. Savage, Sen., Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, watchmaker.—J. Nevin, Seven Oaks, Kent, ironmonger.—J. Heath, Birmingham, japan manufacturer.—J. Robinson, Birmingham, button maker.—W. Rose and J. Turley, Coseley, Staffordshire, timber merchants.—E. Vain, Southampton, common brewer.—A. Rodie, Ely, Cambridge, tea dealer.—C. Turnbull, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, commission agent.

*Dec.* 1.—E. Andre, Brighton, cabinet maker, —M. and W. King, Kingsley, Hampshire, millers.—C. Sanderson, Princes Street, Hanover Square, hotel-keeper.—P. Cutler, Sen., Ewell, Epsom, miller.—R. Jones, Whitechapel Road, boot and shoe maker.—J. Polfreyman, High Holborn, licensed victualler.—Dubois, Brown's Lane, Christchurch, Middlesex, silk manufacturer.—J. Lister, Kingston-upon-Hull, common brewer.—Z. Devoge, Manchester, jacquard machine maker.—A. L. Burgass, Blyth, Northumberland, alkali manufacturer.—H. C. Watkins, Pendleton, Lancashire, brewer.—R. Warner, Beccles, Suffolk, innkeeper.—W. Smith, Selby, Yorkshire, warehouseman.—H. Matson, Sandal Magna, Yorkshire, wine merchant.—F. Moss, Chester, whatfinger.

*Dec.* 4.—W. Barrett, Bell Yard, Doctors' Commons, money scrivener.—I. Bowring and W. Garrard, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, linen drapers.—E. Keat, Pinner, Middlesex, farmer.—W. Parsons, Quadrant, Regent Street,

billiard table manufacturer.—J. Addison, Guildford, Surrey, watch maker.—J. Imeson, Fenchurch Street, stationer.—J. Marsh, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, scrivener. —J. Kirchner, Brighton, music seller.—W. Manley, Topsham, Devonshire, rope maker.—F. Bishop, Gloucester, corn dealer.

*Dec.* 8.—R. Hollingdale, Stroud, Kent, grocer.—J. Wright, Staveley, near Chesterfield, brush manufacturer.—G. Mayor and G. S. Dove, Little Distaff Lane, spice merchants.—W. Shott and W. R. Honey, Shad Thames, wharfingers.—A. L. Lewis, Ramsgate, jeweller.—W. P. Williams, Newton Abbot, Devonshire, draper.—S. Gray, Rose Street, Covent Garden, baker.—G. Little, Church Street, Lisson Grove, corn dealer.—T. Sadd, Bungay, Suffolk, grocer.—R. G. Levien, Bishopsgate Street, oilman.—W. Thomas, Foley Place, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street, tailor.—J. Tulley, High Holborn, bazaar keeper.—T. Hall, Hulland, Derbyshire, lime burner.—A. Radcliffe and G. Edwards, Salford, Lancashire, wine merchants.—F. Bishop and W. Wilkes, Gloucester, corn merchants. —S. Goodwin, Birmingham, grocer.

*Dec.* 11.—L. Levi, Old Broad Street, City, merchant.—S. Dalby, Fleet Street, boot maker.—M. Charles and T. Burrows, Duke Street, St. James's, tailors.—G. Jones, Shad Thames, wharfinger.—J. Johnson, High Street, Bloomsbury, bookseller.—D. Clark, New Broad Street, City, merchant.—G. Lewis and W. Garrard, Haverfordwest, linen drapers.—D. H. Brown, Haverfordwest, linen draper.—J. Rowlands, Hereford, draper.—J. C. Lyons, Liverpool, commission merchant.—T. Walker, Darlington, Durham, tailor.

*Dec.* 15.—W. J. Muggeridge, Trinity Street, Rotherhithe, brewer.—F. J. Mason, West Strand, bookseller.—S. H. Buckley, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, dyer.—A. Davis, Arundel, Sussex, chemist.—F. Potter, Manchester, merchant.—J. Richardson, Leeds, money scrivener.—B. J. Wetherell, Osmotherley, Yorkshire, bleacher.—T. Dudley, Coseley, Staffordshire, grocer.—W. Potter, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, watchmaker.

*Dec.* 18.—R. Baugh, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, draper.—T. Hill, Bow Church Yard, commission agent. — J. H. Jermyn, Threadneedle Street, hosier.—R. Home, Hadnal, Shropshire, innkeeper.—H. Anderson, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Nicholson, Sen., Easthorpe, Southwell, Nottinghamshire, builder.

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## NEW PATENTS.

J. Birkby, of High Town, near Leeds, Card Maker, for improvements in machinery for pointing wire applicable for making of cards and pins. October 29th, 6 months.

J. Springall, of Oulton, Suffolk, Iron Founder, and R. Ransome, of Ipswich, in the same County, for an improved mode of manufacturing certain parts of ploughs. November 2nd, 6 months.

W. Keene, of Bankside, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for sowing corn, grain, and other seed, and manuring land. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 2nd, 6 months.

J. Chanter, of Earl Street, in the City of London, and of Upper Stamford Street, Surrey, Esquire, and J. Gray, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Engineer, for a new combination of parts forming an improved furnace for consuming smoke and economising fuel, applicable to locomotive carriages, steam-boats, and other useful purposes. November 2nd, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of Radford, Nottingham, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin net lace, parts of which improvements are for the purpose of making figured or ornamented bobbin net lace. November 4th, 6 months.

J. Whitehead, of Hereford Cottage, Old Brompton, Middlesex, Chemist, for certain improvements in scouring and cleansing. November 5th, 6 months.

Thomas Earl of Dundonald, of Regent's Park, Middlesex, for improvements in machinery and apparatus applicable to purposes of locomotion. November 5th, 6 months.

H. Adcock, of Summerhill Terrace, Birmingham, Engineer, for certain improvements at docks and quays to facilitate the importation and exportation of merchandize, and abridging labour. November 5th, 6 months.

W. Symington, of Bromley, Middlesex, Cooper, for certain improvements in the machinery for propelling vessels by steam, parts of which are also applicable to motive machinery of other descriptions, whether actuated by steam or by any other moving power. November 7th, 6 months.

J. Wilde, late of New York, in the United States of North America, but now residing in Manchester, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Merchant, and J. Whitworth, of the latter place, Engineer, for certain machinery for effecting the operation called knitting, and producing a fabric similar to that of knitted stockings. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 10th, 6 months.

T. Gregg, of Rose Bank, in the Parish of Bury, Lancashire, Calico Printer, for a mode of embossing and printing at one and the same time, by means of a cylinder or roller, on goods and fabrics made of or from cotton, silk, flax, hemp, and wool, or any one or more of these materials, or on paper. November 10th, 6 months.

J. Ericsson, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for an instrument for ascertaining the depth of water in seas and rivers. November 14th, 6 months.

J. W. Fraser, of Ludgate Hill, in the City of London, Artist, for improvements in apparatus for descending under water. November 14th, 6 months.

N. Troughton, of Broad Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an improvement in finishing ornamental walls and other ornamental surfaces. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 14th, 6 months.

J. Cropper, of the Town and County of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, and T. B. Milnes, of Lenton Works, in the County of Nottingham, Bleacher, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for embroidering or ornamenting bobbin net or lace or cloths, stuff or fabrics made from silk, cotton, wool, flax, or hemp. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 14th, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Walworth, Surrey, Chemist, for certain improvements in the several processes of saccharine, vinous, and acetous fermentations. November 17th, 6 months.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1836. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nov. | | | | | |
| 23 | 54-48 | 29,83-29,73 | S. | ,175 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morning. |
| 24 | 54-38 | 29,81-29,79 | S. b. E. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 25 | 55-45 | 29,78-29,72 | S. | | Clear generally, except at noon overcast. |
| 26 | 56-46 | 29,67-29,48 | S. & S.E. | ,15 | Heavy showers of rain in the morning and even. |
| 27 | 54-50 | 29,49-29,32 | S. | ,15 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morning and even. |
| 28 | 51-44 | 29,53-29,31 | S.W. | ,6 | Cloudy, with heavy showers of rain during morn. |
| 29 | 49-35 | 29,52-29,34 | S. & S.E. | | Cloudy, raining from 10 A.M. till 8 o'clock P.M. |
| 30 | 55-45 | 29,18-29,14 | S.E. | ,45 | Generally overcast, shower of rain about 7 P.M. |
| Dec. | | | | | |
| 1 | 53-42 | 29,37-29,24 | S. b. E. | | Generally clear. |
| 2 | 49-42 | 29,57-29,39 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 3 | 52-31 | 29,65-29,60 | S. b. E. & S. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, a shower of rain during morn. |
| 4 | 47-38 | 29,85 29,65 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, a shower of rain in the aftern. |
| 5 | 45-33 | 30,15-30,07 | W. b. S. | ,025 | General overcast, sun shining frequently. |
| 6 | 43-34 | 30,09-30,04 | S.E. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 7 | 42-28 | 30,07-30,04 | E. & E. b. S. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, rain during the morning. |
| 8 | 43-33 | 30,03-29,74 | W. | | Morn. overcast, raining from 4 till ½ past 9 P.M. |
| 9 | 42-26 | 30,09-29,67 | N.N. b. E. | ,15 | Morn. overcast, rain, afternoon and evening clear. |
| 10 | 33-23 | 30,30-30,19 | N.E. & S. b. E. | | Morning overcast, a little snow in the morning. |
| 11 | 31-15 | 30,31-30,15 | S. b. E. | | Generally clear. {otherwise generally clear. |
| 12 | 34-15 | 30,22-30,19 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, rain during the morning. |
| 13 | 39-26 | 30,23-30,22 | S.W. | | Morning clear, aftern. overcast, and even. clear. |
| 14 | 39-28 | 30,25-30,23 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 15 | 40-32 | 30,27-30,25 | W. b. N. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 16 | 43-32 | 30,29-30,24 | N. b. W. | | General overcast, a little rain during the morn. |
| 17 | 39-28 | 30,28-30,21 | W. & W. b. S. | | Afternoon clear, otherwise overcast. |
| 18 | 46-32 | 30,03-29,93 | W. & N. W. | | Clear, rain in morn. with hail, and rain in even. |
| 19 | 36-30 | 29,92-29,90 | N.E. | | Morn. clear, snow in aftern., otherwise cloudy. |
| 20 | 34-28 | 29,97-29,89 | N.E. | | Cloudy, snowing from 8 A.M. till 1 o'clock P.M. |
| 21 | 33-27 | 30,15-30,04 | N.E. | | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. |
| 22 | 34-21 | 30,40-30,24 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Royal Academy.—The annual distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy has recently taken place. Sir Martin Shee made a few preliminary remarks upon the performances, which, he said, had given considerable satisfaction to the members, and had induced them to be very liberal in rewarding them; but yet, he said, their satisfaction was not without some alloy: they could not but regret the want of ardour among the students of the highest class. He well knew the difficulties which young artists had to encounter, and the comparatively little encouragement bestowed upon works in the highest classes of art; but those distinguished artists who now occupy so high a station in the English school, have experienced the same difficulties which now seemed to damp the students' ardour: they had, however, had sufficient enthusiasm and love for their art to overcome every obstacle. He concluded with hoping that the liberality of the Academy on this occasion would excite a feeling so desirable among the students.

The prizes were then distributed as follows:—

To Mr. W. D. Kennedy, for the best original painting, the gold medal.

To Mr. H. Timbrell, for the best original design in sculpture, the gold medal.

To Mr. J. Johnson, for the best original design in architecture, the gold medal. Every gold medal was accompanied by the discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.

To Mr. M. Claxton, for the best copy in the painting school, the silver medal.

To Mr. W. Wheelwright, for the second best copy in the painting school, a silver medal.

To Mr. J. Walsh, for the best drawing from the living model, the silver medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. W. Harland, for the second best drawing, a silver medal.

To Mr. W. B. Morris, for the third best, a silver medal.

To Mr. Bailey, for the best drawing of Fishmongers' Hall, the silver medal.

To Mr. J. Williams, for the second best, a silver medal.

To Mr. E. Bennet, for the third best, a silver medal.

To Mr. F. Sharpe, for the best model from the living model, the silver medal.

To Mr. S. Buck, for the best drawing in the antique school, the silver medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. E. Van Monk, for the second best, a silver medal.

To Mr. L. Konaiski, for the third best, a silver medal.

To Mr. Marshall, for the best model from the antique, a silver medal.

After the distribution, the President delivered an elaborate and appropriate discourse on the principles of art.

Among the visitors we observed Lord Lyndhurst, the Bishop of London, Mr. Rogers, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Vernon, and Sir Henry Ellis.

Linnæan Society.—Mr. Lambert in the chair. A paper by C. C. Babington, Esq., on some new and imperfectly understood British plants, was read. Among the plants enumerated by the author is a *Herniaria*, hitherto confounded by British botanists with the *glabra* and *hirsuta*, which he describes under the name of *ciliata*, and to it the Cornish stations given in books for the two species above-mentioned belong; a new heath from Cunnemara, Ireland, having the habit of *Elica ciliaris*, with the structure and inflorescence of *tetralix*, and which he names *E. biformis*; three species of the genus *Polygonum*,—namely, *dumetorum*, found last year near Wimbledon, by Mr. Hankey; *maritimum*, from the sea-shore at Muddiford, and a new one intermediate between the latter and *aviculare*, first noticed by Ray, after whom it has been named *Raii*; and *Euphorbia coralloides*, from Sussex. Among the corrections is one relating to one of the commonest weeds, namely, *Crepis glabra*, which British botanists have always taken to be the *C. tectorum* of Linnæus, but which does not appear to be entitled even to a place in our Flora. Two species have been confounded under the butterfly-orchis, viz. *Haberaria bifolia* and *chlorantha*, the character and synonyms of which are accurately pointed out by Mr. Babington. There was also read a paper, by Mr. Don, on the jalap of commerce, in which he gave a detailed history of the culture of this valuable drug. Specimens were exhibited,

by Mr. Don, of the true jalap-plant, and also of the spurious one which has hitherto occupied its place in books on botany and materia medica, and which he has shown to be identical with the *Ipomæa machorhiza* of Michaux.

Royal Asiatic Society.—Dec. 5.—The first meeting for the session, Sir Alexander Johnston, V. P. in the chair.—The meeting was well attended; and many valuable donations were laid upon the table. Among them was a collection of learned works from the King of Bavaria, published under royal patronage at Munich. There was, also, presented from B. H. Hodgson, Esq., the H. E. I. Company's Political Resident in Nepaul, an original work in Sanscrit MS., on the Buddha philosophy and religion, called the *Raksha Bhagatavi*, in twenty-six large volumes. In a letter to the secretary, Mr. Hodgson, after expressing his hope that he should be able to deposit in the archives of the society a complete series of original works on Buddhism, justly remarks that, "in them only can be traced with success the true features of a system, which is far too subtle and complex to be apprehended through the medium of such languages as those of the Tibetans and Mongolians, and which system demands our best attention, not less on account of its having divided with Brahmanism the empire of opinion, for ages, within the limits of India proper, than for its unparalleled extension beyond those limits, in more recent times, and up to the present day. It is probable that, during four or five centuries at least, Buddhism was as influential within the bounds of the continent of India as Brahmanism; and it is certain that the period of its greatest influence there, was synchronous with the brightest era of the intellectual culture of that continent. The Brahmins themselves attest, again and again, the philosophical acumen and literary abilities of their detested rivals; and, upon the whole, I fancy it can hardly be too much to assert that, until the speculations and arguments of Sáyka and his successors are as well known to us as those of Vyása and his successors, we must remain, with respect to the knowledge of the Indian philosophy of mind, and its collateral topics, pretty much in the condition which we should be in, with regard to the same sciences in Europe, were the records of Protestant sagacity obliterated, and those of Catholic ingenuity alone left us, to judge of, and decide by." The special thanks of the society were voted to Mr. Hodgson for his liberal present; and also to Miss Roberts for her "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan," which many members of the society concurred in declaring to be a lively and most accurate picture of that country and its varied inhabitants. The reading of a paper on the ancient kingdom of *Pandya*, by H. H. Wilson, Esq., the learned professor of Sanscrit at Oxford, was commenced.

Society of Arts.—Mr. Cowper on the application of machinery to carving and sculpture. This was a practical exhibition of the art; a beautiful turning-lathe was placed in the room, and Mr. Cowper described its use, application, and various parts —the mandrill, chuck, rest, &c, by which circles eccentric and circles concentric to each other were produced. Marble, from its hardness, cannot be turned by the chisel and lathe: like the diamond and some other precious stones, it only yields to grinding; and not more than ten inches a day can be ground. Of granite, from its still greater hardness, only one inch; hence it is now never subjected to the operation. Some delicate and exceedingly beautiful specimens of carving in ivory—more appropriately called sculpture by machinery—were exhibited. Among these was a bust of Sir Robert Peel, from the original cast by Chantrey; it is in every respect a true copy of the cast, on a reduced scale. This, and several other specimens by Mr. Chiverton, were much admired; it was impossible for the eye of the most fastidious to detect the smallest imperfection in them.

Zoological Society.—Colonel Sykes in the chair. Amount of balance carried to Dec. 1, in favour of the Society, 1229*l* 2*s*. 3*d*. Visitors to the gardens and museum during November, 6,455. In addition to the donations included in the list of those actually received by the Society in the past month, the council announced a present from his Majesty of some living animals—embracing, we believe, two wild boars and a new species of tortoise—sent home by the officers of the expedition now engaged in the survey of the Euphrates. These animals have been despatched from Pembroke, to which port they were originally forwarded, and they are expected to arrive in the course of a few days. A living Iacchus monkey (*Iacchus penicillatus*, Geoffr.) was recently presented to the Society by Mrs. Moore, of Rio de Janeiro: it was obtained from the province of Bahia. Like most monkeys, it will eat almost any thing: but its chief and favourite food, in its wild state, is the

banana. It is a very delicate animal, and requires great warmth; and its very beautiful tail is, in this respect, eminently conducive to the comfort of the little creature, who, on all occasions, when he requires warmth, rolls himself in the natural boa with which Providence has in its wisdom endowed him. Among the curiosities in the museum is a joint of the vertebra of the whale near the tail, found last October, about eight feet below the surface, on Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' premises in the Borough. It is a huge mass, and quite porous; the wonder is "how the d—l it got there." It gives us pleasure to announce the purchase, by the Society, of four young giraffes, male and female. These stupendous and beautiful creatures have arrived at Malta, where they are to remain till the spring. There were eight of them, but four died while crossing the deserts of Nubia.

Royal Society.—Sir J. Rennie in the chair. A paper, entitled Researches towards establishing a new theory of light, No. II., by the Rev. Baden, Powell, was read. This is the second part of an elaborate communication on the same subject. The author here states his results: his coincidences are nearly as close as those of Fraunhofer; and he considers his hypothesis of the undulation of light as established by ten new cases. There was also read a portion of an interesting paper, by Dr. Daubeny, on the action of light on plants; and of plants on the atmosphere. The author commences by noticing the opinions of Priestly, and several vegetable physiologists of eminence, on the subject; and observes, that if light has a specific stimulus, it might follow that the light, having the strongest power on the spectrum, would produce the strongest effects on the plant: bright green, for example, is produced by the strongest ray; and *vice versâ* with the darkest and most refrangible portion of the solar action. He then proceeds to inquire, 1st, whether the solar rays act with different degrees of energy; and, 2ndly, whether all plants are affected by the same rays. The difficulties attending such researches are next adverted to; these are chiefly owing to the difficulty of procuring equal quantities of light at all times. He considers the influence of light as a vital rather than a chemical influence, whose effects by no means keep pace with its intensity. The results of several experiments with various media are detailed. the author found that light transmitted through a plate of green glass produced a little portion of dark colour, with some slight alteration in Fraunhofer's lines; deep blue glass transmitted deep red; crimson—red, orange, and yellow; orange—red, yellow, &c. The caloric influence, ascertained by a thermometer with blackened bulbs, was,—orange, 26 degrees; red, 24; purple, 19; transmitted through a bottle of port-wine, 14; green, 12; and so forth. The chemical influence of the colours is next given: paper, saturated in a nitric solution, acted upon by the purple in five minutes, was not sensibly affected; orange the same; green on the contrary; and red not at all. The remainder of the paper was deferred till after the Christmas holidays.

Geological Society.—Dec. 10.—A paper, by Dr. Beck, on Bornholm, Seeland, Jutland, and Moen, was first read.

Bornholm consists of gneiss and other gramitic rocks; of strata considered to be of the age of the Silurian system; of a series of beds referred by Dr. Beck to the age of the Wealden, and containing large quantities of coal, impressions of several species of ferns (*Pecopteris*), and a few casts of marine shells, of strata of siliceous and calcareous sand, containing between thirty and forty species of shells belonging to the upper green sand of England; and near Arnager occurs a greyish white, hard chalk, with very few flints, but abundance of fossils, agreeing with those of the lower white chalk near Lewes.

In Seeland, Jutland and Moen, the lowest formation is a pure white chalk with many nodular flints, numerous fossils, including small zoophytes, microscopic foraminifera, and, sometimes, remains of sponges, replaced by silex and chalcedony. To this deposit succeeds the Faxoe beds, composed chiefly of hard yellowish limestone, inclosing some of the fossils of the white chalk, and many peculiar univalves and bivalves, with occasionally a very great abundance of corals. They differ considerably from the Maestricht deposit in their organic remains, and are more analogous, in this respect, with that of Künruth. At Stevensklint, in Seeland, the Faxoe beds are overlaid by a whitish and hardish chalk, containing great abundance of zoophytes, some of which occur in the Faxoe beds, but the univalves so common in the latter are wanting, while the bivalves and echinodermata agree with those of the white chalk. The flints are distinguished by being more opaque, and of a less conchoidal fracture. The chalk of Saltholm, that of the cliffs ranging from Rugaard, by Daug-

bjerg and Monsted, to the neighbourhood of Ibjern (Jutland), as well as the chalk in the south of Thyholm, part of Mors, the north of Thy, the cliffs at Bulbjerg, and the islet Skarreklit, is referred to this deposit. In various parts of Denmark, there rests, upon the chalk, a breccia of angular fragments of chalk and flints, cemented by carbonate of lime; and the chalk downs are very commonly covered by hillocks of gravel, sand, and erratic blocks—the sand sometimes containing shells identical with those now living in the German Ocean; and Dr. Beck, therefore, infers, that the chalk in Denmark has been submerged since the existence of the present species of testacea. In the central part of Jutland is an extensive formation, several hundred feet thick, consisting, in some places, of white sand, with small plates of mica, and traces of lignite: in other places, of clay, containing thin flattened masses of hydraulic limestone, and the remains of insects and fishes, apparently of the family Cyprinidæ.

An extract from a letter, addressed to the President, by Mr. Strickland, F.G.S., dated Athens, 26th October 1835, was then read. The point of chief interest in this letter is the description of currents of sea water which flow into the land near Argostoli, in Cephalonia, and one of which has been applied to turning a mill. Mr. Strickland accounts for the phenomenon, by supposing that the streams, in their subterraneous course, pass through regions connected with volcanic fires; that the water is there converted into steam, which, being condensed in its ascent to the surface, forms the hot springs existing in various parts of Greece.

Mr. Lyell afterwards laid before the Society an account of his discovery, last summer, in one of the loamy beds of the Loess near Basle, of two vertebræ, belonging to the shark family, but associated with existing fluviatile and terrestrial shells, and a species of Clausilia, considered to be extinct. The author, in explanation of the occurrence of the vertebræ, states, on the authority of M. Agassiz, that certain species of the shark and skate families ascend the Senegal and Amazon several hundred miles; and that analogous facts are mentioned in Margrave and Piso's Natural History of India.

The last communication read, was from Mr. Richardson, and gave an account of the selenite which occurs in great abundance and great variety of form, in a bed of siliceous sand, belonging to the plastic clay, at Bishopstone, near Herne Bay.—*Athenæum.*

Royal Geographical Society.—*Dec.* 14. Sir John Barrow, Bart., President, in the chair. The paper for the evening consisted of a selection from communications made by Lieut. Smyth, R.N., regarding his recent descent of the Amazon, and the countries adjacent. Previous to its being read, the president intimated that the Council had unanimously awarded the Society's Royal Premium for the current year to Capt. Back; and that it would be publicly bestowed on him at the next ordinary meeting (11th January). He accompanied this notice with a warm eulogium on Capt. Back's general conduct and services; to which he, personally, had much pleasure in adverting, though they were not contemplated by the Council in awarding a premium solely due to geographical discovery. In addition to all this gallant officer's previous labours and dangers, he had, on the Saturday preceding, volunteered to proceed to the relief of the whaling-ships, recently ascertained to be shut up in the ice in Davis's Straits; in which proffer he had, however, been anticipated by Capt. James Ross. But it was most gratifying thus to find these two distinguished officers, who had recently gained the highest promotion which the naval service could give them, not less prompt to answer the call of humanity, than they may be supposed to have previously been to act on the impulse of ambition.—This notice and address were received with much interest.—*Athenæum.*

Medico-Botanical Society, Dec. 8.—A paper on the *Aconitum ferox*, from M. Richard, of Paris, was read. It was described as the most deadly poison known in the southern hemisphere. During the last war in Nepaul, it was used by some of the tribes in the neighbourhood of the Himalaya mountains to poison their arrows, and also to infect the streams of rivers. It was said to render the atmosphere so deleterious, that neither vegetable nor animal life could be supported. A variety of experiments were detailed, by which it appeared that a tincture of this substance inserted into the jugular vein of rabbits destroyed them in three minutes; and by being placed in contact with cellular tissue, the same result took place at the end of nine minutes; but what appeared most singular was, that when taken into the stomach, by the mouth, the aqueous solution produced no effect. A long discussion

arose upon the subject of the paper, which appeared to be received with some degree of incredulity as to the facts stated. The *Aconitum Napellus*, or monkshood, of this country, was described as possessing very poisonous qualities, as well as the *Aconitum Lycoctonum*, but their effects were formerly much exaggerated. Dr. Blundell observed, that the insertion into the veins was very fallacious, for the smallest bubble of air would produce very similar effects to those described. Sarsaparilla was the subject of another paper, which was commenced, but in consequence of the time of the society having elapsed in the previous discussions, it was adjourned until the 26th of January.—*Athenæum.*

## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Submarine Register Barometer, to be used as an ordinary Deep Sea Lead.—An instrument, bearing this name, has been made, and successfully tried by Mr. Payne, of the Adelaide Street Gallery of Practical Science. The accuracy with which the rise of mercury in descents, and the fall of the mercurial column in ascents, in the mountain barometer, is made to denote the heights of hills or depths of valleys, is well known. Mr. Payne proposes to measure depths at sea by a barometer, which differs from the mountain barometer in many particulars. It consists of a tube of glass, (or it may be of iron,) close at the top, and filled with one atmosphere of atmospheric air or hydrogen gas. The pressure of the water upon the surface of the mercury in the cistern, is similar to the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of the mercury in the common barometer; but the water is prevented from absolute contact with the mercury by a piece of fine membrane. The *compression* of the air in the tube is registered by a float, similar in some degree to that of a register thermometer. The glass tube is graduated in atmospheres and tenths of atmospheres, and by tables of corrections for temperature and saltness of water, and the depth to which the instrument has sunk can be accurately ascertained in pounds weight or in fathoms. The instrument which Mr. Payne has already made, is graduated from 1 to 45 atmospheres, or 247 fathoms, by Mr. Gordon, according to the rule by which he graduated the portable gas pressure gauges, which have of late been found so accurate; and by such an apparatus the greatest depths may be accurately ascertained. A model may be seen at the Adelaide Street Gallery of Practical Science.

New Scientific Expedition.—The *Bonite* departs this month from Toulon for Brazil, the Sandwich Islands, and the Indian and Chinese seas: though not destined to the purposes of science, the commander and officers of this vessel have offered to advance its interests with all possible care and attention. The French Academy of Sciences has named a committee for drawing up the proper instructions, which is composed of M. Arago for natural philosophy in general, M. de Blainville for zoology, M. Cordier for mineralogy, M. de Mirbel for botany, and M. de Freycinet for navigation.

Algiers.—Some French capitalists have bought land at Algiers, on which they mean to plant mulberry trees, and cultivate the sugar-cane. From the inquiries and researches which have been made, it is thought probable that the culture will be attended with success.

Weaving.—Louis Floren, a lad of sixteen, living in the town of Verviers, has just woven a pair of cotton trowsers, of small dimensions, but beautiful form, without a seam; the button-holes were made in the loom, and even the mother of pearl buttons, pierced with four holes, were fastened on while in the frame, without the assistance of a needle.

A New Christmas Game.—It is called the Voyage of Discovery, and consists of tracks laid down on a sort of coloured chart, on which is represented the dangers

and adventures incidental to a sailor's life, and the player moves according to the directions of a whirligig, the needle being struck round by another. It is only a new variety of an old game—but novelty with young and old, is something.

The Count de Laplace.—A monument has been raised to this great man at Beaumont, and placed on the site of the house where he was born. It is a building erected for the purposes of a primary school, and a hall for the mayoralty. Two tablets of marble are inserted in the front of the building; on one it is recorded, that the corporation of Beaumont had erected their edifice to the memory of Laplace, born at Beaumont, the 22nd of March, 1749, and died at Paris, the 5th of March, 1827. On the other is inscribed the following:—

Sous un modeste toit, ici naquit Laplace,
Lui qui sut de Newton agrandir le compas,
Et s'ouvrant un sillon dans les champs de l'espace,
Y fit encore un nouveau pas.

Education in Paris.—A French paper contains the following statistics connected with education in Paris. The number of pupils at the school of law this year is 3,454; at the school of medicine, 4,500; at the normal school, 67; at the College of St. Louis, 290 boarders and 575 out-scholars, in all 865; College Louis le Grand, 500 boarders and 500 out-scholars; College Charlemagne, 794. The increase in the number of scholars upon last year, is from one-fifteenth to one-twentieth.

The Royal Library at Paris.—From an inspection recently made at the royal library in Paris, it appears, that it now contains 800,000 printed volumes, 100,000 manuscripts, and 1,000,000 historical documents. Taking the average, 15,000 volumes are annually added, exclusive of pamphlets.

Sugar obtained from Indian Corn.—M. Pallas lately presented to the Académie des Sciences of Paris a sample of this substance, extracted from the stem of the plant, which has been found to contain nearly six per cent. of syrup boiled to 40 degrees, a part of which will not crystallize before fructification; but it condenses and acquires more consistency from that period to the state of complete maturity. The most favourable time to obtain the greatest quantity of sugar is immediately after the maturity and gathering of the fruit. The matter left after the extraction of the sugar is capital to feed cattle or to make packing paper.

White Lead.—M. Foucat, a chemist and druggist at Habourdin, near Lille, hearing that M. Gendrin was a candidate for the Monthyon prize, in consequence of having discovered that sulphuric acid was a cure for the disease occasioned by white lead, has sent in his claims to the French Academy of Sciences for the priority of the discovery. His formula is as follows:—One pint of water, half an ounce of sulphuric alcohol, two ounces of magnesia, and four ounces of syrup of gum. Besides this drink, he gives, morning and evening, a draught composed of half an ounce of castor oil, half an ounce of syrup of lemons, and a quarter of a grain of opium.

Antique Statues.—Four statues and a cenotaph in stone, all supposed to be of the fourteenth century, have been lately found in a vault in the castle of Lassavas, in Switzerland. Two of the statues represent females, and the other two armed knights. One of the knights presents a curious figure: his cuirass is open, and two toads are gnawing his sides—the visor is up, and two more toads are preying upon his cheeks. It is supposed, that there is some legend of the revolutionary wars of the period connected with this figure, but, as yet, no trace of it has been found.

Fossils.—Some fossil fishes, teeth, and broken bones, have been found in the micaceous sand stone of Hombourg (Moselle.) This is an interesting fact, as at this spot nothing but remains of plants have been hitherto discovered.

Eels.—M. Sieboldt has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, a fact which was transmitted to him by M. Girardin, Professor of Chemistry at Rouen.

While digging a well, the water which rushed into it from the springs, contained two small eels, which have been identified as such by M. Dumeril, and which must have had a subterranean existence in the springs. Seeds of various kinds were also brought by the water of a well in the same manner at Tours.

The Moon.—Some time since, a M. Gruithausen, of Munich, stated, that he had incontestible proofs that the moon is inhabited: all Europe assailed him with ridicule, but he was not to be laughed out of his opinions, and has now republished them, in concert with a learned colleague and astronomer, M. Schræter. Their common conclusions are: first, that the vegetation on the surface of the moon extends to 55° S. lat., and 65° N. lat.; secondly, that from the 50th degree of N. lat. to the 47th of S. lat., they recognise evident traces of the abode of animated beings. They repeat that which Gruithausen formerly asserted, that they perceive high roads in various directions, and have further discovered a colossal edifice, nearly under the equator of our satellite. At this place there is an appearance of a considerable city, near to which they are perfectly assured of the existence of a construction similar to that called in fortification, a horn-work.

Rain.—An abundant rain of Mollusca, genus Bulimus, species Truncatus, took place at Montpellier, after a violent storm, which came from the west. The noise of the falling shells resembled that of hail, and they might have been collected in thousands.

Chemical Problem.—M. Biot has proposed in one of the sittings of the French Academy of Sciences the following question to chemists. When crystals of pure tartaric acid are dissolved in different proportions of water, at a temperature of from twenty-two to twenty-six degrees centigrade, are there, or are there not, in this actual state of aqueous solution, molecular properties, depending on the proportions which constitute it? and if there are such, can the physical law be pointed out which will define or express them, for each given proportion of the two bodies? If this question should attract the attention, and lead to the researches of chemists, M. Biot has no doubt that the results would produce some very remarkable consequences. While waiting for the labours of others, he has lodged a sealed solution of this chemical problem in the hands of the French Academy of Sciences, obtained by himself, and which will be opened at the first sitting in December.

Fossil Remains.—In a letter written to M. Arago, and communicated by him to the French Academy of Sciences, A. M. Bernard announces that some bones have been found in the cave of Gigny, between Bourg and Lons le Saunier, which were supposed to be fossil human remains. These remains have been sent to Paris, and the head has been examined by MM. Cordier, Flourens, and Dumeril, but these naturalists have not been able to find any thing which entitles it to be called a fossil. By the side of these bones were found cinders and charcoal, and no antediluvian remains exist in the neighbourhood. It is probable that the cavern had been used as a catacomb.

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# HISTORICAL REGISTER.

## MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

### Charles Coote, Esq., D.C.L.

On the 19th ult., died, at Islington, in his 76th year, Charles Coote, Esq., D.C.L., the son of Mr. John Coote, for many years a highly respectable bookseller in Paternoster Row, and the author of several dramatic productions never acted, although three of them were printed. Dr. Coote was educated at St. Paul's School, and Pembroke College, Oxford. He was a man of considerable talent and extensive

reading; and the literary world is indebted to him for several publications of general interest, and executed with no common ability. The following is a list of some of his productions:—

History of England to the Peace of 1783, in nine volumes, London, 1791—8; a Continuation to the Peace of Amiens, 1802, London, 1803; Elements of the Grammar of the English Language, with a History of the Language, London, 1788; Life of Julius Cæsar, London, 1796; History of the Union of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, London, 1802; Sketches of the Lives and Characters of eminent English Civilians, London, 1804; (ascribed to Dr. Stoddart, but the undoubted author, it was stated, was Dr. Coote;) a Continuation to Russell's History of Modern Europe, from 1763 to the Pacification of Paris in 1815, two volumes, London, 1818; the same continued to 1825, London, 1827; a Continuation to Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, by Maclaine, to the Eighteenth Century, six volumes, London, 1811; History of Ancient Europe, London, 1815.

### M. Deleuze.

The death of M. Deleuze took place last month at the age of eighty-two. He will be long remembered as one of the most ardent partisans of animal magnetism, on which subject he wrote many volumes. He was at one time attached to the botanical department of the Jardin des Plantes, and afterwards removed to the office of librarian in the same establishment. Independent of his magnetic dreams, he was a man of sound judgment; he possessed great acquirements and an amiable and obliging disposition; but it will perhaps be his best eulogium to say, that he was distiguished by the intimate friendship and esteem of the great Cuvier.

### Mr. Thomas Heaphy.

Mr. Thomas Heaphy, the artist, died last month, about his sixtieth year. For some years he has been little heard of, though he visited Italy in 1831, and brought thence many fine studies from celebrated works of art. His original line was familiar life, and his productions were highly prized; but his grand work was the historical picture, containing portraits of the Duke of Wellington, and a number of his illustrious companions in arms. In mechanics and the useful arts, Mr. Heaphy was eminently ingenious; to which qualifications he added some of the eccentricities of genius, but was a worthy and estimable character.

### Mr. Thomas Taylor.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, the celebrated Platonist, departed this life on the 1st of December. He was born in 1758, and educated during his earlier years at St. Paul's School. In time he became an assistant in a school, and gave himself up to those metaphysical studies and deep researches in Greek literature, which occupied the remainder of his long life. He was a man of immense erudition, with very peculiar opinions; worthy of all esteem in his private capacity; and, we fear, one of those eminent scholars who have found learning but a poor provision in the midst of a busy and bustling world.

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*Married.*—At Merton, Norfolk, Brownlow North Garnier, Esq., son of the late Rev. William Garnier, of Rookesbury, Hants, and Lady Harriet, to Henrietta Maria de Grey, daughter of Lord Walsingham.

At Petersham, Arthur Edward Knox, Esq., of the 2nd regiment of Life Guards, to the Hon. Lady Jane Parsons, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Rosse.

At Paris, Sir Charles Payne, Bart., late of Tempsford Hall, to Sophia Maria Creighton, daughter of the late Major Robert M'Crea.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Francis Hart, fourth son of Sir Perceval Hart Dyke, Bart., of Lullingstone Castle, Kent, to Charlotte Lascelles, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner, of Chesterfield Street.

*Died.*—At Hampton Court Palace, Anne Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the late Hon. Henry Fitzroy, brother of the late Lord Southampton.

At Himley Hall, in Staffordshire, the Right Hon. William Humble Lord Ward, tenth Baron Ward of Birmingham, in the 55th year of his age.

In Grosvenor Place, Lieut.-General Lord Hartland, aged 60 years.

Near Liège, General the Right Hon. Lord Crewe, in his 66th year.

At Singapore, on the 4th of July last, the Hon. Charles Robert Lindsay, of the Bengal Civil Service, second son of the late Earl of Balcarres.

At Naples, Captain Joseph Packwood, Royal Navy.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1836.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*The Naval Service; or, Officer's Manual, for every Grade in His Majesty's Ships.* By CAPTAIN W. N. GLASSCOCK, R.N. 2 Vols.

The highly-talented officer, the author of this work, has so often appeared advantageously, both in a professional and literary point of view before the public, that his name only, prefixed to a work, is a surety of its excellence. Not content with being the ornament of his gallant and noble profession, he has taken upon himself the office of its friend, and singularly well has he performed it. That young officer in his Majesty's naval service, who may neglect to make himself acquainted with every particular in these two volumes, we say, unhesitatingly, will neglect a duty. The natural, the good, the honest feeling in which every page is dictated, must have the greatest moral efficacy, and is really beyond our powers of praise. Any ship officered and conducted upon the principles promulgated by the gallant captain, must be a heaven upon the waters, instead of being a hell upon earth, as we have heard some ships of war designated, at a time when no soundings could be struck by the deep sea lead. The pleasing manner in which the various hints and instructions are communicated, is not the least praiseworthy part of the work, and the humorous incidents adduced as explanatory or corroboratory, make the work as amusing as it is instructive. Indeed, it is the triumph of good sense. Most sincerely do we recommend it to the perusal of the landsmen; to them it will be pleasant, as to the sailor it is both pleasant and necessary. Many are the feuds that it will heal, many the heart-burnings that it will assuage, many the accidents that it will prevent. The dry humour with which it is indited, will be productive of the very best mental influence; it will make the tyrannical pause in the haughtiness of their deportment, quicken the step of the slothful, and keep open the eyes of the improvident. We contemplate that, henceforward, when any officer forgets himself, it will be quite sufficient for his superior to page him out of Glasscock;—as among literary persons, an offence against good grammar is proverbially termed a breaking of Priscian's head; so, a momentary oblivion of the gentleman and the officer will be hereafter characterized, as a cracking of Glasscock's pate. There is one thing that particularly pleases us in this author, the manly and hearty manner with which he gives every one his due. When he has

occasion for the science of Belcher, or the acuteness of Griffiths, or the knowledge of any other writers, he owns it frankly, and takes pleasure in acknowledging to whom he has been obliged. We should much wish to have gone more into detail on this excellent work, but neither time nor space are available to us. We must conclude by saying that, by this publication, Captain Glasscock has done his country an essential and a permanent service; that he ought to be grateful that he has been enabled, with so little apparent trouble to himself, to be of so much benefit to the service, which is proud of him; and, finally, that he has proved himself a good officer, a good seaman, a good writer—and best praise of all—a good man.

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*Legends of the Conquests of Spain.* By the Author of the "Sketch Book."

A pure and dignified simplicity of diction is the principal characteristic of these legends. They are that captivating blending of romance with history so fascinating to young imaginations. The first legend, that of Don Roderick, takes its rise amongst the most obscure mists of history, and the first fact that comes out into bold relief from the darkness of conjecture is, that there was a Gothic king ruling over Spain, who had procured for himself the unenviable title of Witiza the Wicked. The world is ruled by singular prejudices. Even as the Chronicles themselves relate it, he appears to have been the benefactor of the human race; and, in the very words of the records, to have anticipated the millennium. Feuds were suppressed, and the harsh Vandal character mitigated, by encouraging the refinements of the arts; the powers of Rome at first opposed, and then openly defied, and the celibacy of the clergy no longer insisted upon. Of course, all these reforms were stigmatized by the monks, the only historians of the times, as dissoluteness, vice, and impiety. So the poor man was first driven into cruelty by conspiracies, and at length deposed by Don Roderick, who turned out, notwithstanding his barbarian love of war, not a whit better than he whom he deposed and blinded. The most remarkable part of this legend is the story of the marvellous and portentous Tower. Irving has told it well. But not to the portentous Tower did Don Roderick owe his fall, or Spain its subjection to the Moors to the violation of this terrible and supernatural edifice, but solely to the implacability of a private revenge. Count Julian brought the invaders into his country, ruined it first, and himself afterwards. Then follow battles, sieges, acts of heroism intermingled with treachery, and romantic love, all mingled together in one wild scene of excitement. The whole is wound up with a description of the dreadful fate of the Julian family, and the reader is left with Spain under the Mussulman sway. With such materials as these, it would have been almost impossible to have constructed a bad book; in the hands of Washington Irving we need not say that they are turned to the very best advantage. If these Legends do not increase his reputation, they will assuredly maintain it, which is in itself high commendation, for this author must always write well, when he writes up to himself.

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*Hood's Comic Annual for* 1836.

This is undoubtedly the very best Annual that Thomas Hood has yet produced—it is comic, without being so extravagantly comical as were some, nay, all of its predecessors. Has this most learned pundit in the

art of punning, macadamized every word in the English language, and is he at last obliged to have recourse to genuine wit? If so, we congratulate him heartily, and the public still more; and that it is the case, is, we think, evident from all the morceaux contained in the Annual of the present year. We acknowledge, that as he proceeds mirthfully and sportively along the road, and happens to meet with an unfortunate, or rather fortunate collection of syllables, that will look droll by being turned topsy-turvey, up goes his foot, and over goes the word, showing you another face before you have time to make acquaintance with his original one; but the royal jester no longer springs out of his road to do this, taking leave of the sense, in hunting after quaintness of sound. This is just as it should be. The tickling that he now gives the readers, is beneath the surface. He appeals to the understading, whilst he plays with the fancy, and Judgment, old and sedate as the gentleman is, shakes his head at him with a bland and approving smile, telling him to go to, for he is a sensible, albeit, a droll wag. This number opens with a German tale, 'ycleped the "Domestic Dilemma," the horns of which are excessively twisted and grotesque, and upon which the merry author has hung an infinity of good things. "Love and Lunacy" is a poem, the point of which is rather far-fetched, but, as it is very possible to go farther and fare much worse, we must be grateful for it. As, however, it brings back with it many excellent things, independently of its own joke, the reader will rejoice to have made the journey with the tale. The Ode to Perry is as brisk as Champagne, with as much body as good old Madeira. And "Sketches on the Road" is a fine moral, as well as an exquisitely humorous production. If we do not specify the other pieces that constitute this laughter-provoking volume, it is not that they are less meritorious than their brethren, but that we must give our attention, and our space, to other sorts of light reading, which often proves so heavy in the perusal. As Hood grows older, he grows wiser unto wit, and no longer rejoicing over bottled small beer, pours us out a sparkling glass of nectar, that has stamina as well as briskness to recommend it. Long may he live to quaff his own cup, and make cheerful that of his loving and attached friends—the public.

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*Practical Observations on Homœopathy, with a variety of Cases, tending to prove its decided superiority over the Ordinary System of Medicine.* By William Broackes, M.R.C.S.

Grave medical men may think that our medical comprehension may be very limited, though they may be assured that our medical reading is large; but we assure them that we but rarely pronounce an opinion upon a medical work, without first of all taking an opinion of its merits from a physician, from whose judgment, we believe, that few would think of appealing. That opinion we shall not, however, consult in this case; firstly, because the work before us is addressed to the understandings of the world in general; secondly, because its arguments are not technical and founded more upon the general principles of logic than on the mysteries of the profession; and, thirdly, we do not think that any professional man who either has or has not made up his mind upon the subject of homœopathy could, by possibility, be an impartial judge. We do not believe a single individual among medical gentlemen to be neuter: we shall, therefore, give our own opinion upon this work frankly, and stating what impression it has made upon ourselves, leave it to our readers to get the work if they feel interested upon the subject, and see how far it corroborates with their own. We think this system to be as yet

but an experiment, and that too, an experiment neither sufficiently tried either as regards extent or time. The reasonings upon which it is founded carry with them a *primâ facie* appearance of truth; but, alas! in medical matters, we never yet saw a system promulgated that was not supported by very excellent reasons indeed. Besides, notwithstanding the permanent jokes against the doctors, we must remember that millions upon millions have been cured or relieved upon the old allopathic plan, and as the father has been treated so would the son wish to be, in preference to the having a new doctrine tried upon him. Again, we deferentially and honestly confess that we do not derive much assurance from the work before us: it is written with the zeal of a convert, and converts are too often enthusiasts. It proves too much, and thus, in claiming for the practice perfection, we are compelled to give it less credit than it may possibly deserve. There are many wonderful cases adduced: where are the failures?—not one. Giving this system every advantage that its advocates ask for it, we must say that some diseases are so rapid in their march, that they will not wait for the small and measured step behind them of homœopathy, and as it cannot overtake, it cannot overcome. It would be but sorry consolation for the survivors of the deceased to be told, that if he had but lived a little longer, he would have been alive still. Still, this system is deserving of every attention; and we think it incumbent on every medical practitioner to make gentle trial of it—on himself. If it be true in principle, it will thus assuredly win its way. As to patients, we say to them, do not subject yourselves rashly to any homœopathic experiments; if under good advice the usual remedies fail, and your complaint is chronic, ask the question boldly of your medical adviser, if there be any objection to make trial of it; and we have that full reliance on the general honesty of the profession that it is almost a moral certainty that you will get an honest answer—by that answer abide. The homœopathics have no quackery, no secrets in their remedies; they tell you what they are and how they expect that they will act, and, what is still better, their reasons for that expectation. Nothing can be more fair—they come to the tribunal of public opinion openly to be tried; let them, as we before said, be tried by their peers—the doctors themselves.

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*Popular Manual of the Art of preserving Health, embracing the subjects of Diet, Air, Exercise, Gymnastics, General and Physical Education, Occupations, Bathing, Clothing, Ventilation, &c., designed for the use of all Ranks and Professions in Society.* Mr. J. B. Davis, Surgeon.

Notwithstanding the amplitude and the promises of its title, in spite of its length, and the goodness of its composition in a literary point of view, this Manual is a very unsatisfactory work. It does not keep faith with its professions on the title-page. It is much more a physiological treatise, with reference to diet, than a manual teaching how best to choose diet, &c. Indeed, as regards the many categories under which health and incipient disease are placed by the variety of the occupations of mankind, there is not a single instruction given; general precepts, and those not very distinct, on account of their universality, are all that the reader will find in this book, and that all will be found to be excessively diminutive. Take diet for example. What a useful practical treatise might be written on that subject! and we find a very learned, and a very correct dissertation on the organism of the various meats, with much about fibres and gelatine, with long descriptions of experiments tried upon dogs by

Magendie and others; but how little of instruction that deserves to be called "the art of preserving health." Of all things, diet is that, as regards hygæism, (we believe that is the new word,) over which men of all professions have the most control. The lawyer cannot abandon the courts, the painter must be constant to his attelier, the scholar cannot forsake his desk. What valuable instructions might not the hygæist have given to each of them, knowing, as he must know, being a man of information, the peculiarities of each class, their liabilities to particular diseases, and the hours to which they are forced to make all their actions subservient. It is not our intention to gainsay any one of Mr. Davis's too few precepts—they are safe from their vagueness, and incontrovertible as they are respectable by their antiquity, and common-place by their general diffusion. The whole essence of the book consists in enjoining to the reader temperance in all things. What the moralist does daily in his essay, and the divine in his sermon, Mr. Davis has done in his Manual; and, putting aside his physiology, he has done no more—which certainly is not deserving of laudation, when he had the opportunity of doing so much. We cannot help saying, that we consider the book to be *made up*, the term is well understood, though not very definite in expression—made up well, truly—but still made up. Its easy, flowing, and generally elegant style, is its principal recommendation. We would not, however, by our strictures, wish to deter a single person from becoming acquainted with this work. It will give to the ignorant a clear view of much that ought to be known, and keep the attention of all alive to that most important of considerations—their health. If it does not answer the ends the author proposed, it does others, and, in this much-scribbling age, it is no small praise to have written a book that answers any purpose at all beyond the employment it gives to those who make, and to those who destroy it.

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*The Parricide, a Romance.* By the Author of "Miserrimus." 2 Vols.

This should not be. When "Miserrimus" appeared, we hailed it as a singularly powerful and original production, and predicted great things of the author. How has this hope, this wish, been answered? By a crude compilation of horrors, revolting to humanity, and, consequently, in direct violation of the principles of good taste. We believe that it is Pope who mentions the anecdote of a certain writer of his time, who, having produced a tolerably successful work upon atoms, was seized with an atom-mania, and incontinently wrote an epic poem upon the subject, entitled the "Atomiad." The author of "Miserrimus" has fallen into a similar error—he has been praised, most justly praised, for energy, and, he consequently puts forth the wild fury of the maniac, and shows, or rather exhausts, his immense strength in tearing to pieces all the proprieties. If he wishes his tale to be looked upon as a description of a medical case of insanity, he should not have given it to the world in two volumes; and, if he supposes that it will be looked upon as any thing very much better, we should conceive him not to be quite free from a certain species of insanity himself. We do not know who is the author of the "Parricide," and we wish not to know, for he has disappointed us grievously. We wished for a little more infusion of masculine energy in the fictions of the day, and we deemed that the author of "Miserrimus" was the person destined to give it. Perhaps he will yet. Let him avoid the sin of exaggeration, and understand, that not only is strength gained by repose, but that repose is the best representative of its awful power. We saw much of this quiet vehemence in the former work—in the present none. This last production will prove the true parricide, by slaying its misguided parent, without the parent be possessed of sufficient courage and sense to stran-

gle the abortion at once, and not permit it to die a lingering death, amidst the jeers of the public.

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*Paris and the Parisians in* 1835. 2 Vols. By FRANCES TROLLOPE, Author of "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," "Tremordyn Cliff," &c. 2 Vols.

Certainly the best of Mrs. Trollope's literary performances. She has administered to the French justice tempered with mercy—and there is much room for the exercise of the latter. We think these volumes require much more than a cursory attention. Prudence would always keep a watchful eye upon the several indications shown by our unquiet and mercurial neighbours. Taking the French nation as a mass, we look upon them as a noble assemblage of much that is really good, and virtuous, and great. But like the marble in the quarry, this mass is veined by much also that is mean and friable, and full of fissures. It is by means of these imperfections that the gunpowder of revolutions is introduced, and through these that such horrible mines are so constantly exploding. France is still unsafe: too liberalized in her notions to be governed monarchically, she still is not sufficiently degraded to be again hurled into the abyss of republicanism. However, they are now quiet, and of this blessed tranquillity (may it last long!) Mrs. Trollope has taken advantage to observe them narrowly. In a social point of view, taking class for class, England will find nothing to regret in being compared with *La Jeune France.* Politically, with all our dissensions and temporary Whig supremacy, England is infinitely the superior. The numerous anecdotes in this work are vivaciously, and, when they will admit of it, wittily told; and there is much more philosophy in the reflections than we might expect from a lady, unless that lady be one so rational and so experienced as is Mrs. Trollope. In addition to the intrinsic merits of the work, it will be found very delightful reading. There is no doubt but that it will acquire very great popularity, and meet at the same time, from the fearless manner in which the lady has given expression to her principles, many and bitter enemies. These she may well despise: as there is not a single expression in the work at variance with the most exalted patriotism, or which any author might blush to own.

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*The Annual Biography and Obituary.* 1836. Vol. XX.

A melancholy contemplation is afforded by looking over the names of those that have gone to their eternal rest, recorded in this well-conducted periodical. This funereal list is headed by Charles Lamb, and concluded by the highly-gifted but unfortunate Mrs. Hemans. It contains twenty-nine persons, among which are found the gallant, the good, and the high-minded Napier, the strong-headed Cobbett, and the natural and poetical James Hogg. The biographies of all these are well-written, that of Lamb eminently so. We should be inclined to think that this melancholy memento of mortality has a very wide circulation, from the able manner in which it is conducted, and the interesting nature of its contents. Much, however, as we value this work, and delight in all manner of biographical writing, we are by no means ambitious of appearing in it; and trusting that this avowal will be kindly taken by its clever conductors, we take our leave of it, heartily recommending it to the notice of our numerous readers.

*My Note Book.* By JOHN MACGREGOR, Esq., Author of "British America," &c. &c. 3 Vols.

These are pleasing volumes, in which the author has very skilfully contrived to mask all the dryness one would expect in a guide-book with the seductive features, if not actually of romance, of something nearly akin to it. Not that we think that he has ever departed from the fact, or even at the expense of strict veracity embellished it; the charm lies in the ease and the elegance with which he narrates it. It is rarely that we can afford to make any extracts from the works of which we are compelled to give only short and impartial notices; and notwithstanding the great temptation that the numerous piquant anecdotes, interspersed in this work, offer us, we must resist it. We will merely state, as Burns terms it, through what places the "chiel got amang them taking notes," assuring the reader, that he did well "to prent 'em." From Boulogne he went to Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, diverging on this side or that to visit whatever places could be called either curious or interesting, sometimes going over the same ground twice. What he saw he has well described, and his incidental delineations of character are forcible, and, we doubt not, correct. The statistics of the various places he has thrown together, we think judiciously, at the end of the last volume in the shape of an appendix.

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*The Siller Gun, a Poem in Four Cantos.* By JOHN MAYNE.

Scottish poetry has, in our appreciation, always an air of classic simplicity about it, that makes even its common-places breathe of Doric melody. "The Siller Gun" is a fine specimen of this, not on account of the common-places, for they are few and far between. The poem is founded upon a well-known custom of the trades going on a certain day and firing at a mark for a silver gun, which appears to be as little like a gun as possible; and which when won is not retained, but worn only during the day of triumph in the hat, and afterwards returned to the archives of the corporation of Dumfries. This custom has afforded an excellent subject to the poet, and he has treated it very humorously where humour was applicable, and very beautifully throughout. The versification reminds us strongly of Burns when in his best vein. The best critique on the poem is to be found in the preface, in a letter from Lord Woodhouselee to the author, and, as we can say nothing better on the subject, to that we refer the reader.

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*Memoirs of Mirabeau, Biographical, Literary, and Political.* By Himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his adopted Child.

The publishers, and the various authors of this very interesting work, will excuse us, for the present, from doing more than barely announcing the appearance of its third volume. We find, by a perusal of this volume, that the singular private life of Mirabeau is now finished by his biographers, and that the conspicuous part that he played in the political arena, will furnish the materials of the subsequent volumes. We will reserve ourselves till they appear—merely saying for the present, that this publication is deserving of general notice.

*Contemplation; or a Christian's Wanderings.* By WILLIAM VIVIAN, of Tor, Devon.

The general disregard which the poetry of the present day meets with from almost all quarters, arises not so much from a dearth of good poetry as from the poetry of some recent, and one or two present authors, being of that exciting and perhaps over-strained nature that makes that which is really good but not so highly-seasoned, seem tame after it. The palate refuses the plain yet wholesome dish after having luxuriated upon the ragout. Mr. Vivian in the poem now before us, is sensible, equal, and good, with a very smooth versification, and a choice of words that shows him to be a complete master of metrical language. The subject ought to be to Christians all interesting; and the author has handled it with that quiet and reverent fervour that shows how beautiful zeal may appear in a holy cause, and how becoming urgency is in the sacred cause of salvation. If this poem does not excite that attention which it deserves, and we fear it will not, for many causes now actively operating, which we have no space to specify, the author will not be without his reward, for, should it be read only by a few, he must have the satisfaction of knowing that that few will honour a poet who possesses a mind so elegant, and a heart so deeply imbued with that noblest of all sentiments—Christian love.

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*A Brief Memoir of Sir William Blizard, Knt. F.R.S. L. & E. Surgeon and Vice-President of the London Hospital. Read before the Hunterian Society, Oct. 7,* 1835. *With additional Particulars of his Life and Writings.* By WILLIAM COOKE, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

As far as it goes, this is well; but we think that the living reputation and the works that this clever surgeon left behind him, entitle him to a much more ample biography. This work before us, as the author entitles it, is but a memoir, and brief, too brief—a fault of very rare occurrence in these wordy days. It is a curious fact, that in his ninety-second year, Sir William was operated upon for blindness occasioned by cataract, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, by means of this operation, he recovered his sight without injury to his health. It is but an act of justice to state who was the oculist—Mr. Lawrence. The worthy surgeon, the subject of the memoir we are noticing, died at the advanced age of ninety-three. We like to hear of longevity in the medical profession: it inspires us with confidence. We really think that none but healthy persons should embark in it, not only because an old man is a sort of earnest for old age in ourselves, but because a strong constitution so often implies a powerful mind.

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*Life of Prince Talleyrand, accompanied by a Portrait.*

The fourth, and we trust not the last volume of this singularly clever work, is now before us. It will be read with the deepest interest. Certainly, it gives but a miserable picture of the deceit and treachery of public men, and shows by what villanies nations are cheated, and under what villanies they are governed. The author, having said already so much, is bound in honour to say still more; and we feel assured that it will prove his interest to say it, by the avidity with which his work will be purchased.

It is replete with anecdote, and made palateable by the pleasing acidity of a delicate irony, and brilliant by the occasional flashes of wit. The only thing of which we doubt, is its general veracity—an ominous doubt in a work of so much interest, and from which so much of the materials of history might be furnished. Our doubt arises from the incomparable perfectibility of selfishness imputed to Talleyrand's character, the absence of every generous feeling, and the brutish sensuality with which, if he is not directly charged, at least is more than implied against him. We can only say, in conclusion, that for the sake of history, we wish to think this biography true—for the sake of the prince himself, we hope that much of it is false.

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*Diary of the Wreck of His Majesty's Ship, Challenger, on the Western Coast of South America, in May, 1835; with an Account of the subsequent Encampment of the Officers and Crew during a period of Seven Weeks on the South Coast of Chili.*

English presence of mind is never more heroically displayed than when under the awful circumstances of wreck. Other nations may have been bold and triumphant, but none more bold and triumphant in the shock of battle than the English; but in the trying situation of shipwreck the English navy has, for conduct, been pre-eminent over the whole world. Let any one compare the accounts of the wreck of the Medusa French frigate and the awful demoralization and the cannibal ferocity of its men, with that of any one British man-of-war, and the complete, the unmeasurable superiority of the latter will be at once evident. Take any of the wrecks you please, and the same results of the comparison will ensue. The Challenger was lost under the most disheartening circumstances, and her crew saved under the most noble ones. These descriptions are always read with avidity, and such is their innate interest, that they require no embellishments of style to make them eagerly sought for. The narrative before us is inartificial, and being told with a sailor's natural frankness, at once wins and secures the attention. By losses such as these we lose nothing: a gallant frigate is no more, but the moral power and energy it gives the national character is, we think, more than an indemnity. This publication is also very valuable in a practical point of view, as it affords a multiplicity of good lessons to all those who may unfortunately be placed in similar situations. Another reflection is forced upon us by a perusal of this diary—that of the safety secured to so many noble fellows by the admirable architecture of the stranded vessel. Notwithstanding the rocks beneath her, and the tremendous surf that broke over and around her, she held together, as if her ribs had been of steel, and her sides of iron. Had she been run together as is the prevailing mode among our mercantile navy, she would have been broken up at the very first striking; and, in all human probability, not a soul would have been spared to tell the melancholy tale. But now, from the structure of the ship, not a single man perished. How long must the vital interests of our invaluable seamen cry aloud, and in vain, to the legislature for its imperative interference to protect their lives against the improvidence of speculation, by enforcing a proper construction of our merchant vessels? This we have often advocated; and, till the grievance is redressed, it will ever excite our attention. But to return to the publication before us. We need hardly say, that Captain Seymour and his officers were fully acquitted by the court-martial that always follows these misfortunes, and their swords returned to them under very honourable circumstances. We are sure that this narrative will excite a great attention, and meet with a rapid sale.

*Dramas.* By JOANNA BAILLIE. 3 Vols.

Some few years back, it was matter of astonishment to us that not one of the excellent plays of this lady were ever, to our recollection, popular as an acting piece. We read them, we admired them, and our fancy supplying to us all the apparatus of a stage, in our lonely walks we enacted them, and found them go off excellently well. But our astonishment has long ceased. No living person is more helpless to good, and more proud of his helplessness, than the manager of a theatre. His vanity outrageously flattered, courted by needy and incompetent writers, adulated by dependant actors, and surrounded by all evil influences, he is too commonly cajoled and ruined. His individual ruin would be of little moment, did it not also involve with it the ruin of the English drama. We unhesitatingly say, that the surest pledge of having a good play rejected, at the present day, is its intrinsic merit. These three volumes now before us contain numerous proofs of our assertion. In the necessarily short notices that, from the nature of our periodical, we are forced to give of works of literature, it cannot be expected that we should enter into any detail of a publication containing three ample volumes of tragedies and comedies; much less that we should enter into any analysis of the particular qualities of each. We must deal in generals; and, in this view, we are bound to state, that they are generally speaking good. We mean the term good to be taken in its absolute and positive sense. In these days of exaggeration, to say that a thing is good, unfortunately for the sake of purity of language, too often implies something, if not the reverse, at least but a little above mediocrity. We think the authoress has acted rightly in collecting her dramatic works and giving them to the world. Though they may seem to the misjudging to be wanting in that fanatic vigour, that intoxicating excitement derived from extravagance, and all sorts of moral chimera, they will ever be looked upon as models of chaste and legitimate dramatic compositions, in which nature is never outraged, decency never shocked, and the dictates of reason never disregarded. When the stage has returned to its healthy state, many of these plays will be seized upon with avidity and acted with success. We feel assured, notwithstanding their intrinsic merits, that on the stage, at the present juncture, the best of them would fail. Such is the present depraved state of audiences, that to them, without it gives strong excitement, there is no inducement to witness a dramatic representation. Passion is more exciting than sentiment, frantic bursts of horror than the loftiest flights of poetry—hence the successful depravities that have now the possession of the stage. But this cannot last; it will wear itself out, and even those of the worst taste will grow tired of being horrified. Then will recommence the reign of sound dramatic principles, and Miss Joanna Baillie will become as popular as she is now deserving of popularity. The stage is a great moral engine, if properly applied: in England it is now suffering from its apparent humility, the theatres scarcely daring to bring out a piece that has not first received the sanction of a French audience—an unnational subserviency. With the managers we quarrel not, they must fill their houses; our quarrel is with the public, who condescend to fill them to see—French monstrosities.

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*The Self-Condemned.* By the Author of the "Lollards," "Calthorpe," &c.

The present work, by an author who has been but too long behind the scenes, is one calculated to place his reputation on a high eminence with

the few not acquainted with his former writings, while those to whom they are familiar, will at once and gladly hail his re-appearance, and recognise in his present bold and original work the same power and skill which made the "Lollards" so great a favourite with the reading public.

The scenes which the "Self-Condemned" principally embraces are, the dissensions of Ireland during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and take within their scope many of the incidents which sprung from, and the customs which were observed in those "troublous times." With these are blended two love stories, viz. the love of Lord Roche for Grace Nagle, and that of the latter's brother for the wife of Lord Roche. The character of the latter forms a fine contrast to Nagle's, which is well portrayed, being open and free as his native hills, while Lord Roche, in all his plots and all his endeavours, is essentially selfish. Cormack, the Nagle's seneschal, is highly dramatic, finely conceived, and skilfully worked out; but it is in the females that the author has been principally successful. Grace is "all the youthful poet dreams of when he loves;" nor do we remember ever to have met with a more delightful specimen of a lovely, loving, and loveable woman, than Lady Roche. We may conclude by strongly recommending the work to the notice of our readers.

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*Historical Conversations for Young Persons, containing the History of Malta, and of the Knights of St. John, and the History of Poland.* By Mrs. Markham, Author of the "Histories of England and France."

Nothing could be better than the manner in which the information contained in the pages of this work is imparted. It is in a series of conversations, and we must say, that the incidental remarks of the youthful inquirers, are as natural as they are pleasing, and tend beautifully to relieve the dull monotony that continued narrative too often inflicts upon the juvenile mind. We have no doubt but that the work will become a favourite with all classes of young persons, and that an extensive sale will amply reward the lady for the great attention that she has expended on her subjects. If the next generation do not become more clever than their fathers, verily it will be their own faults.

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*The Book of Christmas.* By Thomas K. Hervey. *With Illustrations by* R. Seymour.

None of the Christmas presents with which the press has abounded this year, have pleased us more than this sensible and right-cheerful publication. It is written in the very best of his spirit, either as regarding the Creator or his creatures, and in a very fascinating and various style. The quotations are some of them rare, and all of them excellent. The illustrations, by Seymour, are absolutely Hogarthian. This artist should devote himself no longer to caricature. He is a spirit that should soar above buffoonery, and never again descend beneath humour. Some of these engravings, or rather, exquisite wood-cuts after his designs, are studies and tales. The feastings in the baronial halls are works of no common order. This "Book of Christmas" will become as acceptable as the Christmas festivities, which it so well enhances, by teaching us to enjoy them properly, gratefully, and intellectually.

*Rudiments of Physiology, in Three Parts.* By JOHN FLETCHER, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., Lecturer in Physiology, and in Medical Jurisprudence.

We have received the two first parts of this very able treatise, and are anxiously looking for the third. The great merit of these rudiments, at least in the parts already published, is, that their experienced and talented author has collected the best of all other men's writings upon the subjects, and with these materials and his own observations has been enabled to arrive at new and important truths. Still, this subject is one of many mysteries, and it is only by conjecturing, theorizing, and ultimately demonstrating, that in matters complicated and dark we shall ever arrive at certainty. We read publications of this description with great avidity, for we find in them keys to many other matters, which, though we cannot use them to unlock the difficulties before us, are often serviceable to procure us at least an entrance into other occult subjects. We expect to see, in the third part, some great metaphysical facts brought to light; for in the physiology of thought—or, if the term be not sufficiently accurate, the physiology of those organs that enable us to think—can be based the only true science of metaphysics. In this view, metaphysics are intimately connected with morals, and on morals depend the degree of happiness enjoyed by civilized societies. When the third part shall have made its appearance, we may, perhaps, devote three or four pages to an abstract of the whole. This work is one that is precisely intitled to a notice in one or all of those periodicals which are distinguished by the name of reviews. When works like the present are before us, we always regret that we can do no more than give a brief Magazine notice of them. However, we shall return to the task when Dr. Fletcher again gives us the opportunity.

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*The Romance of History. India.* By the REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. 3 vols.

The ancient, and even the modern History of India, is, of itself, a multiplicity of individual romances. The mind can rest upon no one period of its chronicles, that will not afford specimens of the marvellous, in tyranny or in heroism, in love or hate, and crime seems to have here all the strength of India's natural tempests, all the intensity of her tropical sun. Mr. Caunter has been most fortunate; we should rather say, most skilful in the selection of his subjects, when they lay before him in such a bewildering abundance, that the difficulty of choice consisted in the aggregation of the materials. The tales in these three volumes are manly, and all of them are faithful to the costumes of the times, moral as well as physical. The very titles of most of these tales are provocations to reading. We have "The Traveller's Dream," "The Royal Merchant," "The Rajpoot Marriage," "The Light of the World," "The Omrah's Daughter," and many more of this description. That lady or gentleman must have faculties dull as the Lethean weed, who feels not an intense curiosity to know the tales attached to such fascinating titles. A more interesting work we have seldom perused. Faultless it is not; but these faults will be scarcely perceived without they be diligently sought for. Between ourselves and the reader, we do not much envy that state of mind of the person who sets out error-hunting, amidst the gay fields of fiction. When one makes an excursion in these domains, it is in search of amusement—information will be picked up involuntarily—and he must be a fool who runs his head with *malice prepense* against a post, where there are so many

beautiful scenes spread out around him. Mr. Caunter's Indian territories is certainly encumbered with a post or two. Let those discover them who are curious in these matters. The style of these tales is simple and sweet, occasionally rising in energy, as feeling or passion arouses the author's genuine eloquence. These volumes are dedicated to Dr. William Beattie. We mention this, as these tokens of friendship are to us always grateful. When the dedicatory offering is made to prince or peer, though prince and peer may, and often do, deserve an author's friendship, yet it carries not that conviction to the bosom of disinterested affection, and social honour, which an unostentatious and simple tribute must do from friend to friend in equal stations of life.

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*Remarks on the Trial of Robert Reid, for the Murder of his Wife, before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on the 29th of June,* 1835. By John Fletcher, M. D., F.R.C.S.E., &c. &c. &c.,

This pamphlet is important on account of the attention it ought to draw to medical jurisprudence. The case before us was one, in which a legal murder had been well nigh perpetrated, through the worse than negligence, the worse than ignorance, of persons who had the mangling of the dead body. Even as it is, the accused is now labouring under the obloquy of that indeterminate verdict, peculiar to Scotland, of "Not proven." We do not think that the expense to the country would be large, or, even if large, it would be misapplied, if we educated coroners for that office only, and made them pass examinations in morbid anatomy and medical jurisprudence. Generally, in cases of sudden death, it is less a question of law, than of surgery. Let it be always remembered, that, if the coroner be mistaken in a point of law, there are courts above him that will correct that mistake; but an error as to a *post mortem* appearance, a fallacious view of the coats of a diseased stomach, may be fatal to an innocent life. The incorrect evidence is given, the body is exhumed, and a man, perhaps, hung, because the surgeon who examined the corpse was ignorant. There is no correction for this in the legal knowledge on the bench. The facts are sworn to, and a man is pronounced a criminal when there has been no crime. Such was nearly the case of the poor ignorant clown, Reid. The profession of a coroner should be made a distinct one, and be also made worth the ambition of well-educated men. The calling in of the village surgeon in remote districts is any thing but satisfactory. The rural Esculapius may be clever, but he may be, and indeed it is almost always the case, resident for twenty or thirty years in the vicinity, and never have met with one case of poison, or seen what peculiar effects are disclosed by morbid anatomy. Besides, if he be not either more or less than man, he is imbued with all the prejudices of the place, and he cannot help viewing every occurrence through them. How different might be the results of a verdict when the inquest was taken under the direction of a well-educated medical coroner, understanding the nature of all tests, and quite at home with the dissecting knife! Coming from a distance, he would be liable to no undue bias, and there would be no delay from the absence of a refractory, and often ignorant surgeon, who won't attend till he knows from whence is to come his fee. These reflections have been forced upon us by an attentive perusal of the able statement before us. Dr. Fletcher has given it in a most lucid and scientific manner, and hurled his just indignation upon the incapacity that endangered a life, in terms that we should be glad to imitate, and on persons that ought to be named, did we not stand in fear of that very curiously constructed law, called the law of libel.

*The School Boy. A Poem.* By Thomas Maude, M.A.

This poem will not, we apprehend, meet with the general attention that it deserves. It is replete with the best feelings expressed in very harmonious metre. It is perhaps a little deficient in elevation, but the subject chosen by the author does not so imperatively call for this, as would most others. It is divided into two parts—the country and the town schools, both of which are treated with that mild enthusiasm that is to us so pleasing. The frequent allusion of the author to the members of his family and to his personal friends is very graceful, and gives a stamp and a locality to his poem which we greatly admire. This effusion, among Mr. Maude's own circle, must be very highly prized indeed, and it shall not be our fault if that circle be not very extensive. We take our leave of this pleasing production, much doubting of its general success, but not at all doubting that it deserves it. The public mind is now so pre-occupied or so blaséed, that nothing will arouse its attention, that breathes not of excitement or of violence.

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*The Life and Times of Rienzi.*

As Mr. Bulwer's brilliant romance of "the Last of the Tribunes" will be read by every body, this work makes its appearance very opportunely. It is certainly not an impartial biography of that celebrated reformer, Gabrini, which appears to have been Rienzi's patronymic. The author, led away by his prejudiced authorities, much undervalues the real elevation of his character. It will be, to the reader, a pleasing occupation, to compare this work with Mr. Bulwer's. This gentleman has enhanced too much the character of his hero, in order to heighten the effect of his tale; and a perusal of the work before us is absolutely necessary, as a corrective against false historical impressions. There is a wide discrepancy between the romance and the biography, as it relates to the second advent of the Tribune to Rome. Mr. Bulwer represents Rienzi on that occasion, as purged from all his former vices, and as completely deserving the love of the Romans. Fortifiocca, the contemporary of the hero, on the contrary, describes him as an obese sensualist, given up to all kinds of low debauchery, an habitual drunkard, at once the scorn and the oppressor of the people. The true estimate of this wonderful man's character, is, perhaps, the mean between Mr. Bulwer's hero, and the biographer's factious intriguer. As a composition, this "Life of Rienzi" is not very elegantly written. But as its excellence is more to be looked for in realities, and in the abundance of facts, rather than in beauty of style, it would not be just to dwell upon its deficiencies in composition. We think that we have said enough in its favour to awaken the attention of our readers to it. It has other recommendations, independent of the elucidation that it affords, either of Mr. Bulwer's production, or of Miss Mitford's tragedy; it throws great light upon the stormy and intriguing spirit of the times to which it relates.

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*A Garland of Love, wreathed of pleasant Flowers, gathered in the Fields of English Poetry.*

The preface to this neat little volume commences by saying, "In the following selection of love poems, the greatest care has been taken to exclude such pieces as are likely to corrupt the heart with their insidious

poison, or to captivate the fancy with their alluring beauty." We can assure the most fastidious, that the compiler has rigidly kept his promise. In the choice of the verses that he has made, love, under its ethereal and almost metaphysical form, has been the favourite. As there is nothing degrading, nothing even demoralizing in this universal passion, the poetical incense here offered to it, of the best and purest flowers, from the best and purest authors of our language, cannot but be more than acceptable to the public. Indeed, it is a virtuous act to portray this feeling less under the semblance of a passion, than a lofty sentiment, to the minds of the youth of both sexes. To the sensualist, who looks upon love as nothing but brutified appetite, this volume will offer no charms. There are, we know, very well meaning persons, who think that this passion, under any light, should not be intruded upon the imagination of the young; to them we can only say, that the young *will* think of it, and it is best to accustom them to think of it in its elevation and its purity. We really are of opinion, that this little work will accustom them so to do.

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*On Natural Theology.* By THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. and LL.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France.

This work will be received by all classes, who profess Christianity, with the utmost respect. The author and publishers of this great work will, however, permit us to refrain from noticing Natural Theology at length, upon the receipt of an only and first volume. We wish to peruse it without the intervention of three months between the parts. We heartily wish that the appearance of the successive volumes were regulated so as to be more rapid than quarterly. We think that the space of a month would suit all classes of subscribers much better. But, as we know not the governing circumstances of the present arrangement, we have only to express our regret. Dr. Chalmers ranks high as a literary character, a divine, and an orator, which will alone insure a wide circulation for this work. This first volume is well got up, and is, in size and appearance, very like the "Sacred Classics." We hope that it may be equally successful. We must say, considering the number of pages, over four hundred, the clearness of the type, and the goodness of the paper, that it is extremely cheap.

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*The Sacred Classics; or, the Cabinet Library of Divinity.* Edited by the Rev. H. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A.

The twenty-fifth volume of these classics contains Locke's celebrated discourse on the "Reasonableness of Christianity, as delineated in the Scriptures: to which are added, An Essay on the Understanding of St. Paul's Epistles, and a Discourse on Miracles," the whole of which are introduced to the reader, by a biographical essay on the author, from the pen of a Layman. To speak of Locke's well-known treatises, would be unnecessary; we have only to commend the judgment that caused them to be introduced among these classics. The frontispiece, a fine portrait of Locke, is worthy of this work, it is after Sir Godfrey Kneller, and finely engraved by Freeman.

***Memoirs of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B., &c. &c. &c., including his Correspondence, from Originals in possession of his Family.*** By H. ROBINSON, Esq. 2 Vols.

We have pleasure in announcing a second and much improved edition of this well-written and interesting biography. Having fully reviewed the first edition in a former number, we have only to state that the one now before us contains many very valuable additions, some of which we have ourselves been the means of furnishing.

***The Child's own History of France, with Authentic Portraits of its Kings.***

If every adult had all the information contained in this little treatise at his finger's ends it would be well for him. It is written for children—it will do for them excellently, and, for children of a larger growth.

***Colburn's Modern Novelists, a selection of the best Works of Fiction of the most distinguished English Writers, with Portraits of the Authors, and other Illustrations.***

We have received Numbers 11 and 12 of this cheap and, we have every reason to believe, successful speculation, which numbers continue and finish Mr. E. L. Bulwer's popular novel of the "Disowned." To speak of the novel would be superfluous. The type and the whole getting up of these divisions is very creditable to all concerned.

***The Portfolio; or, a Collection of State Papers, illustrative of the History of our Times.***

We have received the three first numbers of this periodical, and, as far as it goes, we find them of great moment to the politician of the present, and the historian of the future, day. We do not think them of that general interest that will command the public attention. We therefore commend the publishers for fixing upon them a high and a remunerating price, as the value of the documents that they publish can only, or rather we should say, can best, be understood by those who are enabled to give it.

***Exercises for Ladies, calculated to preserve and improve Beauty, and to prevent and correct Personal Defects, inseparable from constrained or careless Nursing, founded on Physiological Principles.*** By DONALD WALKER.

We can do no more justice to this well got up work, than to say it is calculated to do what the title promises. As the ladies are sufficiently solicitous about their beauty, we need say no more to induce them to become intimately acquainted with this volume.

***Progress of, and Prospects towards a Republic.***

A sound, argumentative pamphlet, which ought to be read by every one who affects to love his country. The reasonings do not pretend to originality, but they are well arranged, and very forcibly put.

*The Young Man's Book of Piety; a Practical Manual of Christian Duties for the Formation of the Manly Character.* By the Author of the "Young Lady's Book of Piety."

We have but little to say on this work, beyond that it is consistent throughout, and well adapted to forward the results that it seeks to promote. It is of a size usually denominated pocket, and its several articles are dwelt on well, but never lengthened into tediousness. We wish it a better success than it will experience.

*Granby. A Novel.* By J. H. LISTER, ESQ.

This popular, moral, and highly imaginative novel, forms the Eleventh number of "Mr. Colburn's Modern Novelists." It is got up with the usual attention to proprieties and elegancies. A most beautifully engraved portrait of the author, by Finden, forms the frontispiece, and an exciting scene from the work, a vignette title-page to the volume. Of the novel it would be altogether useless to speak. Upon it the approving fiat of the public has gone forth, nor would we, if we could, gainsay it.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Schoolmaster; Essays on Practical Education; selected from Ascham, Milton, Locke, and Butler. 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.*
Mrs. Cleveland and the St. Clairs, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Volume of the Affection, or, Bridal Offering. By T. H. Cornish. 12mo. 12*s.*
Sense for Latin Verse. By H. J. Drury (of King's College.) 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
How to Enjoy Paris. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Stuart's Commentary on the Romans. Third edit. 8vo. 12*s.*
Dr. A. Clarke's Gospels Harmonised, with Notes. By Samuel Dunn. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Memoirs of Don Manuel de Godoy, Prince of Peace, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*
Dunallan. By Grace Kennedy. Fifth edit. 2 vols. foolscap, 10*s.*
Parker's Exercises in English Composition. Sixth edit. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Williams's Abstract of the Acts. By Bell. (1835.) 8vo. 9*s.*
Barbauld's Evenings at Home. New edit. 1 vol. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
On Dropsies connected with suppressed Perspiration, &c. By J. Osborne, M.D. Post 8vo. 5*s.*
Dr. Marshall Hall's Observations on Blood Letting. Second edit. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Edith of Glammis. By Cuthbert Clutterbuck. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Church of England Confession of Faith in the Thirty-nine Articles. By T. Stephen. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Tales of the Glens, &c. By the late Joseph Grant. 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Hymns for the Service of the Church, with a selection of Music. Small 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Memoirs of John Howard, the Christian Philanthropist. By Thomas Taylor. 12mo. 7*s.*

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## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A very interesting work is on the eve of publication, entitled "Madrid in 1835," by a Military Officer, many years resident in the capital and provinces of Spain.

Mr. Walter Savage Landor's new book is on a brilliant period of Athenian history: it is to be intitled "Pericles and Aspasia."

Passavant's celebrated "Tour of a German Artist" is about to appear in an English dress: its success has been immense in Germany.

We observe that the very beautiful edition of "Cowper's Life and Works,"

edited by the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, with the exquisite embellishments by the Findens, is about to appear in weekly shilling parts. The estimable writings of Cowper cannot be too widely disseminated.

A charming collection of songs and poems will shortly appear, by Miss Smith, of the Down House. They are intitled, "Songs of Granada."

Among the valuable naval books lately published, the work by Captain Glascock, intitled "The Naval Service," is likely to have a permanent and extensive sale.

Another French Dictionary is commenced, under the title of "Dictionnaire des Dictionnaires," in two large volumes 8vo, which is to contain a great many terms not admitted into the Dictionary of the Academy.

A Universal Geographical Dictionary is also announced, in two volumes 8vo. These last two dictionaries are to be published in numbers.

Neff of Stuttgart has announced a German translation of the eight Treatises written for the premiums bequeathed for that purpose by the late Earl of Bridgewater. Dr. Hauff, editor of the Morgenblatt, is named as one of the translators.

A History of the House of Hapsburg to the death of the Emperor Maximilian I., by Prince Edward Maria Lichnowsky, in 10 vols. 8vo. is announced by Schaumburg in Vienna.

A translation of Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures, by Dr. A Diezmann, has been published at Vienna: and a Translation of M. Montgomery Martin's excellent work on the British Colonies, by Dr. Paul Fritsch, is announced.

Two or three German journals have accounts from Oporto of the end of September, announcing a very important and interesting discovery, which we shall be very glad to see confirmed.

Mr Bentley, we are glad to hear, is about to collect and publish, with notes, illustrations, and embellishments, the Letters of Horace Walpole; together with several hundred letters hitherto inedited.

Dedicated, with permission, to the Rev. E. Burton, D.D. Regius Professor of Divinity. On the Whole Doctrine of Final Causes. A dissertation in three parts. With an introductory chapter on the Character of Modern Deism. By William J. Irons, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford.

Donaldson's Examples of Modern Doorways in Italy and Sicily, being a continuation of Ancient Doorways in Greece and Italy. 4to. 28 plates, and letter-press description.

In the press, and early in February will be published in two volumes 8vo. with maps, and a plan of Nineveh, from original observations and numerous illustrations. Narrative of a Resident in Koordistan, and on the site of ancient Nineveh, with journal of a voyage down the Tigris to Bagdad, and an account of a visit to Shiraz and Persepolis. By the late Claudius James Rich, Esq., The Hon. East India Company's resident at Bagdad; author of an account of Ancient Babylon. This work, long expected by all who knew the merits and acquirements of the lamented author, is now published from his original MSS.

The friends and patrons of Thomas Miller, the Poet and Basket Maker, Author of "Songs of the Sea Nymphs," &c., intend publishing, by subscription, for his benefit, a new work which he has just completed, under the title of "A Day in the Woods;" being a connected series of tales and poems, of which a most favourable report is given by many distinguished literary characters who have perused the Manuscript.

The venerable Archdeacon Wix has now in the press, A Journal of his recent Missionary labours in Newfoundland; giving a general description of that interesting country, and of the manners, customs, and religious feeling of its inhabitants.

## FINE ARTS.

***Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings by*** STANFIELD, TURNER, CALLCOTT, R.A. ***and other eminent Artists. Made from Original Sketches taken on the Spot, with Descriptions of the Plates,*** by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D.

Egypt, the river Nile, and the pyramids, drawn by Stanfield, from a sketch taken on the spot by T. Catherwood, Esq. is the first view in this number. It is

spiritedly engraved by W. Finden. This is the best view of the pyramids that we have yet seen, and will convey the most accurate idea of these mysterious masses to the observer. The "Ruins at Djerash," the ancient Gergesha, is a very imposing affair and well handled. "Kittim," or Cyprus, is an interesting plate, well executed. The particular spot taken by the artist is a view of the city of Lerneca from the house of the Venetian consul. It will repay the trouble of a careful examination. The last engraving is entitled, "A General View of Ephesus, one of the Seven Churches," and makes rather a dreary and wild appearance. It is, however, well executed. This once famous city is now no more than a miserable hamlet consisting of a few huts. Never was prophecy more completely fulfilled than in this case. This periodical has always been so well conducted, that it forms quite an era in the art of illustration. We shall feel sorrow when it has concluded, if it extend to no more than two additional numbers.

*Illustrations of the New Testament, from Original Paintings, made expressly by* R. WESTALL, Esq. R.A. *and* JOHN MARTIN, Esq.; *with Descriptions by the* Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

The execution of the wood-cuts of this cheap publication is improving. We have only to express our regret that such exquisite designs should be multiplied by wood-cuts at all.

*Stanfield's Coast Scenery. A Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other Picturesque Portions of the European Continent, from Original Drawings taken expressly for this Work,* by CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R.A. *Dedicated, by Permission, to the King.*

This truly British work worthily enjoys the distinction of being dedicated to his Majesty by his permission. It is our favourite, and, we believe, that of the public at large. The seventh number has now made its appearance, and in nothing does it fall short of any of its splendid predecessors. The first view it contains, is that of Broadstairs: it is vigorous and natural, and being strongly marked in the foreground, places the rest of the picture in due relief. The water appears both limpid and semi-transparent, and the sky is well handled. Bentley, the engraver, has done his task well. We have also Dover pier with the castle, and the vessels riding in the Downs in the distance. The recognition of this spot is full of poetical and historical associations. For the plate of Boulogne with a wreck on the coast, nature has done but little, the artists a great deal. It is but a dreary view, with no features either of magnificence, or of rural or maritime beauty; yet Stanfield, by the means of his well-adapted accessories, has made of it an interesting picture. The fourth and last engraving of this part, the old pier at Boulogne, is of a much more picturesque description. It is a moonlight effect, and it is exquisitely touched in by the burin of E. Finden. We do not think very highly of the letter-press: it is a desultory, though a pleasing prattle. If the author of it would confine himself more strictly to a description of the plates, we think that he would find greater favour with the public. However, as the talent employed in this periodical is of the very first rate, we must not complain if now and then a tale or two is intruded upon us that has no relation to the views before us.

*Rome and its surrounding Scenery. Engraved by* W. B. COOKE, *and other eminent Engravers, from Drawings by distinguished Artists.*

We have received Nos. 2 and 3 of this periodical, which consists of views only, and is published in parts every two months. Rome affords ample scope for the exercise of great merit in an undertaking of this description, and, as yet, great merit has been brought to bear upon it. In the engraving of the Temple of Concord, the lights and shadows are scientifically arranged, and the general effect is good, although the marking in at the base of the columns is somewhat coarse. The Campo Vaccino, as viewed from the tower of the Capitol, is a splendid view well treated. Of the side view of the portico of the Pantheon, we cannot speak so highly as to its elaboration as a work of art, though the subject itself is very appropriate to the work. The third number contains the castle and bridge of St. Angelo,

the remains of the temple of Antoninus Pius, and a view of one of the lower corridors of the Coliseum. All these plates will be dear to the lovers of antiquity, and as they are well produced, must have much interest in the eyes of all. Mr. Cooke is very successful in the friezes and architectural embellishments of these venerable remains. We have no doubt, considering the moderate price of the parts of this undertaking, that it will prove eminently successful.

*Wanderings through North Wales, by* THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq., Author of "The Landscape Annual." *Embellished with highly-finished Engravings by* WILLIAM RADCLIFFE, *from Drawings made expressly for the work, by* COX, CATTERMOLE, *and* CRESSWICK.

Having received the three last numbers, the eighth, ninth, and tenth, simultaneously, we must be excused entering into a detail of the merits of each, and be allowed to express our opinion in the aggregate. The engravings are almost without exception of a first-rate description, and the views a combination of all that is beautiful in scenery, and delightful in the fine arts. The sublime and the rural, the wild and the picturesque, in all their varieties, are to be found in this publication. The Swiss scenery, indeed, is more gigantic in its features, but certainly not more lovely, or more beautifully varied, than that of North Wales. In the ninth part of this production, there is a view of "Caernarvon Castle," by moonlight, singularly well managed, and with a *chiaro 'scuro* that we hardly thought possible to be produced by the burin only. The catch lights are admirably distributed, and gleam upon the spears and points of the armour with a magical effect. But we are going to object to those iron-cased gentry being there at all, though they form such excellent accessories to the scene. The work is entitled "Wanderings," &c., and dated 1835. This embellishment, therefore, is an anachronism. Five hundred years hence this very plate may be produced, to prove that the wearing of armour had not entirely ceased in the year 1835. We suppose this will be thought hypercriticism, but the plate, being a professed elucidation of the present state of Wales, we think it to be anomalous.

*Switzerland, by* WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. &c. *Illustrated by a series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by* W. H. BARTLETT, Esq.

Owing to some accident, which we much regret, we did not receive the eighteenth number of this charming work until the middle of the last month, accompanied by the nineteenth. Our regret arises from being unable to give as much space to each as they deserve, owing to a great pressure of other matter. In the letter-press of the eleventh number, we find a succinct yet eloquent description of Zurich, its surrounding scenery, with a powerfully-written historical episode. There is also a very amusing anecdote that would not dramatize badly. We find a brief account of the death of Lavater, together with an impassioned description of the scenery of the lake, which is written with all the elevation of the poetic mind. The engravings are, firstly, a view of Mount Cervin, which is alpine and romantic; it is well disposed as to its various parts, but some of the trees in the middle distance are not sufficiently relieved from the rocks behind them. The plate, in this part, appears to be unfinished. The View of Bern deserves unqualified praise. The foreground is judiciously enlivened by numerous figures in appropriate costumes. "Brieg," with the ascent of the Simplon, is valuable on many accounts, as well for its associations as for its beauty as a specimen of the fine arts. The street in Sion, Valais, has nothing to distinguish it from those of most continental towns. It is picturesque, ill-paved, and gay with a variety of costumes.

In the nineteenth number, the last one published, the Doctor gives us an account of the baths of Baden, and a glowing description of the castle of Hapsburg, with another exciting anecdote that, though recorded in the annals of historical truth, reads like romance. He then enters into the canton and city of Basle, where, leaving the reader, we must also beg permission to leave him, much captivated by the combined sweetness and energy of his style. The plates which, by-the-by, seldom tally to the letter-press in the same number, are, a scene in the "Valley of St. Nicholas," "Magadino, Lago Maggiore," in Canton Tessin, and the "Pays de

Vaud," from above Lausanne, concluded by the "Defile of Gotteron," near Freybourg, in the canton of the same name. The two lake scenes are most beautiful, the Defile singular and romantic. All these are designed with great judgment, and executed in the best manner. When the various parts of this periodical are adequately bound up, a more splendidly illustrated, or a better written work the present day will be unable to produce.

*Sketches in India, and in other Localities of Interest, selected from the Portfolio of an Officer, drawn on stone* by J. S. TEMPLETON.

These sketches, without being very elaborate or very exquisite specimens of lithography, have a peculiar, and by no means a feeble interest. For their fidelity we can answer, having ourselves visited the places. The first view offered to the public, is that of Benares, and it will give the untravelled European a good idea of what an Indian city really is. The celebrated rock of Yangkeera is well represented, and the two views on the Ganges are no bad specimens of rural India. We may safely encourage the projectors of this work to go on fearlessly, as we have little doubt but that they will meet with public patronage.

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## THE DRAMA.

The admirers of the Lyric Drama are on the *qui vive* for news, as the season at the King's Theatre approaches; and there has been no scarcity of conjectures hazarded on the appearance or non-appearance of the various favourites of the frequenters of the opera. It is now certain, that *la Grisi*, as the Parisians delight to style her, will be with us again, but not until after Easter, when her engagement in Paris expires. We are also promised a visit from Pasta, who has consented to forego the well-earned pleasures of rural retirement, if her services are required; yet, should Carta Genoa or Mademoiselle Colleoni succeed in pleasing the public, we shall probably see nothing of Pasta this year. There appears to be a doubt whether Tamburini is engaged. Ivanhoff will be absent, but Signor Winter, who was well received in Monk Mason's year, will supply his place. Lablache and Rubini will resume their places, but we must confess that the want of Tamburini, the best actor that the Italian Opera ever produced, and the only Figaro in Europe, will be cause of complaint; but Laporte is said to be yet in treaty with him, and we therefore still hope that their differences may be arranged. With all the expense that Laporte goes to, in engaging the first singers in Europe, and he confessedly last year had a greater number of eminent names on the roll of the *corps vocal* than any other Italian Opera could boast, although many of the establishments on the continent are, as our readers know, supported by the revenues of the state, yet we have no hopes of seeing at the King's Theatre a perfect opera, where all would play Hamlet and none Laertes; the cause of this is, that the patrons of the King's Theatre do not require it, and the consequence is, that the choruses and the recitatives that we are accustomed to hear within its walls, are such as to drive the audience out, rather than to entice them in. The English are content that an opera should consist of nothing more than a series of well-executed solos, duets, trios, and quartettes. So long as we pursue this mode of cultivating music, we must be content to be sneered at by foreigners of taste. Nothing but an opportunity of hearing the exquisitely fine performance of concerted music by a German company, will ever rectify this radical defect in England. Almost the same may be said of the ballet: we are again to have Taglioni, Perrot, Albert, and a new importation, a Mademoiselle St. Romaine; but if to these were added Duvernay, Fanny and Theresa Elsler, we should be no nearer to having a good ballet of action. A *pas de deux* two or three times repeated, and relieved with a large quantity of posture-making by a batch of females dignified by the title of Coryphæ, who display little of what Lady Morgan is pleased to call the poetry of motion, is not enough to constitute a good ballet.

At present, there is no want of places of amusement in the metropolis, nor does it appear that there is a lack of money, or of persons to spend it in their encouragement. With the exception of the King's Theatre and the Haymarket, all the other theatres of London are open and full to the ceiling nightly. Mr. Bunn can fill

Drury Lane by employing third rate actors, two or three good singers, acres of ill-painted canvas, and some dozens of paper lanthorns. Mr. Osbaldiston is encouraged with bumper houses to see plays, that in other times would not have drawn, with the best cast that the whole theatrical profession would afford; merely because Mr. Bunn has intimated that the public shall have no more tragedy or comedy while he is lessee of Drury Lane. The Messrs. Bond, following the bad example of the Drury Lane management, in displaying scenery and horses instead of offering better fare, keep the Adelphi as crowded as in the old time of Mathews and Yates. Madame Vestris prospers, with the assistance of Mr. C. Mathews and Mr. Liston, in Olympic burlettas. Mrs. Nesbitt having taken possession of the Queen's Theatre, with the aid of her sisters, Mr. Dowton, and an actor new to the London public, Mr. Jones, from Edinburgh, is commanding a fair share of patronage. The English Opera House has got a poor company, and the managers having no money to spend in scenery and horses, the audiences have therefore been scanty. The Strand Theatre, after being closed for a long time, is again open, as are also the Surrey, Sadler's Wells, and the Pavilion; they are, no doubt, every evening as full of whistling butcher's boys, apprentices and milliners as ever, but of the last theatres we profess no personal knowledge.

The management of Covent Garden has undergone a considerable improvement since we made our report last month. The company has been materially augmented in talent, by the addition of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and Miss Helen Faucett, and it will be further improved, we are given to understand, by the addition of Mr. Charles Kean, Mr. Wilson, and Mrs. Almond late Miss Romer. It is also reported in the theatrical world, that the new Opera of Mr. Barnett, the composer of the *Mountain Sylph*, will be produced at this house, founded on that interesting piece of English history, the story of Fair Rosamond. It is also announced that the manager has in preparation the new drama by Joanna Baillie, called *Henriques*, Miss Faucett taking the character of Leonora; and a new Operatic Drama with music by the late Carl von Weber, which has not yet been played in England: this we suppose to be the music of the romantic gipsey drama called *Preciosa*. Mr. Sheridan Knowles has for some nights taken the part of Master Walter in his play of the *Hunchback*; Mr. C. Kemble filling the character of Sir Thomas Clifford; but the chief attraction in the cast of this play has been Miss Faucett in the character of Julia. This young lady has, for some time, been under the tuition of Mr. Farren and Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and had, in various country theatres, where she has played during the last year, given good promise of future excellence in her art. We have, as yet, only had an opportunity of witnessing her acting in the part of Julia, and can merely judge of her powers, so far as that part gives scope for their developement. Her conception of the character has no striking feature of originality, but she embodies her ideas with the skill of a consummate artist, and if there is a fault to be found, it is that the art is too apparent; there is a want of repose about it, and she has yet to learn to stand still on the stage; walking backward and forward before the footlights with the airs of a tragedy queen is not necessary to support the dignity of a noble-minded lady, with all the woman's frailties but the pure feelings of Julia.

Mr. Bunn is now paying for his whistle: he finds it an expensive luxury to buy up all the dramatic talent in the market at any price, not for the purpose of employing them himself, but to hinder the lessee of Covent Garden from giving the public the benefit of their talents. Notwithstanding Mr. Bunn fills his theatre nightly, his expenses are so large on account of this freak of his in the commencement of the season, that now the theatre barely pays these expenses.

In the following report of the St. James's Theatre, we had the extreme satisfaction to express unmingled approbation of the performance of an actor, who has from accident, or perhaps from other causes, been unfortunately kept in obscurity. The individual is Mr. Barnett; the character in which he appeared is *Monsieur Jacques*, in a piece of that name, adapted from the French by him. It was a bold idea of the author to make his hero an old man poverty-stricken, a monomaniac, and as unlike usual principal stage characters as Halley's comet is to a watchman's lanthorn.

To delineate the fine points of character of an intellectual mind, in a state of delirium enough to unfit it for the rough bustle of the world, but not enough to obscure the workings of a fine heart and high principles, or to prevent the intellects displaying themselves in a devoted attachment to a science, is an undertaking of no ordinary kind: but one that Mr. Barnett has attempted and brilliantly accomplished. To add to the arduous task, the character being a foreigner, speaking the

broken English of a Frenchman, and having all the ludicrous attitude, gesture, and intonation that the polite Frenchman is distinguished by, made the success of the experiment still more extraordinary. Mr. Barnett has raised himself to the highest rank in his profession, by his representation of Monsieur Jacques. *Agnes Sorrel* has at length been withdrawn; for this we are not sorry: it would never have been played a second night, but that Mr. Braham acted the part of the hero, and that Mr. Barker, who promises to become the sweetest and most chaste of English operatic singers, made his *début* in it. We have high expectations of this young artist. Italy has produced few such tenors. He will soon be recognised as one of the best singers that England ever produced. The burlesque upon Auber's opera of the *Bronze Horse*, now performing at Drury Lane, produced at the latter end of the month at this theatre, has, very properly, been damned by the audience, although Mr. Braham got it up in a very splendid manner, but it will teach him that literary talent is of some importance in the management of a theatre.

Mr. Bishop produces a new opera at this house very shortly, although we have not seen its name announced, nor do we know the subject, but the fact that Mr. Oxenford, who has latterly gained a high reputation for himself in the dramatic world by his inimitable farces, is engaged on the literary part of the undertaking, is a guarantee that it will not be chargeable with the heinous offences against common sense, with which most English operas are disfigured.

The managers of the Queen's Theatre have hit upon a greater novelty than we were prepared to expect. Sheridan's admirable farce of the *Critic* has been produced without the superfluous part of Sir Fretful Plagiary, and the characters of Sneer and Dangle have been shorn of nearly all the wit and humour with which the author encumbered them. Doubtless the managers know best the quality of the article which suits their neighbourhood, and shrewdly guess at the amount of discernment their audiences possess; with this knowledge they have probably judged wisely in pruning the farce of the many luxuriant overgrowths which, in their opinion, deface it. One circumstance alone induces us to notice this mutilation, that of the appearance of Mr. Jones as Puff; he is evidently a gentleman and a scholar, and would prove an acquisition to any theatre that might secure his services. His easy deportment, clear intonation, correct reading and pronunciation, his action always elegant and effective, and, above all, the power he displays of completely embodying the character of his author, are points well worthy of the notice of those who are in the search of histrionic talent; we hope, ere long, to have the pleasure of seeing him again in the same and in other characters, but in a company better suited to the display of the many advantages he professes. We have heard that Mr. Osbaldiston is about to secure him for Covent Garden.

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## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Gradual and general prosperity, dragging with it, in its train, a great deal of partial pauperism, and individual misery, is the characteristic of our present commercial state. The iron trade, in almost all its branches, is thriving wonderfully. An advance in the price of that all useful metal, and in the wages of the mechanics who work it up, have been the natural consequences. The increased consumption may, in some measure, be attributable to the many new railways now in the course of construction, and the number of those engines employed in making them, and to be used upon them when made. The cotton trade, it would appear, is also flourishing, if we may judge from the increased consumption of that article the last twelve months, compared with former years. Should this branch of manufacture get again into a healthy state, which now it certainly is not, it may become a permanent blessing to the country. We hope it will soon be able to afford better wages to the artisans generally employed upon it. We have not yet felt all the deteriorating effects of the West Indian apprenticeship scheme, in the trade with our colonies in that part of the world. They are, however, gradually displaying them-

selves, and we fear the worst. The trade with the East gives us no room for complaint. Our foreign European commerce seems to benefit other nations much more than ourselves. They are gradually getting the carrying trade out of our hands. A war will set all this right again, or an abolition of the miscalled reciprocity system.

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## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 26th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 215.—Consols for Account, 91 quarter.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 91 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 100 quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 22s.—India Bonds, 6s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, Five per Cent., 84 five-eighths.—Columbian, (1824,) Six per Cent., 33.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 seven-eighths.—Portuguese, Five per Cent., 82 seven-eighths.—Spanish, (1834,) Five per Cent., 48 seven-eighths.

Money Market.—The usual fluctuations have occurred during the last month. Our own securities seem to be the most stable. The pacific appearance of the French and American relations have had a rallying effect upon the securities of both these nations. All the northern securities have been very steady. There have been great fluctuations in the Portuguese and Spanish funds, the Three per Cents of the latter having touched as low as 53¼. Chilian stock has rallied five or six per cent. It has had, however, no good effect in the other South American securities. The greatest speculations have been in the numerous rail-roads now projecting. They all seem upon the rise, and most of them are at a premium. The consequence of this is, that the mine shares have been nearly disregarded. This rail-road mania must surely, in the long run, be productive of much misery. They cannot, possibly, all succeed. A failure upon any particular line, must be an absolute ruin. We wish that our countrymen would be a little more temperate in their zeal for these undertakings. The above was the price of the funds on the 26th instant.

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## BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 29, TO JANUARY 22, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

*Dec.* 29.—J. Parry, Llanrwst, Denbighshire, draper.—J. Fox, Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, grocer.—R. and J. A. Stevenson, Cobridge, Staffordshire, manufacturers of earthenware.—S. Lloyd, Manchester, calico printer.

*Jan.* 1, 1836.—C. Gray, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, victualler.—C. T. Kirby, Crawford Street, Portman Square, laceman.—E. Baugh, Sloane Street, Chelsea, draper.—B. Gregory, Allen Street, Goswell Street, iron-founder.—G. Harris, Coventry, corn factor.—J. Wallworth, Newton, Lancashire, common brewer.—J. Trevetham, Bury St. Edmond's, Suffolk, carpenter.—W. Furniss, Leeds, victualler.

*Jan.* 5.—H. Nicholls, Quadrant, Regent Street, glover.—O. J. G. Hawkins, Upper Belgrave Street, Hanover Square, boarding-house-keeper.—T. J. Titterton, Gray's Inn Lane, coach maker.—W. Oxendale, Scorton, Yorkshire, cattle jobber.—P. Parry, Llangrwyney, County of Brecon, victualler.—G. D. Fisher, Waterhouse Cottage, Bradford, Wiltshire.—J. A. Smith, and J. and A. Lees, Bilston, Staffordshire, grocers.—G. King, Potten, Bedfordshire, money scrivener.

*Jan.* 8.—P. Walker, Quickset Row, New Road, builder.—W. Buck, Hammersmith, victualler.—J. Moser, Oxford Street, cabinet maker.—A. Ashworth, Haslingden, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer.

*Jan.* 12.—R. Drew, Hampstead Road, Middlesex, currier.—G. T. Clough, George Street, Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars, baker.—G. Hewitt, Brixton Road, Surrey, coachmaster.—B. Brook, South Lambeth, Surrey, surgeon.—T. Joel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dealer in gold and silver watches.—W. Smyth, Portsea, Southampton, coachmaster.—L. J. C. Clayette, Manchester, commission agent.—W. Godwin, Gillingham, Dorset, timber merchant.—J. Reeves, Broomwich, Staffordshire, coachsmith.—H. Pierce, Birmingham, victualler.

*Jan.* 15.—W. Harbridge, Dunstable, Bedfordshire, horse dealer.—E. Erichson and A. B. Callander, Mincing Lane, corn factors.—J. R. H. Withers, Bristol, linen draper.—W. Williams, White Hart Street, Drury Lane, victualler.—H. Hutchinson, Jerusalem Coffee House, Cowper's Court, Cornhill, master mariner.—G. Dobson, Hatton, Chester, grocer.—Stephenson and Co., Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, wine merchants.—J. Dadd, Margate, grocer.

*Jan.* 19.—H. Blain, Lime Street, merchant.—J. Baly, Howford Buildings, Fenchurch

Street, wine and spirit merchant.—J. and W. Hellins, Plymouth, linen drapers.—J. H. Joyce, High Street, Bloomsbury, auctioneer.—W. Thorpe, Glentham, Lincolnshire, farmer.—W. Hind, Carlisle, currier.—J. Pagett, High Ircall, Shropshire.—J. Schofield, Oldham, Lancashire, grocer.—B. Marten, Chilham and Sibertswould, Kent, dealer and chapman.—J. Sparrow, Chesterton, Cambridge, victualler.—The Honourable B. Bedford, Barns, Bedfordshire, and J. Lord, Birmingham, merchants.

*Jan.* 22.—C. Ellis, Stockwell, Surrey, coal merchant.—R. Martin, Sydenham, Kent, grocer.—W. F. Hoyland, Bradford, Yorkshire, grocer.—D. Price, Llanwrthwl, Breconshire, cattle dealer.—T. Cracknell, Birmingham, grocer.—J. Stevenson, Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, saddler.—F. Hutchinson, Heworth, Durham, manufacturer of Epsom salts.—J. Cheesewright, Bristol, stationer.—G. Acklam, Cheltenham, coachbuilder.—E. W. Gaebel, Liverpool, merchant.

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## NEW PATENTS.

C. P. Chapman, of Cornhill, in the City of London, Zinc Manufacturer, for improvements in printing silks, calicoes, and other fabrics. November 24th, 6 months.

J. Hellewell, of Springfield Lane, in the Borough of Salford, Lancashire, Dyer, for an improved process or manufacture whereby the texture of cotton and certain other fabrics and materials may be rendered impervious to water. November 28th, 6 months.

H. Jefferies, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Goldsmith and Jeweller, for certain improvements in buttons. November 28th, 6 months.

T. R. Sewell, of Carrington, in the Parish of Basford, Nottinghamshire, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin-net. December 2nd, 6 months.

J. Cropper, of the Town of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, and T. B. Milnes, of Lenton Works, Nottinghamshire, Bleacher, for certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing lace or net commonly called bobbin-net lace. December 3rd, 6 months.

W. W. Potts, of Burslem, Staffordshire, for an improved method or process of producing patterns, in one or more colours to be transferred to earthenware, porcelain, china, glass, and other similar substances. December 3rd, 6 months.

B. Woodcroft, of Ardwick, in the Parish of Manchester, Lancashire, Gentleman, for improvements in printing calicoes and other fabrics, whether manufactured of cotton, silk, wool, or linen, or of all or any two or three of those materials. December 3rd, 6 months.

T. Parkin, of Dudley, Worcestershire, Gentleman, being a member of the sect called Separatists, for certain improvements in sleepers or bearers applicable to railroads. December 3rd, 6 months.

A. Gordon, of Fludyer Street, in the City of Westminster, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and J. Deville, of the Strand, Lamp Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the production, maintenance, direction, or distribution, of lights, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes. December 3rd, 6 months.

R. Witty, of Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, Civil Engineer, for an improved method or methods of arranging and combining certain materials used in constructing houses, bridges, and other buildings, whereby superior strength and durability will be obtained. December 3rd, 6 months.

J. Radley, of Oldham, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of gauges for indicating or measuring the expansive pressure of steam or other elastic vapours or gases, used expansively as a medium of power. December 4th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of No. 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer and Mechanical Draftsman, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in power looms for weaving. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 5th, 6 months.

N. Partridge, of Elm Cottage, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, Gentleman, for the application of a certain composition, paste, or materials, as an anti-attrition, applicable to the bearings of wheels and machinery generally. December 7th, 6 months.

R. W. Sievier, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved waterproof cloth or fabric, made either elastic or non-elastic, appli-

cable to various useful purposes, and for an improved manufacture of waterproof hats or caps. December 7th, 6 months.

N. Partridge, of Elm Cottage, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in mixing and preparing oil paints, whereby a saving of ingredients commonly used will be effected. December 8th, 6 months.

J. S. Dawes, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Iron Master, for improvements in the manufacture of iron, by the application of certain known materials, and for improvements in preparing such materials, and for the recovery of certain products in the process of manufacturing iron. December 8th, 6 months.

J. Horsfall, and J. Kenyon, both of Addingham, Yorkshire, Cotton Spinners, for certain improvements in engines used for carding cotton wool and other fibrous substances. December 9th, 6 months.

J. Bertie, of Basford, Nottinghamshire, Lace Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin net-lace, for the purpose of producing ornamental net, or lace of various kinds, part of which improvements are an extension of certain improvements, for which letters patent were granted to him and one James Gibbons, bearing date the 5th of June, 1834. December 9th, 6 months.

J. Houldsworth, of Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements applicable to drawing and stabbing frames used in the manufacture of cotton and other fibrous substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 9th, 6 months.

L. Simpson, of Manchester, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Chemist, for an improvement in the preparation of certain colours to be used for printing cotton and other fabrics. December 10th, 6 months.

F. Hempel, of Prainenberg, in the kingdom of Prussia, Doctor of Chemistry, now residing at Great Portland Street, Middlesex, for certain improvements in oxidizing, or oxidinizing, certain animal or vegetable substances, and for separating the several and different parts of such substances, and to render them, by means of different operations, not only separately, but also, in combination with other materials, capable of producing useful articles. December 15th, 6 months.

D. Dewhurst, of Preston, Lancashire, Flax Spinner, and T. Hope, J. Hope, and I. Hope, all of Manchester, Lancashire, Mechanics, for certain new and improved machinery for preparing flax and hemp, also certain new and improved machinery for spinning flax, hemp, cotton, silk, and other fibrous substances, by power. December 16th, 2 months.

W. Carpmael, of Crawford Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-carriages, part of which improvements are also applicable to steam-engines and boilers in general. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 16th, 6 months.

R. Griffiths, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, for improvements in machinery for making rivets, screw blanks, and bolts. December 16th, 6 months.

W. Coles, of Charing Cross Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements applicable to locomotive carriages. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Osbaldeston, of Blackburn, Lancashire, Weaver, for an improved method of making a metal heald or healds for the weaving of silk, woollen, worsted, cotton, or any other fibrous substance. December 16th, 6 months.

O. Topham, of White Cross Street, St. Luke's, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in dressing, stearching, cleaning, and drying lace, or net, known by the trade by the term of getting up lace or nett. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Warwick, of No. 9, Three King's Court, Lombard Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for an improved lock and key. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 16th, 6 months.

H. Booth, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Gentleman, for an improved method of attaching rail-way carriages together for the purpose of obtaining steadiness and smoothness of motion. December 16th, 2 months.

P. Erard, of Great Marlborough Street, Middlesex, for certain improvements on harps. December 18th, 6 months.

J. Baillie, of Great Suffolk Street, Southwark, Surrey, Esq., and J. Paterson, of Mincing Lane, in the City of London, Gentleman, for improvements in propelling of vessels and other floating bodies by means of steam or other power. December 21st, 6 months.

T. Howell, of Clare Street, Bristol, for certain improvements in musical instruments. December 21st, 6 months.

N. Troughton, of Broad Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for improvements in the process of obtaining copper from copper ores. December 22nd, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the City of London, Rectifier, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 22nd, 6 months.

J. Heathcote, of Tiverton, Devonshire, Lace Manufacturer, for a method or methods of weaving or manufacturing divers kinds of goods and wares, and for machines or machinery applicable thereto. December 23rd, 6 months.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1835 and 1836. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. | | | | | |
| 23 | 31-12 | 30,45-30,44 | N.W. | | Generally cloudy, except the morning. |
| 24 | 30-26 | 30,38-30,33 | N.W. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 25 | 28-10 | 30,30-30,27 | W. b. N. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 26 | 27-13 | 30,28-30,27 | W. b. N. | | Generally cloudy, and foggy for one hour and half. |
| 27 | 36-12 | 30,19-30,17 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, except at noon. |
| 28 | 46-32 | 30,08-30,02 | S.W. | | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy. |
| 29 | 42-31 | 30,20-30,13 | W. b. N. | | Generally overcast. |
| 30 | 46-37 | 30,21-30,13 | N.W. & N.E. | | Generally cloudy, with frequent drops of rain. |
| 31 | 33-20 | 30,22-Stat. | N. | | Generally clear, except the evening foggy. |
| 1836. | | | | | |
| Jan. 1 | 23-25 | 30,40-30,21 | E. | | Generally cloudy, snow in the morning. |
| 2 | 29-7 | 30,55-30,52 | S.E. | | Generally cloudy, snow in the evening. |
| 3 | 41-42 | 30,42-30,31 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy, except at noon. |
| 4 | 49-36 | 30,15-30,11 | W. b. S. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, a little rain in the morning. |
| 5 | 51-41 | 30,19-30,13 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy, except at noon. |
| 6 | 47-41 | 30,15-30,11 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, a little rain in the morn.& even. |
| 7 | 40-29 | 29,92-29,87 | S.E. | ,025 | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, & rain in the aft. |
| 8 | 41-29 | 29,95-29,88 | S.E. | ,025 | Generally cloudy. |
| 9 | 34-25 | 29,94-29,82 | E. | | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, & snow in the ev. |
| 10 | 32 28 | 29,63-29,23 | E. & E. b. N. | | Generally cloudy, snowing all the aft. and even. |
| 11 | 36-26 | 29,28-29,21 | W. b. S. | | Generally overcast, raining from 5 till 11, P.M. |
| 12 | 33-24 | 29,52-29,37 | W. b. S. | ,8 | Generally clear. |
| 13 | 38-22 | 29,82-29,73 | W. b. S. | | Generally clear, a little rain at noon. |
| 14 | 39-34 | 29,84-29,68 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, and in the even. wd. boisterous. |
| 15 | 43-39 | 29,58 29,41 | W. b. N. | ,525 | Raining generally all the morn. otherwise clear. |
| 16 | 39-27 | 30,14-29,99 | N.W. | ,075 | Generally clear, a shower of rain during the night. |
| 17 | 41 24 | 30,25-30,15 | W. b. N. | | Generally clear. |
| 18 | 43-26 | 30,18-29,9 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 19 | 37-29 | 30,25-30,12 | N.E. | ,025, | Generally clear, a shower of rain in the night. |
| 20 | 41 29 | 30,20-30,08 | S. b. W. | | Generally cloudy, a little rain about noon. |
| 21 | 41-29 | 29,95-29,68 | S. b. W. | | Generally cloudy, except the morning. |
| 22 | 47-29 | 29,54-29,52 | S | ,025 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morning and even. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRI ADAMS.

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## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Sir John Barrow in the chair.—The chief object of interest at this meeting was the presentation of the royal premium to Captain Back: there was, in consequence, notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, a very numerous attendance of members.—It was announced that communications had been received from Mr. Schomburgck, now travelling under the direction of the Society

in the interior of British Guyana. The letters were dated from the upper course of the Ripanoony, in the neighbourhood of the height of land separating the rivers running to the north from those falling into the Amazon, and were full of valuable matter. Numerous collections of natural history had already been formed, and considerable additions to the geography of that district acquired; though as yet no map had been transmitted. But Mr. Schomburgck was highly gratified with the progress he was making, and sanguine that his explorations in this interesting country would prove a great public service. Further and more detailed information is shortly expected.—A paper from Lieut. Burnes was read; it is entitled, "On the Maritime Communications of India, as carried on by the natives, particularly from Kutch, at the mouth of the Indus." After briefly noticing the early history of commerce with India, as narrated by sacred and profane writers, and alluding to its present state in some parts of western India, which he says is carried on in ships or boats by the natives, and rivals in extent that of some of the most civilized nations of Europe, the author gives an interesting account of a voyage to "Barbar," made in the beginning of last year, of which the following are notes. In the beginning of 1835, the boat named Veerasil sailed from Mandavee: she is about thirty tons burthen, was commanded by a Mahomedan, and had, besides the master, a crew of five Moslems, three Rajpoots, and a young negro boy. The cargo consisted of the coarsest cotton cloth, the sale of which was managed by a Hindoo from Mandavee. They stretched out at once to sea, made the coast of Arabia, and touched at Sere, Maculla, and Aden, disposing of their goods as they proceeded, till they reached Barbar, in the sea of Babool Mandeb, and outside the straits of that name. The country called Barbar is inhabited by Somallees. There is no town, and no harbour; though the anchorage is safe and good. Barbar is annually frequented by about one hundred vessels from different parts of India, during which time a regular fair is held on the sea-beach with the inhabitants, who come from inland on camels. Immediately a boat lands, each person, even the meanest, must consign himself to a Somallee, who becomes his "aban," or security for life and property. This arrangement is imperiously necessary,—for there is no ruler or chief, and the Somallees are perfidious, bigoted, and quarrelsome. They have been known to swim off at night to European vessels, and murder all the crew. For such protection, a tax of a dollar, or less, per head, and so much for each bale of cloth, is exacted. In return for the cloth, which is the staple article of commerce, they give goats, coffee, gum, and ghee; but chiefly dollars, which they bring from Hureer, a two months' journey in the interior. There is no coin below the value of a dollar, and small sums are paid by certain fixed measures of coffee. The Somallees are all Mahomedans. They do not shave their heads, but go bareheaded; those only who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca wearing turbans. They have little clothing; the females dress in leathern gowns! The Somallees have neither guns nor muskets; a few have swords; but all have spears, generally two each, which are about six feet long, including the blade. They have woolly hair, but not the thick lip. They are believed by Lieut. Burnes to be a mixture of Hottentot and Arab. They are a noble-looking race, very tall, and elegantly formed. Camels are here very numerous; caravans of five hundred of these come and go at one time. The people eat them, and goats, which are also very plentiful. While it is strange that the natives of India should keep up commercial communication with a port so distant, it is not less so that the managers of it are timid Hindoo Banians, who trust themselves, without fear, to the bigoted and barbarous Somallees, though subjected to the most severe privations. When the Hindoos land in Barbar, they are not permitted to wear a turban. If they die, they are not allowed to be burned, according to the Hindoo custom: a hole is dug, into which they are put in an erect position; and for this privilege a heavy fine has been paid. In Kutch, during the native government, such was the influence of these very Hindoos, that no animal was permitted to be killed in Mandavee, as they considered it sinful to shed blood. In Barbar, the whole of the people live on flesh; and the very vessels of these Hindoos are washed by the Somallees often, after slaughtering goats; water, which in their own country they will not drink but from the hands of those of certain caste, is brought in skins of animals just killed, by Mahomedans. Such privations as these Hindoos suffer can only be accounted for by their love of gain, and the great profits derived from the trade. The author dwells upon this, because it shows in a remarkable degree the sacrifices which the most superstitious people on earth undergo in their pursuit of money-making. He thinks, indeed, that it may be safely inferred from it that commerce was never interrupted in India by religious prejudices; and that a people who can continue it with such sacrifices have been addicted to it from the earliest

ages; and that the natives of India themselves, *and not the Arabs*, conducted the trade between India and Egypt. The paper was accompanied by a native Indian chart of the coast of Arabia and the Red Sea: it is a curious original in every way; and it is most remarkable that with a chart so vague these people can navigate so safely.

The thanks of the Society were cordially given to Lieutenant Burnes for his very interesting paper; the president observing, that the Society was much gratified at receiving this early evidence of his undiminished zeal, and his remembrance of friends in England.

The president then proceeded to bestow on Capt. Back the royal premium, addressing him to the following effect:—"It was now," he said, "his agreeable duty, in conformity with the intimation given at the last meeting, to confer on Capt. Back the royal premium for 1835. He need scarcely call the attention of the meeting to the great interest of Capt. Back's recent discoveries, or to the zeal and abilities he had displayed in the prosecution of them; but, although the council of the Society had kept these alone in view when awarding the premium, he (the president) could not omit calling the attention of the Society to the extremely valuable services Capt. Back had heretofore rendered in the expeditions under Sir John Franklin, or to the feelings of noble benevolence which led him to proffer his services on a recent occasion, aware as he was, by severe experience, of the dangers and privations attending such expeditions. The geographical information Capt. Back had supplied was of the utmost value; he had surveyed the eastern half of Great Slave Lake, and its vicinity, hitherto most erroneously laid down in our maps; and he had traced a great river, upwards of five hundred miles in length, from its source to the Arctic Sea, which it reaches at a most interesting portion of the coast, as connected with previous discoveries, leaving now only some short intermediate spaces to be filled up, the general bearing of which may be safely conjectured; and thus reducing almost to certainty that little portion of the main land of America which extends north of the 70th parallel. The results of the expedition, as affecting the great question of a north-west passage, to which we are chiefly indebted for all we know of the arctic regions, he (the president) considered highly important, corroborating in the strongest manner the belief that a passage exists. Cook, Kotzebue, and others, had found a strong current setting in to the northward, through Behring's Straits; Franklin and Richardson had found an easterly current on the coast; Parry met with it on his voyage to Melville Island; in the Straits of the Fury and Hecla he found it running at the rate of four miles an hour; and, lastly, Capt. Back, midway between these straits and Point Turnagain, still found the current setting strongly to the eastward. This was an extremely important fact, and in his (the president's) mind was quite conclusive as to the existence of a passage. He sincerely hoped that, after having done so much for the solving of this interesting problem, the country would not, for want of a little further encouragement, allow another nation to reap the fruit of our labours, or to have all the credit of such an achievement, when we are so near the consummation of our hopes. The president concluded by presenting the premium to Capt. Back, who received it amidst the warm plaudits of the members.

Capt. Back, in returning thanks, said, that he felt quite unable adequately to express them, for the highly flattering manner in which the distinction the Society had been pleased to confer on him had been communicated by the president, Sir John Barrow, who was well known to have been the main-spring of Arctic discovery. He was deeply sensible of the honour the Society had done him; and warmly concurring in the observations made from the chair, he trusted that another nation would not be allowed to complete that which we had so long and diligently pursued; and that he, for one, would be at all times willing to devote his best services to the attainment of so desirable an abject.

Sir John Franklin said, he was extremely glad to find there was so strong an inclination in favour of another expedition; and speaking on the "spur of the moment," he would venture strongly to recommend an attempt being made through some of the openings at the extremity of Baffin's Bay, and so get to the mass of islands which have so long perplexed navigators, lying off the coast as far west as the meridian of Melville Island; and he had no doubt there would then be little difficulty in striking down towards the coast, and thus accomplishing the passage. He hoped another attempt would be made, and was sure there was no body from which so desirable an expedition could more worthily emanate than from the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Dr. Richardson confirmed the opinion of Sir John Franklin, as to the existence

of an open sea westward of the 114th meridian. Whales, which are only found in open seas, were known to abound therein. But he thought it would be very desirable previously to ascertain the state of the Western Sea, by sending some boats from the mouth of the Coppermine River directly north, which might easily, and without much hazard or expense, be done.

The president then expressed his willingness to be the medium of communication to the government of any proposition of the kind, which the Society, after mature consideration, might wish to recommend; and the meeting adjourned.—*Literary Gazette.*

Geological Society, Jan. 6.—Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair. The following communications were read:—1st. An extract from a letter addressed to the president by Captain Bayfield, R.N. It gave an account of the transporting power of the ice-packs formed every winter on the extensive shoals which line both sides of the St. Lawrence. These shoals are thickly strewed with boulders, which become entangled in the ice; and, in the spring, when the river rises from the melting of the snow, the masses of ice are floated off, frequently carrying the boulders to great distances. Captain Bayfield also states, that icebergs in which boulders, stones, and gravel, are imbedded, are annually drifted down the coast of Labrador, through the straits of Belleisle, and for several hundred miles up the gulf of the St. Lawrence. 2ndly. A letter from M. De la Beche, explanatory of the geological position of a collection of fossils from the north of Cornwall. M. De la Beche says, that in the grauwacke of western Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, natural divisions may be made, founded on marked characters; but he is of opinion, that the whole of this district belongs to a system older than the Silurian formations of Mr. Murchison. Some of the organic remains were procured at Dinas Cove, Padstow Harbour, Trevelos Island, (Lower St. Columb Porth,) and Powan Head, near New Quay, from the strata which is associated with sandstone, conglomerates, and limestone; and which is of the same age with the fossiliferous strata of Tintagel. The remainder of the collection was procured near Bodmin, by Dr. Potts, and in the vicinity of Liskeard. M. De la Beche also states, that there are evidences in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, of two movements of the land, one to the height of thirty or forty feet above the present sea level, and the other to an uncertain depth beneath it, since the production of the existing vegetation of the land, and the molluscous inhabitants of the neighbouring sea. 3rdly. A memoir by Mr. Griffith, president of the Geological Society of Dublin, on the syenite and syenitic greenstone veins which traverse mica slate at Goodland Cliff, and chalk at Torr Eskert, to the south of Fairhead, in the county of Antrim. The district described in this paper consists of inclined strata of mica slate, with subordinate beds of horoblende slate and limestone, overlaid by nearly horizontal strata of coal measures, new red sandstone, and chalk; and on these secondary formations reposes a mass of rudely columnar trap, the northern termination of which constitutes the magnificent promontory of Fairhead. The veins of syenite and syenitic greenstone in Goodland Cliff might be mistaken for regular beds forming an integral portion of the mica slate, but Mr. Griffith determined, by careful inspection, that the veins are irregular in their course, and uneven on their surface, moulding into the indentations of the schist. Owing to the occasionally covered nature of the surface, these veins cannot be traced continuously to Torr Eskert, but by laying down their line of bearing on the ordnance map, and by making due allowance for their average inclination and the elevation of the hill, Mr. Griffith entertains no doubt that the syenite which traverses the chalk of Torr Eskert is a prolongation of one of the veins in the mica slate of Goodland Cliff. In mineral character there is no difference. The chalk in contact with the syenite is sometimes crystallised, always hard; the colour is changed from yellowish-white to reddish-white; and masses of disrupted chalk are entangled with the syenite. In conclusion, the author says, that if he has substantiated the views advocated in his memoir, a new and important fact has been added to those already described by other observers, which may ultimately lead to the assigning of a comparatively recent origin, not only to syenite veins, but to crystalline rocks generally, when found associated with schistose strata.

Royal Society, Jan. 6.—Mr. Baily in the chair. The receipt of a set of meteorological tables for 1834, kept by Captain Beaufort, at the Cape of Good Hope, was notified. There was then read an account of a volcanic irruption, which took place on the 20th of January, 1835, on the western coast of Central America. The writer

commences his appalling narrative by observing, that there is no spot on the face of the earth more intersected by mountains and volcanic vents than Central America. A rich field is there opened to the man of science who has boldness sufficient to face the miasma of its valleys, and the mephitic vapours of its mines. The details of the irruption, which he describes, are chiefly taken from voluminous official reports transmitted by the authorities on the spot to the executive; these all agree in the most minute particulars, and the author says it is impossible to read them without being struck with the beauty of the classic phraseology employed, which bears, in many instances, a great resemblance to the language used by Pliny in his well-known description of a like catastrophe. Immediately previous to the present, a beautiful cloud, resembling a huge plume of feathers of the most brilliant white, was seen hovering over the bay, marked as the scene of approaching desolation: this cloud gradually assumed a gray colour, then a yellow, and, finally, became bright red. In the morning shocks were felt; the third and last were most terrific—though it was day it grew utterly dark, so that persons might touch each other without being seen: cattle returned to their folds, and fowls to roost, as on the approach of night. The darkness continued till the next day at noon; but for ten succeeding days the light was murky. At St. Antonio and other adjacent places, ashes fell in great quantities; loud and awful echoes, like discharges of artillery, and accompanied with lightning, persuaded the people that the day of judgment was at hand. Birds of the forest flew to the towns for refuge; and the banks of rivers, &c. were strewn with fish. In Segovia, and as far as eight leagues from the volcano, there fell dense showers of black sand. Thousands of cattle perished there, while others became masses of scorched flesh. But we will not distress our readers by more of the frightful details. Two new islands arose; and in the month of March, two months afterwards, the volcano continued in activity, though happily without irruption. The ashes reached a distance of four hundred leagues to windward, thus establishing the existence of a counter atmospheric current. The ashes travelled at the rate of one hundred and seventy miles per diem. Another portion of Dr. Daubeny's paper, on the effect of light on plants, and of plants on the atmosphere, was also read.

Mr. Murchison in the chair. A paper by Sir David Brewster, on the anatomical and optical structure of the crystalline lenses of animals, especially of the salmon and hare, was read. The paper was illustrated by frequent reference to a number of exceedingly delicate and beautiful diagrams of the crystalline lenses of various animals, without which no satisfactory analysis can be given by us. We may mention one curious fact, viz. that Sir David Brewster, in the course of his experiments, found the hare and the rabbit to be the only two quadrupeds whose lenses have the same structure with the lens of the salmon. Mr. Airey, and a number of other gentlemen, were elected fellows.

Society of Antiquaries.—Mr. Amyot in the chair. Mr. Kempe exhibited drawings of thirty-two pictile vases and lamps, found in the tombs of the Incas of Peru, and brought to England in 1815, now in the possession of Mrs. Cooke of Barnes. Most of them were remarkably similar to vessels of the same kind found in the tombs in Egypt; some had a Greek scroll pattern, and some nearly similar to the Roman *amphoræ*, or wine-vessels. It is well-known that the Egyptians communicated their pictile and other arts to the Greeks, and through them to the Romans: and Mr. Kempe was of opinion that they were introduced into South America by the Phœnicians, as those enterprising navigators had very large vessels, and by the great number and size of their sweeps and oars, had the power, similar to the modern steam-vessel, of working against wind and tide; and their ignorance of the mariner's compass was compensated by their extensive knowledge of astronomy, so that he considered it very possible for them to have reached the Peruvian coast. Some further extracts were read from Mr. Hallam's volume of State Letters, &c. in the reign of Henry VIII., and thence to that of James I. The portions now read were two letters to Wolsey, one from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other from Cuthbert Tunstal, bishop of London, explaining the difficulties experienced in raising an aid or forced loan from the clergy, and the extreme reluctance of the latter to divulge the value of their goods, revenues, &c. to ground the assessments of the loan.

## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

SUBTRACTION OF FRACTIONS.—M. Bradel has observed, that where the two terms in two fractions differ little from each other, in order to perform the subtraction between the two fractions, we may multiply the difference of the denominator and of the numerator of each of them, by the denominator of the other fraction, and that the difference of these two products will give the numerator sought. This simplification is very useful, and, in some cases, admits of a considerable abridgment in the calculation. MM. Libri and Poisson, who were employed to submit the system to the French Academy of Sciences, propose that it should be introduced in general teaching, after having been stripped of the algebraical form used in M. Bradel's demonstration.

ORNITHOLOGY.—Since the year 1805, the period of the publication of Levaillant's magnificent work on parrots, 150 species or varieties have been discovered by naturalists. M. F. G. Levrault has just undertaken to publish these species, in order to complete this beautiful work. The first number has appeared, the plates of which are exquisite, and the type and size correspond with the other two volumes.

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## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

### MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

#### DR. WILLIAM TURTON.

Dr. William Turton died at Bideford, on the 28th ultimo, aged seventy-three. He was of Oriel College, Oxford, and practised as a physician, first at Swansea and then at Dublin. Dr. Turton was the author of several valuable works. He published a Medical Glossary in 1797, and, between 1801 and 1806, his General System of Nature, translated from Gmelin's edition of Linnæus, in seven octavo volumes. His latest productions were, Compendium of British Zoology, Treatise on Consumption, &c. &c.

#### M. BOETTIGER.

M. Boëttiger, the distinguished German archæologist, has lately paid the debt of nature, at an advanced age. He was one of the earliest foreign correspondents to the "Literary Gazette," and many of its volumes are enriched by his valuable contributions. M. Boëttiger's learning and devoted application ranked him among the most eminent scholars of an eminent period in Germany.

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*Married.*—At Rochdale, Alexander Ramsay, eldest son of Sir Alexander Ramsay, Bart., of Balmain, to Ellen Matilda, eldest daughter of John Entwistle, Esq., M.P., of Foxholes, Lancashire.

In Piccadilly, John Dunlop, Esq., of Dunlop, M.P. for the county of Ayr, to Lady Harriet Primrose, eldest daughter of the Earl of Roseberry.

At Hacheston Church, Suffolk, Captain the Hon. Henry John Rous, R.N., second son of the late and brother of the present Earl of Stradbroke, to Sophia, only surviving daughter the late James Ramsay Cuthbert, Esq., of Grosvenor Square.

At Stirling, Lieut.-Col. Hamilton Tennent, East India Company's Service, to Helen Howorth, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Graham.

*Died.*—At Tunbridge Wells, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Hamilton, Bart., G.C.T.S., Colonel of the 60th regiment, and Governor of Duncannon Fort.

At Linton, Kent, aged 22, Viscount Broome, only son of the Earl Cornwallis.

At Paris, the Hon. Anthony Lionel Ashley Cooper, youngest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

In Wimpole Street, in the 85th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russell, Bart.

At Llan Gregor Castle, Perthshire, Murray Maxwell, youngest son of Captain Halliwell Carew, R.N., of Beddington Park, Surrey.

At Brighton, in her 83rd year, Mary Boydell, widow of the late Benjamin Travers, Esq.

At her residence in Mortimer Street, the Dowager Lady Blunt, in her 91st year.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1836.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*The Memoirs of Don Manuel de Godoy, Prince of the Peace, Duke del Alcudia, Count D'Everamonte, &c., formerly Prime Minister of the King of Spain, Generalissimo of his Armies, High Admiral, &c.* Written by Himself, edited under the Superintendence of his Highness, by LIEUT. COLONEL J. B. D'EMENARA. *With an Introduction, Historical and Biographical Notes, &c.* 2 Vols.

Scarcely any statesman, scarcely any courtier, scarcely any man was ever more attacked in all these various capacities, than has been the Prince of the Peace. Notwithstanding the pacific nature of his title, he has been continually at war with all those around him; a war the more bitter, as it has been waged against him upon moral principles, and his enemies say, that every noble, every virtuous sentiment have ever been arrayed against him. That he could have lived, and lived proudly under this accumulation of obloquy, we can well understand, when he was triumphing in the plenitude of his power; but in the midst of misfortunes, in disgrace, and in exile, with the charges unconfuted, it is to us a wonder how he could so long have dragged out a miserable existence. Till now, this prince has never held up his hand at the bar of public opinion;—at last he not only pleads not guilty, but challenges his accusers, and the world his judges for approbation—he has put his defence upon the record—and we think that he has signally failed. This work has that public interest about it, that every gentleman who professes at all to know any thing that is passing around him, should make himself fully acquainted with its contents—he will find it a good corrective to many popular political errors that now exist; and he will also find much amusement from the various anecdotes interspersed throughout the volumes. The prince has produced a pleasant, a readable, even an entertaining book; he has done much for his literary—for his political and private reputation absolutely nothing—or worse. Something stronger than popular rumour, a nearly authenticated notoriety, has charged him with being the paramour of his queen and the parasite of his king—thus first debasing himself that he may have the more effectual means of debasing all that was good and great that came within the sphere of government, and these iniquities crowned ultimately and infamously with treason on his part, and devastation and ruin to the unhappy country that he be-

trayed. To these charges he has replied what really amounts to nothing. He does not account for his position between his two sovereigns, a position that gave him the means of abusing the simplicity of one, and administering to the bad passions of the other, and finally ruining both. Let it be remembered, that we distinctly state that we know not if this be true, we only know that it was imputed to him, and that nothing that is said in his two bulky volumes tends to remove the imputation.

We shall omit all notice of the introduction to this work, as it is evidently written with the zeal of an admirer, and the partiality of a partisan, remarkable more for its vehemence than the cogency of its arguments, and strong only, in that in which those who are in the wrong are generally the strongest—strong in assertion. We come to the narrative of the prince himself. It commences with a fiction—a fiction that necessarily throws a discredit over all the succeeding pages; it is a long oration, of studied rhetoric, and redolent of the lamp, after the manner of the ancient historians, of the imbecile and abdicated Charles IV. After this, we expected nothing more than special pleading, and our expectations were more than realized. The majority of the work is defensive; not against the most heinous and blackest charges, but against the minor ones —much about the way in which a man accused of murder might be supposed clamorously to set about proving that he had not picked a pocket. But even in his defence to the minor charges, instead of eagerly and clearly proving that they are false, he seems more intent to cover his assailants with the infamy that they are endeavouring to attach to himself. We do not say that he has not a good defence—we only say, that, as yet, he has not produced it. Many and wearying are the pages that he has employed in the futile attempt to prove that he was actuated by sound policy, and that he forwarded the best interests of his country in not acceding to the coalition that was formed by the continental powers and the British empire against the then blood-stained republic of France. By holding to this disgraceful alliance with a republican government steeped in the blood of the nearest relations to the despotic King of Spain, when every feeling of honour, as well as of policy, cried out for revenge, years of a ruthless and general war were entailed in almost every quarter of the world upon the human race; Spain first lost her honour, then her gallant fleet, and, at length, her very existence as an independent nation, becoming, for a time, a tributary to imperial, as a well-deserved penalty for having formerly been the ally of democratic, France. Had Spain, at this crisis, joined the cause of order, and the friends of social institutions, France would have succumbed in a single campaign. The addition of Spain to the confederacy would have been that one drop that would have made the cup of French adversity overflow. Her fortune would have gone from her, and herself and Europe would have returned to their ancient dynasties, to prosperity and to repose. What did ensue it is as needless, as it is painful, to relate. Now, this obstinate and traitorous measure, on the part of Godoy, arose from no deeply-seeing policy, but simply and solely, from his private and mean hate of England and the English. This spirit of deadly animosity breathes hotly and pestiferously throughout these volumes. It seems to have supplied the place of his natural animation in his old age. We pity the feeling, though that pity is not strong enough to induce us to respect the man, even though he be at the brink of an unhonoured grave, and is invested with the sanctity of misfortune. To show the extent of his malevolence to England, we have only to cite the following extract from the seventh page of his second volume. Speaking of Paul I. of Russia, he says:—"After these events, the autocrat was seen suddenly to change his views, to abandon the coalition, and show himself favourable to France. He wished to place himself at the head of a maritime confederacy against English tyranny—*and died by assassination.*"

We shall make no comment upon this diabolical insinuation. He also makes another assertion not less abhorrent to English feelings, and at variance with English notions of honour. He casts on Pitt, the inhuman imputation of not saving the lives of the King and Queen of France after their condemnation, when it was completely in his power so to do. Is this Prince of the Peace worth a refutation? Surely these calumnies demand one. Is there no good, honest Tory, no warm-hearted admirer of Pitt, who will come forward, and castigate this asperser—this false accuser of abetting to murder and assassination? Had we but the leisure, we would ourselves covet the patriotic task. We must conclude, by recommending this work to an attentive perusal. Could we consign it to a deserved oblivion, we would most cheerfully; but not possessing that power, we must endeavour to give a self-condemning notoriety. We speak now with reference to those parts of it that seek to undervalue British character, and vainly to tarnish British glory. As to Godoy's individual character, his work, voluminous as it is, leaves it just where it found it. He has certainly proved that he has been attacked, among others, by bad men; but he has yet to make it apparent he is not one himself, in almost all the relations of life, as a minister, as a subject, as a husband—with the solitary yet brilliant exception—as a munificent patron of literature and the fine arts.

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*The Bar Sinister; or, Memoirs of an Illegitimate, founded on facts.* 2 Vols.

The authoress of this work, with a frankness that we cannot but admire, has told the public that this is her first attempt, and, that upon its reception will depend whether she shall or shall not again throw a book upon the waters. We think that this question is already decided, and that the "Bar Sinister," though it be her first, will not, be by very many, her last. We come to this conclusion upon these very safe grounds, which have nothing to do, however, with its public success. In the first place, it is exceedingly well written; and the very numerous friends of this highly talented lady, if the world at large should look but coldly on her production, will feel so indignant, that they will urge her again to enter the lists, and throw down the gage of defiance. In commencing authorship, nothing ever more verified the hackneyed French proverb, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." In writing the "Bar Sinister," the honourable Mrs. Lambert has written well. She will not find that success that she deserves—her just indignation will be roused, and she will again write, and write better. In the volumes before us we find nothing wanting but the tact of the practised scribbler, the art of felicitously binding together her very rich materials. Read this work page by page, or even chapter by chapter, and it will be found excellent; but as a whole, as a novel in which the action ought never to flag, it will be found desultory. In the very middle of the work, the reader finds, to his surprise, and to his dismay, that she or he has been inveigled into a vast deal of instruction, and, that they are reading a tour through France and Italy, instead of a novel, with the *ad captandum* title of "The Bar Sinister." Now these episodes, these dissertations upon men, manners, and places, we find to be beautifully written, and well we like them; but we fear the class of readers to whom novels are principally addressed, will not; in fact, we have a fear still worse, that while they do honour to the authoress, they will hurt the sale of her volumes. The tale itself is extremely interesting. The hero is thrown into situations the most trying, and there is a fervour about his character that must render him a general favourite.

As a specimen of English composition, the style is throughout pure and energetic, and teems with a power of expression which we do not, in general, expect from a lady. As descriptive of the various scenes of life which it displays, we find them nearly perfect, though, perhaps, the denouement is a little too violent and romantic. The heroine, Emily, is just what a woman ought to be. Her character, though not very prominent, is a delicious study. Even in its perfection it is natural, and such as England only can produce. We repeat, that in this production, with the well-educated the author has succeeded; but yet, there is still something wanted to ensure her the general success that she undoubtedly merits. In her next novel, we feel certain that she will attempt more to plan, and will not seek again to be so extraneously instructive. Perhaps were she to make her heroine the principal support of her tale, and confine herself more to the developement of her character, and that of three or four of the principal actors only, making all the incidents, actions, and even conversations tend to the one single effect of bringing about some great crisis either of happiness or of misery, we should have a work of which the literature of the day would feel justly proud. A novel has its rules, and its unities, as well as an epic poem or a tragedy. With a strict adherence to these, even mediocrity may succeed; by refusing to attend to them, even genius, though it may surprise us, will, in all probability, fail. We have spoken with candour, and we trust that what we have said will be candidly construed.

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*Dissertation on the progress of Ethical Philosophy, &c., chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, LL.D., F.R.S. With a Preface by the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

No better review of Mackintosh's work could be produced, than is contained in the professor's preface, but it is far too long to extract, or even to analyze. The greater, and, to the general reader, by far the most amusing parts of this volume, will be found in the history of the different speculations of very learned men, upon this very versatile subject, ethical philosophy; each learned man, of course, with different degrees of animosity, differing from his brother, and he who chronicles these differences, on many points, differing from them all. Sir James Mackintosh's own views are noble, and cordial to the human heart. He is, in appearance, directly opposed in principle to the Benthamites, though each party pretends to work out the same result, the general happiness. But all these metaphysicians seem to us trotting round the same circle, and the faster that they go, the nearer do they approach to each other, and the sooner will they meet at the common point. We must be good, says Bentham, because it is useful. We must be good, says Mackintosh, because it is our duty to be so; and we are not to consider the utility but the virtue of every act. But, says Bentham, the act is only virtuous, in so far as it is useful—and useful, in so far as it increases the great stock of human happiness. The rejoinder is, that the act is useful, because it is virtuous; and being virtuous, it tends to increase the dignity of man, and the amount of human happiness. There is a distinct moral sense, says Mackintosh—there is none, says the Utilitarian; then again begins the usual circular trot, and the reader is left in the centre of the ring with his sense bewildered, and his opinions unsettled, when these subjects are thus too metaphysically and abstractedly managed. To what must all these disquisitions on the motive powers to human action tend, but the confusing of men's minds, and the making them regardless of the actions themselves,

in their scrutiny to find out their impulses; for, when they discover upon what disputed bases morality and the rule of life are founded, they will be but too much inclined to neglect the precept, when they see grounds to doubt from what principle it emanates. It is quite enough for the generality of men to know they should do good because they ought—and to leave to philosophers to find out why they ought to do good. In saying this, we must acknowledge that we are speaking directly against our own prepossessions, for we are ardently attached to subjects of this kind, and have derived very great enjoyment from the perusal of the volume before us; but we must confess, that, notwithstanding it has enlarged our ideas, and added much to our information, it has not made us one iota wiser on the matter at issue. Whether the first impetus to our actions arise from the love of power—self love—the moral sense of right and wrong—whether there be innate, virtuous, and benevolent sensations, or that the best of our inspirations are merely the cravings of a refined selfishness, will not, after all, be decided by the moral philosopher—nor ought he to expect it, since the professor of divinity has failed. We are no Materialists—we despise their doctrines, yet we think the key to all their mysteries will be one day picked up by the hand either of the chemist or the chemical anatomist—who some five hundred years hence will explain to us in what consist our predilections and our aversions, upon what principles different temperaments affect different courses of action, and upon what minute associations of sympathies and affinities, that capricious agent, the human will, is founded.

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*Observations on the Present Conditions and Modes of Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb; an Illustration of the Importance and Efficiency of a New and Simple Plan devised for their Cure and their Instruction.* By the Rev. W. FLETCHER, F.R.A.S., of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Of the hundreds of thousands gradually given away in promiscuous charity, how little, how very little of it is well bestowed! To do good, even in the exercise of a virtue, it should be done with discretion. Were but a few thousands of the vast sums alluded to, but directed to the establishment and permanency of well-directed institutions, institutions that alone have the power to discriminate as to the merits of the objects to be relieved, what a great degree of real benevolence would be put into active operation! Of these institutions we know of none better conducted, in which more talent is employed, and which ought to be more generally and widely beneficial, than that established for the cure and relief of the deaf and dumb. We have always taken a great interest in it, and we are sorry to observe, that there is no great sympathy shown for the numerous sufferers through deafness and dumbness. Mr. Fletcher has made an elegant appeal to the public on this subject, though it is conveyed under the disguise of a humble pamphlet. We have no room here to give the details of the reverend gentleman's plan. Suffice it to say, that it carries with it every appearance of effecting the object in view, as far as nature will permit; for that there are incurable cases of this description, all must acknowledge; but they are by no manner of means so numerous as the world in general, and even as the faculty, suppose. We notice this pamphlet, not so much to induce the public to purchase it, (they would do well to do so,) as to draw attention to the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, the operations of which, we believe, are confined to a circle too limited from the want of the necessary funds. There are noble establishments for the blind, the maimed, and the insane; but it appears that few think deafness so great an evil, as to draw upon it

the eye of national charity. Well, we will say nothing upon that point, merely because we know so much. We have given a much longer notice to this pamphlet than we intended; however, we do not regret it; and heartily do we wish success to Mr. Fletcher's philanthropic schemes, for they do him honour.

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*The Poetical Works of Charles Lamb. A New Edition.*

We may be thought to be singular in our opinion, but we hold the mind of Charles Lamb to have been the completest reflex of that of Shakspeare, that the modern literary world has yet been made acquainted with. Consequently, we regard even the most trifling of his productions with a feeling nearly akin to veneration. He has been accused of quaintness: we never found him quaint. He has always taken the very best word to express his thought, and done wisely in not rejecting that word, although it may not be in common parlance with the poets or the writers of the day. In the volume before us, we have many exquisite pieces upon a great variety of subjects, with most of which the world is familiar. It would, therefore, be superfluous in us to particularize them. The longer productions are, one called "John Woodvil," a tragedy, in five acts, the other "The Wife's Trial; or, the Intruding Widow." Both of these are Shakspearian, and we argue from them that Lamb's genius was essentially dramatic. The closeness of the style, sentences that contain less words than thoughts, and phrases overladen with meaning, give us a noble opinion of the powers of the author's intellect, and form a striking contrast with the redundant verbiage of the generality of modern poetry. We well know that were "John Woodvil" acted, it would not please the audience in its catastrophe; but many of the scenes in its commencement would enchant even "the ears of the groundlings." Purity and beauty are the characteristics of the "Woman's Trial." Lamb is certainly an English classic, and must be found in the possession of every one who may put forth the slightest pretensions to literary taste.

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*Hints on Etiquette, and the Usages of Society, with a Glance at Bad Habits.* By Αγωγός.

There is not much in this, and the little of it that is good, rather belongs to the department of morality than etiquette. Does the author suppose that the habits, and the mere formulæ of the most exclusive society, all those minutiæ that are more felt than seen, are not ever varying with the fashions of the coat, and, if they could be made common-place, by publications of this description, that they would not all be immediately changed to escape low-bred imitations? It is also ridiculous to lay down rules for etiquette for all grades of society. The etiquette that is general to humanity, is nothing but practical morality; and that which is particular, belongs only to certain classes. The court, the officers' mess table, the rich merchants' *salle à manger*, have all their different shades of form, and each, as it exists, is but suited to its individual purpose. This work, to have been at all useful, should have been much more discursive; however, as it will neither form nor spoil the gentleman, we leave it to all the success that its *ad captandum* title will insure it.

*The Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Foundation of the principal European States.* By W. E. TAYLOR, LL.D., M.R.A.S., F.S.S., &c. of Trinity College, Dublin, Author of a "History of France," &c.

A book more useful than this has not lately issued from the press. When the dark ages supervened, after the fall of the Roman empire, no period of history is more interesting, and perhaps so little clearly understood. The vast despotism of the empire fell to pieces, not without many momentous struggles and dreadful events; but they were so complicated, and learning, at that time, existed under so many disadvantages, that mists fell upon mists, and, at length, nothing remained at all that could be recorded, but the bare mention of great events, and a heap of fabulous stories that vainly pretend to account for them. Mr. Taylor has, by his succinct yet clear narration, unravelled the confusion of this crisis, and shown how all the European, and some of the Asiatic and African states, have gradually arisen, and finally merged into civilisation. As this volume is not bulky, it is necessarily confined almost to a mere statement of bare facts, in a rapid chronological arrangement, bringing forward the annals of the various infant kingdoms *pari passu*. Of course, this history takes up events long before Gibbon concludes; yet, to the person well acquainted with the work of the latter, Mr. Taylor's abstract will be found of essential service, in refreshing the memory, and connecting the various incidents in a consecutive order. This work should be universally adopted in schools, and be simultaneously read with the Latin historians. To the eye of the moral philosopher, it forms a curious study, as from beginning to end, it reads like nothing but a catalogue of gigantic crimes; and would almost carry the conviction, that man is not only inordinately, but naturally and constitutionally, wicked. The good and the glorious actions that remain for the historian to record, are so few, and of a nature so little striking, that we almost wonder that Christianity, in ameliorating the moral condition of mankind, had not earlier a more extended effect; it remains, however, for our own day to see its triumphs in perfection.

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*The Provost of Bruges. A Tragedy in Five Acts.*

We hail this tragedy as a streak of light that heralds the dawning of a brighter day for the regular English drama. The work before us possesses most of the requisites for a good play. Its action is uniform and rapid, its incidents natural and striking, and its plot neither too intricate nor too meagre. It is, also, which we think a great recommendation, based upon a fine moral principle. Its faults are neither numerous nor glaring, consisting only of occasional poverty of diction, and the stale resource of raising undue excitement, by making the heroine run mad. Had the author not had recourse to this common-place expedient, and shown a little less violence in some of the most passionate speeches and harrowing situations, the tragedy might have been fairly pronounced—great. It has been successful, which perhaps will suit the author's purpose better. This almost triumphant return to the legitimate drama, we may look upon as a splendid epoch in the present quarter of the century. We congratulate the public on this event quite as much as we do the author.

*Edith of Glamis.* By CUTHBERT CLUTTERBUCK, of Kennaquair, F.S.A., &c. 3 Vols.

Had not Walter Scott written, this novel would never have appeared. The author apes, but he does not imitate. There is hardly a character in Edith of Glamis that has not its origin in some one of Scott's fictions. It would have been much better had the author of these volumes boldly retained as many of the names as he could of the characters that he has borrowed, and said to the shade of the great northern magician, "My dear Sir Walter, lend me your Dalgetty, your dwarf, &c., to work out a very striking romance of my own." This would have been all fair, and we should then see how another hand could marshall the troops that have gained so much renown under the command of their first creator. Now, were it not for this intolerable mimicry, we should say that the work was a good one—nothing certainly of a surpassing nature, but a good one certainly. The introduction is naught, therefore we shall say nought about it. Indeed, all through these volumes, we have been bilious and techy, by being so continually reminded of the shadow of Sir Walter Scott, without being able to set our eyes upon the sterling reality of his genius.

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*The Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, its Establishment, Subversion, and present State.* By JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A. Author of "The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud," &c. &c.

At this moment, a work like the one now before us, cannot be otherwise than interesting. It is carefully written, and much, and patient research has been employed to make it authentic. There is also a degree of temperance and impartiality about it, so difficult to attain and still so much more difficult to preserve in works of this description. Much as we are opposed both to the principles and the practice of papacy, we cannot but condemn the violence, the bigotry, and the intolerance of the first Scottish reformers. A perusal of this clever work will afford a salutary lesson to enthusiasts of all Christian persuasions, and prove to them, that even right doctrines may have a pernicious effect when enforced by tyranny instead of reason, and that a man may be a true Christian without persecution, and be charitable to his neighbours in matters of opinion, without deserving the reproach of lukewarmness, or being stigmatized as a latitudinarian. This abstract of a portion of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland should be considered as a library book, and be proximate to Robertson's national work.

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*The Cruise of the Midge.* By the Author of "Tom Cringle's Log." 2 Vols.

This work has already acquired a well-deserved reputation; and, as far as our fiat is of value to perpetuate it, we most gladly give it. There has been a most astonishing quantity of talent lately employed in illustrating the peculiarities of our British tars, and in commemorating the glories that they have achieved, and the author of the Cruise of the Midge has contributed a very ample share to the good deed. May he indulge the world with many similar cruises before he be compelled to drop anchor in Deadman's Bay.

*The American in England.* By the Author of "A Year in Spain." 2 Vols.

This work is a curiosity in its way. It appears to have been written by an American naval officer, generally under the influence of ill health. Bearing this in mind, and considering also the fancied wrongs that the Americans have received from Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, and other transatlantic tourists, we think that we have been treated tolerably fairly. But as a picture of England, this work is neither powerful nor true; neither is it false, but it gives a wrong impression, solely by its being defective, and not by misrepresentation. The author, we are glad to find, is enraptured with English female loveliness. Did we extract from his volumes at all, we should certainly extract those parts that are eloquent upon it; for, though the author is rarely eloquent, on that subject his style, usually elegant, rises into something approaching very superior composition. The great fault of the work is, that without having collected sufficient materials, the writer was determined to give the world his two volumes. He has been able to say but little upon the *morale* of our country. He has not passed into the bosoms of the societies of the various and multifarious classes that make up the vast aggregate of this mighty empire. We do not think that these volumes will be as acceptable to the Americans as they are to us. They are too scanty in the most valuable information, though interesting to the English, inasmuch as they make us acquainted with the impression, that the little we show of ourselves makes upon a well-educated and clever American. The good feeling that pervades the whole of the publication cannot be too much commended, too much imitated. We think that it ought to be very generally read.

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*Memoirs of John Howard, Esq. F.R.S., the Christian Philanthropist: with a detail of his most extraordinary Labours in the Cause of Benevolence, and a Brief Account of the Prisons, Schools, Hospitals, Lazarettos, and other Public Institutions that he visited.* By THOS. TAYLOR, Author of "The Life of Cowper," and "Memoirs of Bishop Heber."

We have both wondered and regretted that this good work had not been before undertaken; the cause for regret has now ended. These memoirs will be read with undying interest, not only by the present but by all future generations. Howard's was, perhaps, with the exception always of those who had divine missions upon earth, the most glorious career that ever was run by mortal man. The triumphs of philanthropy are the triumphs of the human race, and these memoirs afford a lesson that the world is hastening to learn, in despite of the pomp, the pride, and circumstance of war, that the good is the only true glorious. To this volume is prefixed a well-engraved portrait of the truly great man that it commemorates. The narrative of Howard's life and adventures is perspicacious, but its elegance is a little impaired by the clerical diction into which it too often diverges. Southey's biographies of persons devoted to the priesthood are good models of style for works of this description. This remark will hold good certainly with that large, worthy, and influential class who are the admirers of Mr. Taylor; but a work of this description should be made as acceptable as possible to every description of readers. These memoirs will become a domestic book, and should always be seen wherever the sacred classics are to be found, and everywhere else too.

*A Collection of English Sonnets.* By R. F. HOUSMAN.

The able preface to this collection will reconcile many authors to the task of sonnet writing, but few to the task of sonnet reading. Without going the length of subscribing to the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that the sonnet is not adapted to the genius and structure of the English language, we may safely say, that not even one of our best writers has been able to render it a favourite with the public. In the book before us, there are accumulated the very best sonnets of which England can boast; let any one try to read half a dozen of these consecutively, and he will find, that notwithstanding the beautiful thoughts that have been presented to him, no other impression is left upon his mind than that of extreme weariness. In its matter, the sonnet is decidedly an epigram, and devoted to the amplification, or the enforcement, of a single thought—or rather, conceit. In English, its "linked sweetness long drawn out," is its ruin; it is this clogging of one idea with honey, through fourteen lines, that palls upon the sense. Unfortunately for the English sonnet, the only rule that is insisted upon with respect to it, is, that it shall invariably consist of fourteen lines, the only rule, we think, with which we ought to dispense. It is now this number of heroic lines of ten syllables each, rhymed *ad libitum;* for it is a puerile pedantry to endeavour to dignify this license by high sounding terms, such as the musico-systematic, the dyasynartete, the asynartete; for every sonneteer rhymes where he best can, without permiting the recurring sounds to be too far distant. What are the prevalent sensations of a person who is about to peruse an English sonnet? He expects to be surprised by a brilliant thought, to be warmed by an heroic, or touched by a tender one; but his ear is kept in a continued suspense throughout, doubting at what point it will meet the rhyme, and the mind wearied here and there by a redundant line, thrown in to eke out the legitimate measure of fourteen. The truth is, the little poem is too long, and its structure too uncertain. It is no argument in its favour to say that it is beautiful in the Italian, because fewer words are necessary to express our sentiments fully than in the exquisite language of Petrarch. What in Italian would be an elegance, is, in English, a redundancy. If we might hazard an opinion, upon a subject on which perhaps no two authors will agree, we should say that the true English sonnet is neither more nor less than a single Spenserian stanza of nine lines, ending with the Alexandrine. It is sufficiently long to elaborate a single idea; the ear soon becomes accustomed to its melody; and it is equally applicable to all subjects, from the most farcical up to the most solemn. We will put this our opinion to the test, by asking the curious in these matters to place the very best sonnet in this collection in juxtaposition with a good Spenserian stanza; and we feel confident of the judgment that would be pronounced on the comparative merits of the construction of each. Had it not been that we feared to have incurred the censure of "egregious vanity," in a most distinguished quarter, we would have endeavoured to reconstruct one of the sonnets in the volume before us, upon the Spenserian model, and left it to the judgment of the reader, which of the two harmonized best with the genius of the English language. Having thus stated our opinion on the argument started by Mr. Housman in his very excellent preface, we proceed to say, that the sonnets that he has selected show an acute discrimination and correct feeling of the beautiful on his part, and a very great display of genius and superiority in the poetry of England. We have no doubt that his work will cause the sonnet to be more respected, if not more loved by his countrymen, though to speak our opinion frankly, we do not wish to see, in its present form, that species of composition more fashionable among us than it is already. We also trust, that this associated band of good ones will, by giving the feeling of despair to

writers of mediocrity, deter them from an attempt, in which even the best poets rarely succeed eminently; attempts that often severely try our editorial temper, by covering our tables with nonsense, in "linked sweetness long drawn out."

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*The Tales of the Glen, with Ballads and Songs.* By the late JOSEPH GRANT. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, By Robert Nicholl, author of "Poems and Lyrics."

We heartily wish that this little volume had not been produced in a manner so humble and unpretending; for it deserves much better type and paper, as its contents are really excellent of their kind. These tales principally turn upon the strange and romantic superstitions of the wilder parts of Scotland: they are told naturally and forcibly, and possess an intense interest. All these dreams of the soul carry with them not only an occult poetical, but also a moral justice, which it is a curious and no unpleasing task to trace out. The author of this work has departed himself to that land of shadows about which he has discoursed so often and so eloquently. He appears to have been an extraordinary person, condemned to that most horrible of trials for genius, the living through a very ordinary course of life. 'He died a disappointed man, yet not an unhappy one, for he confidently looked forward on his death-bed to the realization of well-founded hopes, grounded upon a well-spent life. In Mr. Grant's ballads, and other poetical effusions, that follow his prose tales, there are an enchanting pastoral simplicity, and an energy that seems all too great for expression by words. This little volume deserves to be reprinted in another and more engaging form, and in a much larger type. Were this done, we doubt not but that it would become a favourite with all classes of readers.

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*Evenings Abroad.* By the Author of "Sketches of Corfu."

We anticipate that this work will win its way quietly but certainly, into great popularity; esteem it must have already acquired, with all those who have perused it. The great charm of these Evenings Abroad, is to be found in the purity and gracefulness of the style in which they are narrated. The instruction that they convey is considerable, and the moral instruction keeps pace with the topical information. In this volume, we have all the essence of a well-considered and a well-written tour, without any of those platitudes that usually accompany a work under that title. It is divided into six evenings, in the following order—at Paris, in the Simplon, at Milan, Padua, Venice, and on the Adriatic. Every evening is replete with historical recollections; facts not generally known, and curious anecdotes of men who have conspicuously played their parts on the world's stage. More agreeable reading we can scarcely conceive. The metrical parts are certainly not equal to the prosaic. The best praise that we can give them, is that of an elegant mediocrity. The talented author must be aware that this is not sufficient, and that immediately the eye meets the measured line, and the ear acknowledges the recurring rhyme, something extraordinary is expected, and that the mind of the reader knows of no medium in verse, but is either elevated with extraordinary pleasure or palled with weariness and disgust. The latter sensations, however, do not belong to the poetry of this volume; but few persons we fear, will experience the former.

*Mrs. Cleveland, and the St. Clairs, &c.* 3 Vols.

The novel entitled "Mrs. Cleveland" is a well-written one. The interest of the tale turns upon that not uncommon pivot in works of fiction, the propensity to gambling in an otherwise valuable and virtuous character. The reader, of course, allows his imagination to supply him, without perusing the volumes, with the other *dramatis personæ*. The false friend, who makes dishonourable love to the wife and urges on the husband in his fatal course, the true friend, some cynical or eccentric old man who comes forward to the rescue at the precise moment when all rescue seemed impossible, and the whole wound up with a mixture of repentance and forgiveness, love, and gratitude, and happiness that is to last till the respective actors have shuffled off their mortal coil. If he so imagined, he will find that he was not mistaken in one sense, but if he suppose these characters, as described in the tale, to be common-place portraitures, he will be egregiously mistaken. The inimitable manner in which they are drawn, their natural peculiarities, and the delicate shadings that distinguish each, vindicate this publication from the aspersion of being called common-place. Though the moral of this story is "plain as way to parish church," yet is it beautifully inculcated, and urged as forcibly as beautifully. The construction of the plot of the "St. Clairs" is more original, whilst the same grace is evinced in its developement as in the first story. "Home" is a curious sketch, written to work out a singular principle; the very antipodes to the cosmopolitan. It is well done. The tale of "Aurelia" is the last, the most powerful, and the worst. That it is perfectly natural, we need only convince ourselves by examining any given weekly newspaper, no matter in what year. Crime is fruitful in the varieties of its appalling incidents. The author, when he took assassination as the basis of the plot, should have also taken more space to prepare the reader's mind for the catastrophe. It comes upon us suddenly and unnaturally. It is well told, however, and may perhaps find more admirers than the gentler and more elegant productions that precede it. We recommend these volumes, as they will both interest and please.

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*The Wall's End Miner; or, a Brief Memoir of the Loss of William Austen, including an Account of the Catastrophe of June 18th,* 1835. By James Everet, Author of "Edwin," "The Village Blacksmith," &c.

This work will be very acceptable to readers of the persuasion of the Wesleyan Methodists, and the various sects that have branched off from that vast stem. The narrative is, of itself, very interesting; but the too abundant employment of scriptural phrases, will render it rather distasteful to the general reader. We respect all denominations of Christians, and in making the above remark, we express no opinion, but merely state a fact. Many excellent writings, we know, are limited in their usefulness, merely by the employment of this style. Writing to the world, authors, whatever may be their opinions, should write as the world does, we mean, merely as to manner. But, as we suppose that our well-intended advice will be spurned by gentlemen of Mr. Everet's sentiments, we will dilate no more on this subject, but merely say, that we should have liked the book better, had it not made so familiar with sacred names, and poured forth such a profusion of scriptural texts. In our humble opinion, the hallowed language of prayer and praise is not altogether to be used even in a sermon—still less in a biography.

*Grammaire Royale, ou Recueil des Règles Grammaticales de la Langue Française Après les Grammariens Modernes les plus Estimés suivie d'un Dictionnaire de Synonymes, ouvrage écrit pour servir à l'Instruction de Son Altesse Royale la Princesse Victoria D'Angleterre.* Par F. GRANDINEAU, Maître de Français de son Altesse Royale, &c. &c. &c.

This is a comprehensive and well-arranged grammar, and will not only teach the language to the tyro, but teach the eloquence of it to those already familiar with its words. It is a judicious thought, that of giving authorities; while it imposes the rule upon the memory, it furnishes the mind with many just ideas, and beautiful quotations. The syntax and philology contained in this grammar evince considerable erudition, and insight into the abstract nature of language. The work is perhaps a little too voluminous for the use of schools generally; we think that the author could not be better employed than in producing an abbreviation, taking Mr. Murray as his example in his two English Grammars. Large books are a very great evil to very little boys and girls; the discouragement that their size produces upon the young mind is one of the greatest drawbacks that exists to their studying them successfully.

*Select Prose Works of Milton— Account of his Studies—Apology for his early Life and Writings—Tractate on Education—Areopagita—Censure of Kings.*

We have received the first volume of this projected publication. It is well got up, and has a spiritedly engraved portrait of Milton, in his middle age, by T. Mollison, for a frontispiece. The subject matter is introduced by a preliminary address, by Mr. St. John. This address is exactly what it should be, calm, temperate, and just; reverential even to the faults of the great man he illustrates, but neither attempting to disguise them under the name of virtues, or justify them in defiance of right. The critical disquisitions are sound, and are a good and a necessary preparative to almost every reader before he proceeds to the work on which they descant. There can be but little doubt of the success of this publication, and, notwithstanding the stern republicanism of some of Milton's principles, we know that it will be received with that respect from all parties, which is due to the greatest, and almost the only epic poet of England.

*Sketches, by Boz, illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. With Illustrations, by* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

We strongly recommend this facetious work to the Americans. It will save them the trouble of reading some hundred dull-written tomes on England, as it is a perfect picture of the morals, manners, and habits of a great portion of English society. It is hardly possible to conceive a more pleasantly reading book; delightful from the abundance of its sly humour, and instructive in every chapter. The succession of portraits does not reach higher than of the best of the middle classes, but descends with a startling fidelity to the lowest of the low. Where all are so good, it would be needless for us to particularize any one of these admirable sketches, very many of which would form admirable groundwork for light comedies and farces. We do not know the author, but we should apprehend that he has, from the peculiar turn of his genius, been already successful as a dramatist; if he has not yet, we can safely opine, that he may if he will. Taken altogether, we have rarely met with a work that has pleased us more, and we know that our taste is always that of the public.

*Fac-Similes of Historical and Literary Curiosities, accompanied by Portraits and Views of Interesting Localities, engraved and lithographed by and under the direction of* CHARLES JOHN SMITH. *To be continued occasionally.*

We have received the two first numbers of this undertaking, which have delighted us. No book so fit for a library, none better adapted to ornament a drawing-room table. The fac-similes are most curious, and, we doubt not, perfectly authentic. The first number, among other rarities, contains a view of the house in Portsmouth in which the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by Felton, with the fac simile found in his hat when apprehended. Fac similes also of letters from Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Penn, Prior the poet, Smollett, Richardson, Napoleon, Pope, Gay, Sterne borrowing 20*l.* of Garrick, &c., and all these fac similes are upon popular and interesting subjects. We say nothing of the various views of celebrated localities. The second number is more than equal in interest to the first. We have not space to particularize. This undertaking must succeed, and amply repay its projectors.

*The Edinburgh Journal of Natural History, and of the Physical Sciences connected with the Animal Kingdom.* By BARON CUVIER, conducted by CAPTAIN THOMAS BROWN, F.L.S., M.W.S., M.K.S., and President of the Royal Physical Society, assisted by eminent Scientific and Literary Men.

We have the first quarterly part, with its well-engraved and beautiful coloured plates, of this periodical now before us, and well do its projectors deserve of the public. The title fully explains the nature of the work, and the editorship in the hands of Captain Brown, cannot but ensure its success. We assure our readers, that we do not employ the least exaggeration, when we say that this appears to us to be the very cheapest, and the most splendid work published in numbers that even this age can boast of. The strictly Linnæan parts are introduced to the reader by several well-written essays connected with the subject of natural history, which require for their own merits, as well as for a preparation for what follows, to be carefully studied. We must, also, express our sorrow that this work, of which the plates form so important a part, was sent to our publishers crumpled up in so small a space, as it deteriorates very much the value of the engravings. With this, however, the public have nothing to do. We prognosticate, that when this undertaking shall be completed, it will form the best book upon natural history extant in the English language.

*A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmeister,* by W. E. SHUCKHARD, M.E.S. *With additions by the author, and original Notes and Plates,* by the Translator.

This laudable undertaking is now completed by the appearance of the 17th and 18th numbers; and thus the science of entomology has now a fair chance of becoming popular among us. As this work was in progression, we gave it our frequent and merited approbation, at its completion it demands our praise aud recommendation, both of which we most heartily give it. Though this work treats of little things, they may, if properly considered, and the qualities connected with them are well followed up, lead to great results, not only in universal physiology, but in various other sciences.

*The City of London Corporation Annual,* 1836*: with a Report of the Proceedings and Speeches delivered at the several Wardmotes on St. Thomas's Day, and a correct List of the Aldermen and the Common Council.*

This is a burlesque, pun overladen, and laboriously funny; amusing, but not very good. With a subject so fruitful in the ridiculous, it might have been much better done. But we must not grumble, but rather be thankful for what we have received, hoping that the author may have rather more wit next year, or less temerity in his eagerness to show the little that he possesses. However, as it made us laugh and yawn in nearly equal proportions, we may safely recommend it to two classes of readers, those who are dull and those who want to go to sleep.

*Elliot's Poems: to be completed in Weekly Parts, uniform with the Works of Byron, Scott, Crabbe, &c.*

Opposed, as we are, in political views to Mr. Elliot, we have ever been the admirers of his genius and the applauders of his honesty. We heartily wish that he were of our party. We think, as years throw their chastening influence over his judgment, he will become so; but now and always we shall do justice to the fertility and force of his imagination and the versatile powers of his mind. With these sentiments, we are glad to see this periodical set on foot. This first part commences with "The Splendid Village," contains fifty-six pages, and is extremely well printed. The price is only sixpence, and we speak the actual truth when we say, that so much excellent writing can be bought of no other poet now living at so small a price.

*The Young Man's Companion in the World, pointing, by Anecdotes and Examples, to its Vices and Virtues. To which are added, Miscellaneous Anecdotes, Moral and Religious, &c.*

This is a very good book for young men; the only difficulty that we can see in its way to success is, to get young men to read it. The anecdotal parts are extremely good, though the little section on poverty is one of the most uncomfortable methods of comforting the poor that we ever met with. This little treatise, we hope, will make for it a great many friends, for it is extremely well compiled, and some of the events it details are quite new to us. The title is the most forbidding part about it; for the sake of its contents, it deserves a more seductive one.

*The Parliamentary Guide: a Concise History of the Members of both Houses of Parliament, their Connexions, Pursuits, &c. Corrected up to February* 15*th,* 1836. By R. B. Moss, Esq. Parliamentary Agent.

This guide is full of the most desirable information; and, seeing the opportunities of its author, of that information, there can be no doubt of the exactitude. It contains a table of votes upon momentous questions, short particulars of the late elections, a scale of the number of voters in the United Kingdom, with many other curious particulars, besides an analysis of the relative strength of the two great political parties in the House of Commons. It is surprising how much that is really excellent can be contained in a compass so small.

*A History of the British Fishes.* By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. *Illustrated by upwards of four hundred Wood-cuts, including numerous Vignettes.*

This periodical, since its first appearance, has continued to be a great favourite of ours. It has reached its thirteenth part, which is now before us, and is principally devoted to the accounts of that species of fish denominated Gadidæ, including the hake, the lyng, turbot, rockling, &c. We now come to the genus Pleuronectidæ, spoken of endearingly at Crockford's, and vulgarly known by the title of flat fish, among which the plaice, by virtue of its name, assumes the first place. We find that flat fish are much preyed upon by their more piscivorous brethren, and that, like all other ground fish, they are very tenacious of life. The wood-cuts throughout are of great merit. To make this work quite complete, nothing is wanting but to have the cuts properly coloured. Have the directors of this work tried the effect upon a few copies?

*The Rival Demons: a Poem, in three Cantos.* By the Author of "The Gentleman in Black," &c. *With Etchings on Steel, by* H. PIDDING.

This is a very pleasant poem, containing a good deal of satire, and still more fun. It is certainly not of a very high order, but excellent of its class. The rival demons are "Blue Ruin" and "Gunpowder." They come up to our respectable *terra firma*, and each strives to make the most subjects to the great artist below. Alcohol, of course, carries the day, or, rather, the night. There is nothing very new or very striking in the idea; but as it is humorously and not too tediously delineated, we may promise the poem an ephemeral reputation. How it ever got into the "Court Magazine," with its droll slang and its vulgar and almost revolting subject, we cannot conjecture, except upon that well-known principle of extremes meeting. But we are not fastidious; and, now that these demons are out of court, and sojourning with the world at large, we hope they will become popular, and assist to fill the author's purse.

*Cherville's First Step to French, indispensable to, and in harmony with, all French Grammars.*

Of the thousand and one elementary French works, we shall not say that this is one among a thousand, distinguished by its peculiar excellence. It is a series of familiar conversations adapted to show the comparative idioms of the two languages, English and French. So far the plan is good, but certainly not new. This step is as good as most publications with a similar design, and deserves its share of patronage.

*Cressingham Rectory: Family Conversations on various Subjects.* By ELIZABETH ANNE HENDRY.

A very pleasingly-written little work, with a very pious tendency. It is well adapted to wile away the evenings of any serious family, which may interdict what is generally called light reading, lest it should pervert a moral or undermine a principle. This work, while it forms a relief from graver studies, will strengthen, at the same time, every virtuous and religious feeling.

*Mountain Melodies, &c. &c.* By THOMAS EAGLES.

A pun-provoking title enough. Eagles, of course, affect the mountains, but for the melodies they create we must be silent. The author of this book has not taken an eagle's flight: he seems to have the poetical temperament without possessing the poetical spirit; and his numerous poems are only remarkable for their variety, and the singularity of their construction. We have been accused, and most unjustly, of being cynical in matters of verse; now, with this ample and well-printed book before us, imposing in every thing but its contents, we might, if we chose, make ourselves and our readers extremely merry. We refrain, for we will not create mirth out of the dulness of, perhaps, a most valuable character, considered in every other relation excepting that of a poet. We will merely give one specimen of the author's manner, in justification of our opinion as to the general mediocrity of his compositions. On our honour, we have taken it at random. It is the last verse of a short poem, entitled, "Description of a Battle."

> Ye kings! who are the cause of hated war,
> Who, for ambition, trifle, gain, or fear,
> Make fiery Mars extend his slaught'ring spear—
> Beware! beware! ye've much to answer for!

And so have you, Mr. Eagles, for permitting such verses to be printed.

*Lays of the Heart, being an Ode to the memory of a Father, and other Poems.* By J. S. C.

We can recommend that these "Lays of the Heart," should be laid aside for an indefinite space of time. In a dedication to Miss Landon, the author says, speaking of that talented young lady, "the obliging opinion that you have expressed of my poetic efforts." We were before well aware of the urbanity and amenity of Miss Landon's natural disposition; but we had no conception that she could carry them so far as to express approbation of poems, containing such lines as——never mind. We should be heartily sorry to deprive the letters J. S. C. of a single reader, seeing that these letters are patronized by those magical ones, L. E. L.

*Goëthe and his Contemporaries, from the German of Falk, Von Müller, &c. With biographical Notes and original Anecdotes, illustrative of German Literature.* By SARAH AUSTEN. Second Edition. 3 vols.

To the first edition of this able work, we paid an ample and well-merited tribute of approbation. We did, however, no more than was done by the whole of the metropolitan periodical press. We shall not recapitulate our praises, but offer instead our congratulations to Miss Austen on the success of her work, accompanied by our hopes, that she will live to see it run through as many editions as there are Muses; about the Graces we shall say nothing, as she seems to have monopolized them all in her various works.

*Antonio Foscarini, an Historical Drama.*

We have read this tragedy, and we do not like it. For this, our dislike to it, we can give so many reasons, that we feel it needless to give any. We purpose, however, to review it at length when it becomes popular, but not till then.

*A History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty; containing, among many Surprising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable Ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the Disastrous Projects of William the Testy, and the Chivalrous Proceedings of William the Headstrong, the three Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam, being the only Authentic History of the Heroes that hath ever been published.* By DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

Who has not heard of Knickerbocker? The very title to his work is appetising. We have only to announce, that it is now published in one volume, forming the fifty-fifth volume of the "Family Library," and at a price so small, that for the honour of old Knick, we are ashamed to mention it.

*The Anglo-Polish Harp; or, Songs for Poland, with a Preface. To which are added, Palmyra, and other Poems; as also Scenes from Longinus.* By JACOB JONES, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Thoughts on Prison Labour," and various other Works.

Much of the true poetic feeling is displayed throughout this unbound, pamphlet-looking miscellany; and we predict that the author will, if he be spared, gradually work his way to fame. Whoever takes up this collection, will be amply repaid for an attentive perusal of its contents, by finding many specimens of sweetness, fervour, and imagination, in the various poems that it contains.

*The Van Diemen's Land Monthly Magazine.*

We have received the two first numbers of this undertaking, which we find is published at Hobart Town, and conducted by a committee of gentlemen, who are to be assisted by contributors throughout the country. We have looked through them but cursorily, having but just received them; but even this short inspection has convinced us that the thing is well got up, and contains much useful and topographical information. All things considered, it is a literary curiosity.

*The Magazine of Popular Science, and Journal of the Useful Arts.* No. I.

This, also, is another new monthly periodical that deserves success. It emanates from the Adelaide Gallery, for the illustration and encouragement of practical science. This first number is a very superior one, and we hope is the harbinger of a complete success. We think that in this great metropolis, the focus of the science and talent of the empire, a publication of a nature similar to this was imperatively called for. As yet, the call has been well answered.

*Sketches of Natural History.* By MARY HOWITT.

Very unfeignedly have we praised these sketches before, and we would willingly repeat our commendations, were it not that our readers would perhaps not be so well pleased with the repetition as ourselves. Of this reprint, we shall only say, that it is most elegantly got up in green and with a clear type and a good paper.

*Draughts of Character.* By a CORKSCREW.

In this little squib, both the pen and the graver have done their respective works exceedingly well. The sarcasms are bitter, and bitten in with a little too much aqua-fortis—but, on that account, they will not be the less liked. Corkscrew has begun by driving into the metropolitan corporation, with its lordly mayor at its head. We like the thing, and hope to see more of it.

*Essay on the Disorders incident to Literary Men, and on the best Means of preserving their Health.* By W. NEWNHAM, Esq., M.R.S.I.

Good, but too short. The worst disorder incidental to literary men totally unnoticed—literary dulness. Sage commentator, is there any cure for that distressing malady?

*A Lecture on the Primitive State of Man: read before the Ipswich and Colchester Mechanic's Institute.* By JAMES CARTER, Author of "Lectures on Taste."

All that could be prudently said upon this subject, without plunging into polemical discussion, Mr. Carter has said, and said well, in this lecture. The primitive state of man is a speculation that must be replete with the most momentous considerations, and, as all ought to have, at least, some notions on the subject, we recommend this modest, unpretending, yet talented lecture to the public notice.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Ben Brace, the last of Nelson's Agamemnons. By Captain F. Chamier, R.N. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Memoirs of the late Rev. H. Venn. Fourth edit. 8vo. 12*s.*
A Key to Bland's Algebraical Problems. New edit. 8vo. 9*s.*
Mosse's Parliamentary Guide. 18mo. 4*s.*; ditto, with Standing Orders. 18mo. 6*s.*
Daniel's Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks Interpreted. By a Layman. 12mo. 5*s.*
A View of the Creation of the World, in Illustration of the Mosaic Record. By the Rev. C. J. Burton, M.A. 8vo. 9*s.*
The Original. By Thomas Walker, M.A. Second edit. 8vo. 8*s.*
The Deserter. By Charlotte Elizabeth. 12mo. 4*s.*
Heaven Anticipated, or the Present Time influenced by the Prospect of Future Felicity. By Joseph Freeman. 18mo. 3*s.*
A Treatise on the Law of Adulterine Bastardy: with a Report on the Banbury Case. By Sir H. Nicolas 8vo. 21*s.*
Kidd's Chesterfield. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Blunt's Our Saviour. Part I. new edit. fcp. 5*s.* 6*d.*
On Insanity, its Nature, Causes, and Cure. By W. B. Neville, of Earl's Court House. 8vo. 10*s.*
Basket of Fragments, or Notes from Sermons. By the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Creaton. 2 vols. in one, second edit. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Modern Accomplishments, or March of Intellect. By Miss C. Sinclair. Post 8vo. 7*s.*
The Poetical Works of the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. 9*s.*
The Diamond Florist. Square 24mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Picturesque Sketches of Ireland: from Drawings by G. Petrie, &c. Vol. I. 4to. coloured Plates, 2*l.* 2*s.*
A Grammar of the Hebrew Language of the Old Testament. By G. H. A. Ewald. Translated by J. Nicholson. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Life and Voyages of Captain Cook. By the Rev. George Young. 12mo. 6*s.*
Mountain Melodies, &c. By Thomas Eagles. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Chronology of the Old Testament. By George Skene. 18mo. 3*s*.
Cressingham Rectory, Conversations. By Elizabeth Anne Hendry. 12mo. 3*s*.
The Journal of the late Rev. George Milward. 12mo. 2*s*.
The Life and Poems of Cowper. By R. Southey, Esq. Vol. II. 5*s*.
The Book of Daily Family Prayer. By Bishop Mant. 12mo. 3*s*.
Some Account of the Life and Writings of Justin Martyr. By the Bishop of Lincoln. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Acts on Law in Courts of Equity. By W. T. Jemmett, Esq. Second edition, 12mo. 7*s*.
The Young Man's Companion in the World. 18mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.
Heaven Anticipated. By J. Freeman. 18mo. 3*s*.
Ellen Walsingham; or Growth in Grace. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
The Sceptic, and other Poems. By Leigh Cliffe. 12mo. 5*s*.

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## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir Grenville Temple has just committed to the press his Travels in Greece and Turkey, being the second part of his interesting Excursions in the Mediterranean.

The Tour of a German Artist in England, translated from the German, by Miss Rigby, with the original engravings, will appear in a few days.

A beautiful little volume, entitled, "The Book of Flowers," with poetical illustrations, original and selected, by Mrs. Hale, is on the eve of publication. It is intended as a companion to that popular little work, "The Language of Flowers."

The new and beautiful edition of the Rev. R. Montgomery's poem, entitled, "The Messiah," is now published.

The new work, by Miss Smith, of the Down House, entitled, "Songs of the Alhambra," to which we lately alluded, is announced for publication on the 1st of March.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Mr. Lodge has published a companion to his valuable work on the Peerage, entitled "The Genealogy of the British Nobility," with their arms beautifully engraved.

The new issue of Mr. Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and of the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe's "Life of Cowper," the former in monthly and the latter in weekly parts, is now regularly and successfully progressing.

The new work, by a resident officer, entitled, "Madrid in 1835," may, we understand, be expected about the middle of March.

The printing of the new poem, entitled, "The Pilgrim of Nature," is nearly completed.

British Zoology. John Van Voorst begs to acquaint the public that the first portion of a uniform and complete illustration of the Zoology of Great Britain, viz. The History of British Fishes, by William Yarrell, Esq. F.L.S., will be completed in May next. The second portion of this series will be the History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, Esq. F.R.S., F.L.S. In one volume, 8vo. Part I. will appear in June. Mr. Bell's work will be followed by a History of British Birds, in 2 vols.; a History of British Reptiles, 1 vol.; a History of British Crustacea, 1 vol.; and a History of British Zoophytes, 1 vol.

The Doctrine of Atonement and Sacrifice, evinced from the Scriptures, and confirmed from the Sacraments; Errors considered, and Difficulties of Theists and Infidels removed. By John Whitley, D.D., author of "The Scheme, &c. of Prophecy."

The Life of John Jebb, late Bishop of Limerick, &c. with a Selection from his Letters. By the Rev. C. Forster, B.D., formerly Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Jebb.

The Greek Pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. By M. J. Chapman, M.A.

The Reliques of Father Prout, late P. P. of Watergrasshill, in the county of Cork, Ireland. Collected and arranged by Oliver Yorke. Illustrated by Alfred Croquis.

The Elements of Latin Grammar for Schools. By Richard Hiley, author of an "English Grammar," &c.

The Dramatic Works of Thomas Middleton, now first collected. Edited, with Notes, &c., by the Rev. A. Dyce, B.A.

## NEW MUSIC.

*Classical Chamber Concerts, Willis's Rooms, St. James's.*

These concerts, supported by so much musical talent, and conducted by Mr. Mori, have had great success and crowded audiences of beauty and fashion. It would be impossible for us to enumerate all the splendid vocal and instrumental pieces that have been produced here with such *éclat*, and in such rapid succession. We recommend these musical treats to all who have souls for harmony, or good taste to appreciate excellence.

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## FINE ARTS.

*Switzerland, by* WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. &c. *Illustrated by a series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by* W. H. BARTLETT, Esq.

The twentieth number of this favourite of the public opens with a splendid view from the terrace of Château Wolfsberg, situate in the Canton of Thurgau. The effect of this engraving is really magical; the sunlight actually seems to exist, though no other medium is employed than black and white. We had no idea that so much power existed in the burin. "The Valley of Lauterbrun," though not so surprising, is a beautiful engraving of a romantic view; and the plate representing the city of Lucerne and its surrounding scenery leaves us nothing to wish for. In this engraving, the sky and distance are most delicately touched in. There is also the lake at the foot of the Blumlis Alp, a melancholy and solemn scene, which fills the spectator with a romantic awe. It is exquisitely engraved. The letter-press is written with Dr. Beattie's usual excellence, and completes the pictures that the artist has so well begun. Switzerland, with its stupendous scenery and romantic history, will now become as familiar to us as Primrose Hill is to the thorough-bred cockney. The unprecedented success of this periodical is a convincing proof of the really great fund of good taste actually existing among the British public. If they are sometimes indifferent to mediocrity, they are always alive to real excellence.

*The Last Man.*

This is a splendid engraving of an awful subject, by that Milton among painters, John Martin, and is dedicated to our national poet, Thomas Campbell, as a testimonial of the esteem in which his genius and character are held by the artist. It is powerfully engraved by Alfred Martin, Esq. The whole tone of this piece of art is sombre in the extreme. We see above heavy and black clouds, a veiled sun, and beneath a smouldering among the towers of a distant city, half smoke and half light. The "Last Man" sits disconsolate upon the jutting promontory of a savage rock, whilst the countless dead lie scathed around him. The light is well directed upon the principal figure, the attitude of which is good, and perfectly in character. This engraving is another trophy to the success of this poetical, though too mannered, artist.

*Stanfield's Coast Scenery. A Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other Picturesque Portions of the European Continent, from Original Drawings taken expressly for this Work,* by CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R. A. *Dedicated, by Permission, to the King.*

The eighth number is ushered in by a view of Ramsgate, full of life, and strikingly real. It is well engraved by Bentley. "Roque de Cuet" forms the subject of the next engraving; not so well engraved as the foregoing plate, but the scene itself has an extremely natural though desolate appearance. "Brading Harbour, Isle of Wight," is a master-piece, and the engraver has caught the fine spirit of the artist in this plate. The last view is that of "St. Michael's Mount, Normandy," from the west, and, even on this small scale, is a grand production. This periodical is becoming daily more popular, and is, to all intents and purposes, a national work —and deservedly.

***Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings by* STANFIELD, TURNER, CALLCOTT, R.A. *and other eminent Artists. Made from Original Sketches taken on the Spot, with Descriptions of the Plates,* by the REV. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D.**

"Jaffa," the ancient "Joppa," well designed, and engraved, is the first view of this, the twenty-third part. There is nothing particularly remarkable in this view, with the exception of the Moorish appearance of the town in the distance. "Samaria," the next plate, looks like a picture from the hand of one of the old masters, so complete is it, in what is technically called composition. 'Khonos," the ancient Colossa, has a sweetly romantic effect, and is beautifully engraved, with a combination of delicacy and astonishing force. "Patmos," is a view full of the most sublime interest, and replete with holy associations. This is one of the most valuable numbers that have yet been issued.

***Recollections of the Italian Opera,* 1835. By A. E. CHALON, Esq. R.A. *Drawn on Stone by* G. R. LANE, A.R.A.**

The name of Chalon will, at all times, be a warranty for excellence, and these recollections are some of his very best successes. The first is a portrait of "Giulia Grisi," in the character of Desdemona, with her lute, and the passion of musical rapture pervading every feature of her fine and upturned countenance, the recollection of the attitude, is perfect. The next portrait is that of "La Blauche," in the character of Faliero, an engraving of much force and beauty. In the third plate we again have Giulia Grisi, the personification of queenly dignity. We cannot say much for the attitude of Rubini in "Arturo," but a great deal for the skill of the artists who have so faithfully portrayed it. The plate that we best like, is that which represents Grisi and La Blauche playing together in the opera of "Il Puritani." The fidelity of the portraiture is exquisite. The other two are, respectively, remembrances of "Tambourini," and "Mademoiselle Taglioni," the latter, the very type of elastic and zephyr-like elegance. These performers, who are thus secure of an immortality, so long as the power of multiplied engravings may last, should be clamorous in their gratitude to Mr. Chalon; or, if he prefer something more solid than clamour, a piece of plate, or some other trifle of that sort, he has surely a right to expect.

***Illustrations of the New Testament, from Original Paintings, made expressly by* R. WESTALL, Esq. R. A. *and* JOHN MARTIN, Esq.; *with Descriptions by the* REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.**

The eight engravings, or rather wood-cuts in this number, are neither worse nor better than all those that have preceded them. We have always thought them to be beautiful designs, spoiled by a bad vehicle. It is useful for its cheapness, and may do well to bind up with the provincial bibles.

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## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

MR. C. H. ADAMS'S LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.—We have again to call the attention of the lovers of instructive amusement, and the admirers of the stupendous works of the Creator, to the Lent Lectures on Astronomy, assisted by his superb Orrery, annually given by Mr. ADAMS, at the Kings Theatre, Haymarket. This season, we understand, that he has several improvements and additions, that will give him a still further claim upon the patronage of the liberal-minded. We have so often expatiated upon these admirable lectures, that it would be useless for us to give a repetition of our arguments and recommendations. The lectures will be given every Wednesday and Friday throughout Lent, Good Friday excepted.

# THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The public, after having for upwards of three months been delighted and instructed by the prancing of horses, the glitter of tin, and the flare of blue fire, is now, *miserabile dictu*, once more reduced to the sad necessity of witnessing tragedy at Drury Lane. The crowded audiences that have attended the performances of *Othello* and the *Provost of Bruges* ought to convince Mr. Bunn that the love of legitimate acting and good writing has not yet passed away from the present generation. The drama ought to be a school of instruction as well as a place of amusement; yet managers should remember, it is not indispensable as either, and that whenever the amusement is less than that to be met with in the social circle, or instruction ceases to be one of its chief ends, the theatre will cease to attract the intelligent or respectable of society. The passion for theatricals is now strong, and only needs to be well directed to make it permanent.

Since our last notice a new tragedy, entitled the *Provost of Bruges*, has been brought out at this theatre. We have not room for an outline of the plot, which, of course, is laid in Flanders. The poetry is generally pleasing, sometimes exceedingly beautiful, particularly Bouchard's description of his wife in the first scene; and if it rarely rises into grandeur, never sinks into common-place; the sentiments expressed are noble, but the knowledge of human nature not intimate. The first thing that struck us in witnessing the effect of this drama on the audience was the truth of the axiom in respect to tragedy—that its essence is action. By a due adherence to this principle, the author, with somewhat less of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," than befits the majesty of Melpomene, has contrived to secure and, under some restriction, to deserve attention.

We do not believe there is another actor on the stage that could have rendered the *Provost of Bruges* so eminently successful as Mr. Macready has done, who, to say the truth, is the histrionic buttress of the building. The tender parental affection for his daughter, Constance, (Miss E. Tree,) exhibited by Bertulphe, was not merely seen in the father's caresses, but beamed in every line of Macready's face: his free, kind, and generous bearing towards his son-in-law, Bouchard, (Mr. Cooper,) was finely contrasted with the intensity of his hatred to Thanckmar, (Mr. Warde.) The struggle between the burning indignation of a lofty mind, and the overpowering fear of a father for his child's safety, when he is enthralled by the cob-web ligatures of a cool and crafty rascal, was at once well drawn and nobly represented. The scene in which Macready pourtrays the doting parent, having left his victorious troops, with his daughter in his arms, vainly endeavouring to discover some traces of his child's returning reason—the hope momentarily excited, as instantaneously dashed away, and ultimately restoring her to the attendants in utter despair, was one of the most touching and heart-rending things we ever witnessed. Although we object to the *finale* of the tragedy, yet we must do justice to Mr. Macready's dying scene; the calm insertion of the dagger beneath his cloak, in the presence of his mortal enemy, is well imagined, and his dying exclamations to the creatures of his feudal lord, that he is no serf, was finely conceived. If there be a fault in this performance, it is that Macready is sometimes too elaborate: his restlessness on the stage is occasionally offensive, and savours of trick. Miss E. Tree looked Constance remarkably well, but had little opportunity for powerful display. Messrs. Cooper, Warde, Diddear, and Brindall, (the latter of whom played the little he had to do in the first scene with great spirit,) supported Macready most efficiently, and altogether the tragedy was well got up, and deserves the public support for a limited period.

The performance of *Othello* at this theatre has been well attended, and deserves success from the acting. Mr. Macready took the part of Othello, Mr. Vandenhoff Iago, and Miss E. Tree Desdemona. Mr. Macready is uniformly less happy (Hamlet excepted) in Shakspeare than in the modern drama, probably from his commencement in a line of character, very different from Shakspeare, which has been properly termed the Romanesque; nevertheless his acting of Othello, although following Kean *longo intervallo*, has many beauties, and is an effective performance, but certainly not such as will collect the suffrages of critics generally. Mr. Vandenhoff's Iago is an exquisite piece of acting; he has adopted, we should think, G. F. Cooke and Henderson as models, in preference to Kean and C. Young, and that wisely. The love of power which Hazlitt said was another name for the love of

mischief, and which is the ruling passion of Iago, was finely developed by Vandenhoff. Instead of the undisguised, common-place malignant villain, to be deceived by whom would have disgraced a weak woman, generally presented on the stage, Mr. Vandenhoff overlays the character with apparent honesty—rough, home spun, sterling honesty—in his interviews with his victims, whilst when his real character bursts forth, he shows the indifferent philosophical demon, "who plots the ruin of his friends as an exercise for his ingenuity, and stabs men in the dark to prevent ennui." Vandenhoff's portrait of selfishness is so intense as to make us shudder, whilst his contempt for the confiding nature of the Moor, carries our ideas beyond the infirmities of humanity.

We have rarely derived so much gratification from any performance, as we have done from Mr. Vandenhoff's Iago. Miss E. Tree's Desdemona is—as it is impossible it should be otherwise—good, and yet not so good as her Emilia: and Mr. Cooper's Cassio just in that happy state, which renders praise flattery, and censure harshness. We must, however, protest against the part of Roderigo being turned into farce by Harley, whose dying scene actually produced laughter, and who is continually searching with his hands for his pockets, even though there happen to be none in his pantaloons. Why does not Mr. Bunn engage Edinburgh Jones, whose Roderigo called forth the praises of both Kean and Young?

Covent Garden.—In tragedy, *Venice Preserved* has been the stock piece of this theatre during the last month; and has been well sustained by Miss Faucit and Mr. C. Kemble. *The Stranger* was also revived, but as we did not see this piece of maudlin sentimentality, so we do not recommend others. We heartily rejoice to see Miss Romer at one of the great houses again, and congratulate Mr. Osbaldistone on having obtained her services—she is the first female singer on the stage, and is also a good actress: she appears shortly in *Fra Diavolo*. We trust the manager has by this time secured Mr. J. Barnett's new Opera, and so secured London from the disgrace of having the music of the first English composer produced at Paris. Miss Baillie's tragedy of *Separation* is announced. So long as the manager conducts this theatre with this spirit he will find the encouragement he merits.

The *Notre Dame* of Victor Hugo furnishes the subject of a new piece produced at this theatre, called *Quasimodo*. All previous attempts to dramatise this eccentric work have been eminently failures, nor is the present more successful: the truth is, it is impossible to realize on the stage the extraordinary fancies and unnatural scenes of this novelist. In this drama we have exquisite music and bad writing, most beautiful scenery and contemptible acting brought into hotch pot; and as usual, that which is bad predominating over the good, the impression on the mind of the auditor is any thing but satisfactory. The overture introduces Weber to us in a new and delightful style. The acting of Mr. George Bennett as Claude Frolles, kept us in a fearful state of suspense, lest he should rupture a blood vessel.

*Guy Mannering* has been revived here since our last, and successfully. Miss Romer taking the part of Julia Mannering, Miss Turpin Lucy Bertram, Mr. Collins Henry Bertram. The chief attraction was Miss Romer, who sung the little she had to do with great skill and good judgment; she introduced two new songs: she was very well received and much applauded. Miss Turpin was quite at home in her part, and sung delightfully; Mr. Rayner, who is unequalled in this character, played Dandy Dinmont, to the great satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Tilbury played our old friend the Domine badly, very badly. We rejoice to see this theatre fill so well. The Oratorio was very successful—so much so, as to make us regret the want of them during Lent.

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## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

There is nothing dispiriting in our view of the mercantile interests of the empire; the natural effect of sound judgment in our merchants, and the immense influence of our unbounded capital, enable the country to display a wonderful elasticity against the pressure of temporary distress, whether arising from unavoidable causes, or the effects of mismanagement. With the East, our trade is in a state of actual prosperity;

though with the West Indies, it is in a state of much disorder and uncertainty. The northern powers seem to have it all their own way; but, they will find, in endeavouring to grasp at too much, that they will inflict more hurt upon their own subjects, than upon the trading community of Great Britain. We have, as yet, reaped but little advantage from our reciprocity system. Our shipping interests have just now, considering our vessels as mere carriers, nothing to be remarkably proud of. At home, the iron trade is flourishing, and most of our manufactures are doing well; though the uttermost edges of society are, in most avocations, in a deplorable state—a result, perhaps, unavoidable, in an increasing and over-populous empire. England is steady yet, and perhaps better prepared for war, than any other civilized state, not even excepting America.

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## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

### On Thursday, 25th of February,

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 217, 218.—Consols for Account, 91 three-fourths.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 92 one-fourth.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 100 three-fourths.—Exchequer Bills, 21s.—India Bonds, 5s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, Five per Cent., 87.—Columbian, Six per Cent., 32 half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 three-fourths.—Portuguese, Five per Cent., 84 one-quarter—Spanish, (1834,) Five per Cent., 45 half.

MONEY MARKET.—The money market has had, this month, its usual fluctuations, the more violent of which have taken place in the Spanish securities. It would be to no purpose to record them. All the English securities have been remarkably firm. Money speculations have been principally directed towards the Railway Companies, the shares of most of which are at a premium. The above is a list of the prices of the funds on the 25th instant.

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## BANKRUPTS.

FROM JANUARY 26, TO FEBRUARY 19, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

*Jan.* 26.—J. Rickman, York Mews, Baker Street, St. Marylebone, livery stable-keeper.—T. B. Hanks, High Street, Newington Butts, linen draper.—A Stuart, Spread Eagle Court, Finch Lane, tailor.—R. Jones, Garfwn, Carnarvonshire, draper.—L. Rostron, Salford, Lancashire, and J. Rostron, Edenfield, manufacturers.—R. Dangerfield, Bromyard, Herefordshire, scrivener.—J. Freeman, Ipswich, Suffolk, woollen draper.—W. Hand, Molleston, Pembrokeshire, coal merchant.

*Jan.* 29.—J. Calthorp, Isleham, Suffolk, iron master.—S. B. Hemmer, Ely Place, merchant.—A. Lazarus, Chiswell Street, linen draper.—R. Thompson, Liverpool, coal merchant.—T. Becks, Manchester, provision dealer.—T. Brackstock, Manchester, cotton cloth manufacturers.—G. Wood, Loughborough, coal merchant.

*Feb.* 2.—E. Sargeant, Stamford, Lincolnshire, chemist.—W. Miles, West Ham, Essex, cattle salesman.—S. Lakeman, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, shipowner.—M. S. Schlesinger, Strand, merchant.—W. Pound, Long Acre, carriage lamp manufacturer.—J. W. Haines, Upper Street, Islington, linen draper.—W. Ritchie, Liverpool, baker.—J. Staley, Witney, Oxfordshire, druggist.—J. Speden, North Shields, spirit dealer.

*Feb.* 5.—S. Johnson, Addle Hill, licensed victualler.—J. Sillett, Yoxford, Suffolk, linen draper.—J. Carter, Paddington Green, builder.—E. Mumford, Jun., Ware, Hertfordshire, victualler.—C. S. Dixon, Aldersgate Street, bookbinder.—J. Hall, Liverpool, merchant.—I. Rosser, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, grocer.—T. Chappell, Leeds, cheese and bacon factor.—W. Cleaver, Banbury, Oxfordshire, victualler.—J. Smith, Spalding, Lincolnshire, corn merchant.—C. and J. Clark, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, wine merchants.—C. Balls, Tattingstone, Suffolk, carpenter.—T. Pugh, Shrewsbury, carpenter.

*Feb.* 9.—A. Goodrick, Edwards Street, Portman Square, dress maker.—J. Hadley, Abingdon, Berkshire, hemp manufacturer.—H. K. Cox, Knightsbridge, linen draper.—C. Millar, Bexley Heath, Kent, carpenter.—R. Sparrow, Sun Street, Bishopsgate Street Without, linen draper.—J. Williams, High Street, Islington, linen draper.—W. and C. Beaumont, Ember Mills, Thames Ditton, Surrey, millers.—W. Cole, Great Barlow Street, St. Marylebone, bricklayer.—W. Fly, Hearn Bay, Kent, bail-

der.—C. Green and J. Lees, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturers.—C. N. Wilson, Batley Carr, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, common brewer.—M. Pott, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, coach proprietor.

*Feb.* 12.—R. Jellicoe, Turnwheel Lane, Dowgate Hill, merchants.—W. Edwards, Fisher Lane, Greenwich, coal merchant.—M. and M. Wertheim, Friday Street, warehousemen.—J. Smith and J. Dawson, Halifax, Yorkshire, woolstaplers.—H. Holden, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, victualler.—E. Shipway, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier.—T. Waters, Christchurch, Monmouthshire, cattle salesman.—S. Herd, Appleby, Westmoreland, licensed victualler.—J., H. and J. Cox, sen., and W. Reed, Blackwall, Gateshead, Durham, paper manufacturers.—J. B. Jenkins, Maesteg, Glamorganshire, lime burner.—A. White, Cheltenham, cabinet maker.—J. Kerr, Manchester, merchant.—J. M. Fisher, Manchester, woollen draper.—J. Smith, Salford, Lancashire, victualler.—H. Hall, South Shields, Durham, ironmonger.

*Feb.* 16.—G. Cooper, Barbican, victualler.—P. F. Laporte, Haymarket, bookseller.—J. Hamilton, King Street, St. James's, wine merchant.—T. Brown, Watling Street, merchant.—J. Alsop, Glossop, Derbyshire, shopkeeper.—E. L. Ireland, Birmingham, factor.—J. Hadley, Cradley, Worcestershire, grocer.—C. Johnson, Northwich, Chester, boot dealer.—J. Colling, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter.—R. Miller, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, watchmaker.

*Feb.* 19.—J. Goldworthy, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, coal merchant.—W. Hodgkinson, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, furniture printer.—G. Coxe, Dark House Lane, Lower Thames Street, victualler.—M. Catlin, Blackman Street, Southwark, horse dealer.—C. Keenan, Berwick-upon-Tweed, linen draper.—E. Wilson, Lower Thames Street, cheesemonger.—F. Gamble, Gracechurch Street, provision merchant.—E. M. and A. M. Caddick, Manor Hall, Little Chelsea, boarding-house keepers.—G. Saffery, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, scrivener.—J. Tetlow, Manchester, house painter.—J. Uglow, Cheltenham, music seller.—T. C. Webb, Ilminster, Somersetshire, tea dealer.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1836. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. | | | | | |
| 23 | 54-43 | 29,73-29,38 | S.W. | ,05 | Generally clear, a few drops of rain in the aft. |
| 24 | 49-38 | 30,01-29,92 | S.W. | | Generally clear, a little rain in the afternoon. |
| 25 | 43-30 | 30,28-30,22 | S.W. | | Generally clear, except the morning. |
| 26 | 46-29 | 30,17-30,05 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy. [boisterous. |
| 27 | 46-35 | 30,01-29,84 | S.W. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, rain in morn. and even., wind |
| 28 | 49-38 | 29,73-29,42 | S.W. | | Gen. cloudy, except morn., rain during the aft. |
| 29 | 42-31 | 29,45-29,05 | W. b. S. | ,05 | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the aft. |
| 30 | 41-28 | 29,43-28,98 | W. b. N. | ,2 | Generally clear, wind boisterous. |
| 31 | 47-28 | 29,49-29,18 | W. b. S. & W. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morning. |
| Feb. | | | | | |
| 1 | 44-35 | 29,25-29,21 | W. b. S. | ,225 | Generally clear. |
| 2 | 40-28 | 28,98-28,65 | E. b. S. | | Raining generally from 9 A.M. till 7 P.M. |
| 3 | 39-32 | 29,32-28,83 | N. b. E. | ,525 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and even. |
| 4 | 39-31 | 30,01-29,65 | N.E. | ,225 | Cloudy, a little rain in the morning and evening. |
| 5 | 39-31 | 30,09-30,05 | N. b. E. | ,025 | Cloudy. |
| 6 | 39-28 | 29,91-29,90 | W. b. S. | | Generally clear, except the morning. |
| 7 | 48 33 | 29,85-29,73 | W. b. N. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and even. |
| 8 | 49-30 | 29,98-29,83 | S.W. | ,05 | General overcast, a little rain in the afternoon. |
| 9 | 51-41 | 29,95 29,84 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy. [hail about 6 P.M. |
| 10 | 50-43 | 29,87-29,65 | W. b. S. | | Gen. cloudy, rain in morn. and aftern., rain with |
| 11 | 40-30 | 30,23-29,91 | W. b. N. | ,225 | Generally clear. |
| 12 | 46-27 | 30,08-29,98 | W. b. N. | | Generally clear, except the morning. |
| 13 | 41-21 | 30,30-30,25 | N. b. W. | | Generally clear, except the evening. |
| 14 | 49-35 | 30,37-30,30 | W. | | Generally clear, except morn., few drops of rain. |
| 15 | 50-24 | 30,39-30,36 | S.W. | ,075 | Gen. clear, shower of rain during the morning. |
| 16 | 45-24 | 30,28-29,88 | S.W. | | Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even. |
| 17 | 37-25 | 29,84-29,83 | S.W. | | Morn. clear, cloudy, snow and rain during even. |
| 18 | 40-31 | 30,14 29,96 | N. | ,05 | Gen. cloudy, except aftern. clear and boisterous. |
| 19 | 37-26 | 30,24-30,18 | N. | | Generally clear, except the morning. |
| 20 | 36-16 | 30,34-30,25 | N. b. E. | | Generally clear. |
| 21 | 39-13 | 30,26 30,11 | W. b. S. | | Generally clear, except the evening. |
| 22 | 43-29 | 29,94-29,69 | S.W. | ,05 | Generally cloudy, with frequent rain. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. Fusael, of Nunney, Somerset, Edge-Tool Maker, for improvements in pumps. December 29th, 1835, 6 months.

J. Skinner, of Fen Court, in the city of London, Civil Engineer, for improvements in machinery for cutting wood for veneers, and other purposes. December 29th, 6 months.

J. Hyde, of Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancaster, Cotton Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for carding cotton and other fibrous substances. December 31st, 6 months.

P. Erard, of Great Marlborough Street, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, for certain improvements on piano-fortes and other keyed musical instruments, for the term of seven years, to be computed from the 22nd day of December, instant, being an extension of former letters patent for the aforesaid invention, granted to the said P. Erard, by His late Majesty King George the Fourth. December 31st.

J. Blyth, of the parish of St. Anne, Limehouse, Middlesex, Engineer, for an improved method of retarding the progress of carriages in certain cases. December 31st, 6 months.

T. L. Wright, of Sloane Street, in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cleansing, purifying, and preparing feathers and down for domestic uses, and in the process or method of effecting the same. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 31st, 6 months.

J. Champion, of Salford, in the county palatine of Lancaster, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning, twisting, and doubling cotton and other fibrous substances. January 6th, 6 months.

J. Ramsbottom, of Todmorden, in the county palatine of Lancaster, Mechanist, for certain improvements in machinery for roving, spinning, and doubling cotton and other fibrous substances. January 6th, 6 months.

W. Harter, of Manchester, Silk Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for winding, cleaning, drawing, and doubling hard and soft silk. January 8th, 6 months.

F. Brewin, of the Kent Road, Surrey, Farmer, for certain new and improved processes of tanning. January 11th, 6 months.

J. T. Slade, of Fitzroy Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain new or improved machinery for raising earth, and for other useful purposes. January 11th, 6 months.

J. W. Higham, of Tavistock Street, in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Middlesex, for an improved table for sharpening of razors, penknives, surgical instruments; chisels, plane irons, and other steel instruments which are capable of being sharpened by what are commonly called hones, Turkey stones, or Welsh stones. January 11th, 2 months.

J. B. Smith, of Salford, Lancaster, Cotton Spinner, and J. Smith, of Halifax, York, Dyer, for a certain method or methods of tentering, stretching, or keeping out cloth to its width, made either of cotton, silk, wool, or any other fibrous substances, by machinery. January 14th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of the Patent office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in Jacquard looms. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 19th, 6 months.

C. Brandt, of Upper Belgrave Place, Middlesex, Machinist, for certain improvements in heating, evaporating, and cooling fluids. January 19th, 6 months.

F. Moll, of Grove Lane Terrace, Camberwell, Surrey, esq., for improvements in preserving certain vegetable substances from decay. January 19th, 6 months.

C. Harsleben, of No. 95, Bold Street, Liverpool, in the county palatine of Lancaster, esq. for certain improvements in the machinery and arrangements for the use of propelling vessels and other floating bodies, as also carriages and other vehicles on rail roads as well as on the common roads, part of which machinery is also applicable to other purposes. January 19th, 6 months.

R. Bowie, of Bishopsgate Street Within, in the city of London, Surgeon, for

certain improvements in distillation and decoction, which improvements are more or less applicable to the heating of fluids of all descriptions, as also to the purification of oleaginous bodies both animal and vegetable. January 21st, 6 months.

J. Ferrabee, of the Trupp, in the parish of Stroud, Gloucester, Engineer, and R. Clyburn, of the same place, Engineer, for certain improvements in power looms. January 21st, 6 months.

W. Burch, of the Borough Road, Surrey, Calico and Silk Printer, for certain improvements in machinery for printing silk and cotton net or lace. January 23rd, 6 months.

J. Jeffreys, of Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, Middlesex, esq., for improvements in curing or relieving disorders of the lungs. January 23rd, 6 months.

H. Booth, of Liverpool, Lancaster, Gentleman, for improvements applicable to locomotive steam-engines, and rail-way carriages. January 23rd, 2 months.

H. Pickworth, the younger, of Sipson, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery for propelling vessels and other floating bodies moved by steam or other power. January 26th, 6 months.

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# HISTORICAL REGISTER.

## POLITICAL JOURNAL.—February, 1836.

House of Lords.—Feb. 4. This being the day appointed for opening the Parliamentary campaign for the present year, and it having been announced that his Majesty would attend in person, the House of Lords was, as usual, richly adorned by the fair sex, attired in their most expensive and dazzling dresses.

His Majesty having taken his seat upon the throne, and requested their Lordships to be seated, directed that the Commons should attend. The Usher of the black rod then withdrew to summon the Commons, who immediately, headed by the Speaker, attended at the bar.

That part of the house in the immediate vicinity of the throne, is greatly deficient in light, the chief light coming from two glass doors on each side at the rear of the throne. The want of light for the King to see to read his speech, was obvious, as soon almost as he had commenced.

His Majesty, however, proceeded to read the speech, with good emphasis, but occasionally, and, indeed, somewhat frequently, he was at a loss. Having read as far as the close of the paragraph ending with the reference to the increase in the estimates for the naval service, the librarian, Mr. Leary, brought a lighted taper to his Majesty.

His Majesty then addressing the Members of the Houses, said,

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I have been prevented, by not being able, from want of light, to read this speech in the manner I ought, to command your attention; but I trust that by now reading it again, I shall be able to call sufficiently your Lordships' attention and that of the Gentlemen of the House of Commons, to its various topics."—His Majesty then read the speech in a clear and distinct tone of voice, one of the officers of state holding the taper meanwhile.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is with great satisfaction that I again meet the great council of the nation assembled in Parliament. I am ever anxious to avail myself of your advice and assistance, and I rejoice that the present state of public affairs, both at home and abroad, is such as to permit you to proceed without delay or interruption to the calm examination of those measures which will be submitted to your consideration.

"I continue to receive from my allies, and generally from all foreign powers, assurances of their unalterable desire to cultivate with me those friendly relations which it is equally my wish to maintain with them: and the intimate union which happily subsists between this country and France is a pledge to Europe of the continuance of the general peace.

"Desirous on all occasions to use my friendly endeavours to remove causes of disagreement between other powers, I have offered my mediation in order to

compose the difference which has arisen between France and the United States. This offer has been accepted by the king of the French: the answer of the president of the United States has not yet been received; but I entertain a confident hope that a misunderstanding between two nations so enlightened and high-minded, will be settled in a manner satisfactory to the feelings and consistent with the honour of both.

"I have still to lament the continuance of the civil contest in the northern provinces of Spain. The measures which I have taken, and the engagements into which I have entered, sufficiently prove my deep anxiety for its termination; and the prudent and vigorous conduct of the present government of Spain inspires me with the hope that the authority of the Queen will soon be established in every part of her dominions; and that the Spanish nation, so long connected by friendship with Great Britain, will again enjoy the blessing of internal tranquillity and union.

"I have given directions that there shall be laid before you the treaty which I have concluded with the Queen of Spain for the suppression of the slave trade.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I have directed the estimates of the year to be prepared and laid before you without delay. They have been framed with the strictest regard to a well-considered economy.

"The necessity of maintaining the maritime strength of the country, and of giving adequate protection to the extended commerce of my subjects, has occasioned some increase in the estimates for the naval branch of the public service.

"The state of the commerce and manufactures of the United Kingdom is highly satisfactory. I lament that any class of my subjects should still suffer distress; and the difficulties which continue to be felt in important branches of agriculture may deserve your inquiry, with the view of ascertaining whether there are any measures which Parliament can advantageously adopt for the alleviation of this pressure.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have not yet received the further report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the state of the several dioceses of England and Wales. But I have reason to believe that their recommendations upon most of the important subjects submitted to them are nearly prepared. They shall be laid before you without delay, and you will direct your early attention to the Ecclesiastical Establishment, with the intention of rendering it more efficient for the holy purposes for which it has been instituted.

"Another subject which will naturally occupy you, is the state of the tithe in England and Wales; and a measure will be submitted to you, having for its end the rendering this mode of providing for the Clergy more fixed and certain, and calculated to relieve it from that fluctuation and those objections to which it has hitherto been subject.

"The principles of toleration by which I have been invariably guided, must render me desirous of removing any cause of offence or trouble to the consciences of any portion of my subjects, and I am therefore anxious that you should consider whether measures may not be framed, which, whilst they remedy any grievances which affect those who dissent from the doctrines or discipline of the Established Church, will also be of general advantage to the whole body of the community.

"The speedy and satisfactory administration of justice is the first and most sacred duty of a Sovereign, and I earnestly recommend you to consider whether better provisions may not be made for this great purpose in some of the departments of the law, and more particularly in the court of chancery.

"I trust that you will be able to effect a just settlement of the question of tithe in Ireland upon such principles as will tend at length to establish harmony and peace in that country.

"You are already in possession of the report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the state of the Municipal Corporations in Ireland, and I entertain a hope that it will be in your power to apply to any defects and evils which may have been shown to exist in those institutions, a remedy founded upon the same principles as those of the Acts which have already passed for England and Scotland.

"A further report of the Commission of Inquiry into the condition of the poorer classes of my subjects in Ireland will speedily be laid before you. You will approach this subject with the caution due to its importance and difficulty; and the

experience of the salutary effects already produced by the act for the amendment of the laws relating to the poor in England and Wales may in many respects assist your deliberations.

"I rely upon your prudence and wisdom, and upon your determination to maintain as well as to amend the laws and institutions of the country: and I commit those questions of domestic policy to which I have deemed it my duty to direct your attention into your hands, persuaded that you will so treat them as to increase the happiness and prosperity, by promoting the religion and morality, of my people."

His Majesty then retired.—The Lord Chancellor and Lord Langdale took their oaths and their seats, and the house adjourned till five o'clock, when the Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack, and read the King's speech, which having been again read by the clerk at the table, the Duke of Leinster rose and moved the address, which was seconded by the Earl of Burlington. The Duke of Wellington addressed their Lordships, and proposed an amendment, which was agreed to, and their Lordships adjourned.

Feb. 5. The Earl of Shaftesbury, for Lord Denman, presented a bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishment in certain cases, which was read a first time. Several of their lordships then proceeded to St. James's with the address in answer to his Majesty's speech from the throne.—On the motion of the Earl of Shaftesbury the house adjourned till Monday.

Feb. 8. Lord Duncannon, in moving the re-appointment of the Committee on the new Houses of Parliament, stated that four plans had been selected, and that the Commissioners would shortly be in a situation to make a report on the subject. The Lord Chancellor presented his Majesty's answer to their Lordship's address, and then moved for some returns relating to the business of the court of chancery, preparatory to the introduction of measures for remedying the evils that exist in that court.—Adjourned.

Feb. 9. A conference with the Commons was agreed to, on the subject of printing the parliamentary journals. The Duke of Cleveland and Mr. Hume respectively conducted the conference on the part of the two houses. The Earl of Winchilsea moved for a return of the various commissions of inquiry, that had passed the great seal. On the motion of the Marquis of Salisbury, and after some discussion, a return was ordered of all persons who had been appointed on the commission of the peace since January, 1835, without previous application to the Lord Lieutenant or Custos Rotulorum of their county.—Adjourned.

Feb. 10. A few petitions were presented, and the report on the Capital Punishments Amendment Bill was received, after which their Lordships adjourned.

Feb. 12. The Marquis of Londonderry moved for returns of all the warlike stores, clothing, accoutrements, congreve rockets, and artillery sent out from this country for the use of the Queen of Spain; also for an account of the naval stores forwarded for the same purpose, together with their value, and the names, rank, and numbers of all the officers on half-pay in this country now in the service of the Queen of Spain.—The motion was agreed to. The Lord Chancellor subsequently brought in a bill to alter and amend the proceedings in the various Ecclesiastical courts, and to consolidate those courts themselves.—Adjourned.

Feb. 15. A conference was held with the Commons on the manner of engrossing bills before Parliament; and the Earl of Shaftesbury, who managed the conference on the part of the Lords, gave notice that he would shortly move that the subject be referred to a select committee. Lord Wharncliffe presented two petitions complaining of agricultural distress.—Adjourned.

Feb. 16. Petitions were presented by the Earl of Liverpool, praying an inquiry into the causes of agricultural distress; by Earl Fitzwilliam, for the equalization of duties on East and West India sugar; and by Lord Denman in favour of the claims of Mr. Buckingham,—Adjourned till Thursday.

Feb. 18. Lord Wynford moved for a committee to inquire into the causes of the distressed state of agriculture, adopting for the terms of his motion the language of the Commons' resolution on that subject. After some discussion the motion was agreed to, and the committee appointed. The Marquis of Londonderry reverted to the case of twenty-seven Englishmen who had been seized in Spain, and, contrary to the law of nations, sent on board ship.

Feb. 19. The Marquis of Londonderry moved for the correspondence that had taken place between our government and that of Madrid, relative to the liberation of the twenty-seven Carlist officers so long imprisoned, and still remaining, in the

castle of Corunna.—The motion was agreed to; and, after the appointment of a select committee on the proposed alteration in the mode of engrossing acts of Parliament, their Lordships adjourned till Monday.

House of Commons.—Feb. 4. The Speaker entered the House shortly before two o'clock, at which time there was a considerable attendance of members on both sides of the House —Sir A. Clifford, the Usher of the Black Rod, appeared at two o'clock, and summoned the immediate attendance of the House in the House of Peers. The Speaker resumed the chair at four o'clock.—After some members had been sworn in, some new writs moved for, and a great variety of notices given, the House proceeded to take the King's speech into consideration.—Sir J. Wrottesley moved, and Mr. Parker (of Sheffield) seconded the Address. The amendment was rejected on a division, the numbers being—For the original motion, 284; for the Amendment, 243; leaving a majority of 41 in favour of ministers. The House then adjourned.

Feb. 5. Several notices of motions were given, among which was one by Mr Sharman Crawford for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland; one by Mr. Divett for the disfranchisement of the borough of Stafford; and two by Mr. Poulter and Mr. Hardy—the one to prevent intimidation, and the other bribery, at elections. A good deal of desultory conversation arose upon the motion for agreeing to the standing orders, but no result of importance ensued.—Mr. Ewart afterwards moved that no new business, except of a formal nature, should be entered upon after 11 o'clock.—Mr. O'Connell contended for the advantage of daily instead of nightly sittings.—Mr. Hume expressed an opinion, that all private business should be removed from the House of Commons, as the only means of affording time for that of a public nature.—This observation called up Sir Robert Peel, who exposed, in a very striking manner, the injury that could not fail to arise from the total change in the arrangement of parliamentary proceedings, without which Mr. Hume's plan must be altogether inoperative. The Right Hon. Baronet opposed the motion, which, on a division, was rejected by a majority of 233 to 51. Sir John Wrottesley then brought up the report on the Address in answer to the King's Speech, and a debate of considerable interest took place with reference to the affairs of Spain.—Mr. Fector, Mr. Grove Price, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Palmerston, Lord Mahon, and several other Members, took part in the discussion.—The report was at length agreed to without a division.—Adjourned.

Feb. 8.—Lord John Russell declined giving a general answer to a question as to the measures of Church Reform contemplated by Government, but said that the subject of pluralities and non-residence would certainly be included in them.—Lord John Russell then brought forward his motion for a Select Committee to inquire into agricultural distress. After a discussion of some length a Committee was appointed, consisting of the following Members:—Lord J. Russell, Sir R. Peel, Sir J. Graham, Mr. S. Lefevre, Marquis of Chandos, Mr. Cayley, Mr. G. Heathcote, Mr. A. Sandford, Mr. E Denison, Sir. E. Knatchbull, Lord Stanley, Mr. W. Miles, Earl of Lincoln, Mr. C. A. Pelham, Sir R. Price, Mr. R. Clive, Lord Francis Egerton, Sir W. Molesworth, Lord Howick, Mr. G. Evans, Mr. Cooper, Mr. W. Gordon, Mr. S. Herbert, Mr. Bingham Baring, Mr. P. Thompson, Mr. Ord, Mr. Clay, Mr. Handley, Mr. Morrison, Mr. J. Loch, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Young, Mr. M. Attwood, and the O'Connor Don.

Feb. 9.—Lord J. Russell moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the Commutation of Tithes in England and Wales. Leave was given to bring in the Bill.

Feb. 10.—Several petitions for private Bills, and a few upon matters of a public nature, were presented.—The sum of 26,520,550*l.* was voted in Supply to pay off outstanding Exchequer Bills.—On the motion of Mr. Ewart, the committee on arts and manufactures was nominated, after some discussion, in the course of which, the imparliality of his selection was questioned and defended.

Feb. 11.—Colonel Bruen presented a petition from certain electors of the county of Carlow, praying for inquiry into the circumstances connected with the election of Messrs. Raphael and Vigors.—Mr. O'Connell declared himself ready to second the motion for a committee to inquire into his conduct. Having supported inquiry in the case of other persons, he would not resist it in his own.—Mr. Hardy presented a petition from Bath, to the same effect as the petition from Carlow.—Mr. Hardy's motion for the committee of Inquiry was deferred till the 16th.—Permission was given to Captain Pechell to bring in a Bill to protect the British Fisheries, after the gallant member had very forcibly represented the aggressions exercised by French

vessels, in our own seas, upon our own fishermen.—The other business was unimportant, and the House adjourned at nine o'clock.

Feb. 12.—Several Bills for the construction of railroads were read a first time.—Lord J. Russell then moved for leave to bring in two Bills, the one for the establishment of a general registration of births, marriages, and deaths; and the other on the subject of the celebration of marriages, with a view to satisfy the prejudices of the Dissenters.—After a short discussion, leave was given to bring in the Bill.

Feb. 15.—Mr. C. Buller presented a petition from Mr. Vigors, praying for inquiry into the late election proceedings in the county of Carlow. It was received, and ordered to be printed.—Adjourned.

Feb. 16.—Mr. Hardy on renewing the discussion upon the petitions relating to the Carlow election, contended that the transaction of Mr. O'Connell with Mr. Raphael was distinctly in its character a bargain, and he challenged the Attorney-General to say whether he had ever witnessed a more complete bargain than this appeared to be.—Mr. O'Connell declared that the resolution was an exceedingly paltry one, and did not extend to the inquiry which he demanded.—Mr. Warburton moved, as an amendment, that the committee proposed by Mr. Hardy should inquire into the manner in which the 2,000*l.* paid to Mr. O'Connell had actually been expended.—The motion was eventually carried, amended as proposed by Mr. Warburton.

Feb. 17.—Mr. Ewart moved the second reading of the Prisoners' Defence by Counsel Bill, stating that the grounds on which he had urged the Bill last session induced him to press it forward this session.—Sir E. Wilmot moved as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—After some discussion, there was a division on it. The numbers were—for the second reading, 179; against it, 35; majority in its favour, 144.—It was then ordered to be referred to a Select Committee.—Returns of the sums issued for public works in Ireland were ordered to be laid before the House.—Adjourned.

Feb. 18.—Mr. Wakley presented a petition complaining that the proposed charter for a Metropolitan University was to limit degrees to those educated in the London University and the King's College.—Lord Morpeth moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law regarding the appointment, &c. of the constabulary force in Ireland. The motion was agreed to.—Mr. Ward called attention to the report of last session on the mode of taking the divisions of the House, and moved resolutions in some degree in accordance with its recommendations, to have clerks to note the names while the tellers were counting, &c. After an extended conversation, in the course of which Sir R. Peel said he had no objection to the proposition by way of experiment, the resolutions were agreed to.—Lord Morpeth, in the course of the evening, gave notice that on the 25th inst., he would move for leave to bring in the Tithes (Ireland) Bill.

Feb. 19.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for a copy of the Treasury minute, recording the recent resignation by Viscount Sidmouth of the pension enjoyed by his Lordship for his public services. The motion was agreed to amidst loud cheers.—The Turnpike Roads Consolidation Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee.—Lord Dudley Stuart then rose to move for copies of the Treaty of Constantinople, the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, and the Treaty of St. Petersburg, distinguishing their dates; and also for copies of any correspondence between this government and the government of Russia relative to those treaties, and of any remonstrance against the conduct of the Russian government in reference to her treatment of Poland.—After an extended debate, the granting of the two papers was adopted, and the motion as regarded the others was negatived.—Adjourned.

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*Married.*—At Great Marylebone Church, the Right Hon. Lord Colchester, to the Hon. Elizabeth Susan Law, second daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Ellenborough.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Christopher Town, jun., Esq., of Weald Hall, Essex, to the Right Hon. Lady Sophia Cust, eldest daughter of the Earl Brownlow.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, the Rev. John Bathurst Schomberg, Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, and Rector of Belton, in the County of Suffolk, to Margaret Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Ashworth, Esq., of Bryanston Square.

*Died.*—At Chelsea, after a few days' illness, the Lady Frances Wright Wilson, only surviving sister of the Marquis of Ailesbury.

At Clapham, in his 90th year, John Gillies, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. &c. Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland.

At Bath, in the 71st year of his age, Commissary-General Sir William Henry Robinson, K.C.H.

At Broadgate, the Rev. Charles Davie, Rector of Heanton Punchardon, and Prebendary of the Cathedral of Exeter, in the 21st year of his age.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1836.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Present Position and Prospects of the British Trade with China.* By James Matheson, Esq. of the Firm of Jardine, Matheson, and Co.

We entreat for this perspicuous, well-enforced, and argumentative work, the attention of all those who either participate in the prosperity, or take a pride in the honour, of their country. Mr. Matheson—than whom no person has more authentic information upon this subject—treats it as becomes a British merchant, nor does he in a single instance, in upholding the high character of the British empire, sacrifice an interest, or compromise an advantage that the mere lucre-seeking already possess. But these interests are rapidly deteriorating; these advantages, few and insignificant as they are, are on the eve of disappearing before the arrogance and the ignorance of a few of the most ignoble of a horde of polished barbarians, because, as yet, the British government has not shown sufficient spirit to resent insult, or to avenge injury. The Chinese have already, in a multitude of cases, given us those just and ample grounds of complaint, which, if not completely atoned for, afford us the most undoubted justification of hostilities. Though it may be right, and, as far as honour is concerned, most imperative to fight, it is not always most politic; for, however we may despise pusillanimity, we cannot always condemn it. But happily, in our misunderstanding with the Chinese, the path of honour is the high road to interest; and war, or a demonstration of war, (for it would go no farther,) instead of being the harbinger of countless evils, would be the precursor of infinite good, both to the aggrieved and the aggressors. All this Mr. Matheson has shown with a force and precision that is absolutely logical. We are happy to find that the cry for redress is gaining ground, it is hourly becoming more loud; and it will no longer suffer disregard through the apathy of officials, or be beaten down by the voice of money-getting authority; it will increase until it reaches those inhospitable shores that are dark with the opprobrium of an official assassination on the person of a systematically murdered envoy, who came to them with the gallant bearing of a hero, offered them amity, advantage, and honour; which they met with baseness, cowardice, and studied insult. There is, at present, a blot on England's escutcheon—it may be now washed out by firmness; and yet, but a little while, and blood must do that which the proud bearing, and the appearance of the just indignation of a great empire might now

perform. Earnestly do we entreat of all classes, to make themselves fully acquainted with this work. The question cannot be passed by; it has become national; and there is no small debt of gratitude due to Mr. Matheson for having so strenuously advocated it, not only as a merchant and a politician, but also as a genuine Englishman, who cannot forget that he had ancestors, who never quietly put up with a public wrong, nor let pass unrevenged a national insult.

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*The Devoted.* By the Authoress of the "Disinherited," "Flirtation," &c. &c. 3 Vols.

This earnestly-written and elegant production is deserving of consideration on many accounts We think that it is constructed after a bad model, but the execution is so bright, and so rich with various beauties, that the defect which we have alluded to, if defect it be, is thus more than compensated for. The "Devoted" is a mixture of the three classes of novels that are generally denominated fashionable, romantic, and evangelical. The romance of this production is represented by a character named Delamere: all the *dramatis personæ* nearly, support its pretensions to fashion; and the pious, handsome, self-denying clergyman, much too good to be happy in this wicked world, and the various calls to the reader to turn from his or her erring ways to repentance, vindicate its title to the evangelical. There is a proud old Tory peer, an excellently pourtrayed character and in the chastest keeping throughout, to whom his pride is the one thing needful, having been fashionably wicked in his younger days, even to the connivance at murder, has one daughter who, like that of Jephthah, the judge of Israel, is "passing fair," and, like himself, most surpassingly proud. She falls in love with the good young man, the beautiful clergyman, St. Aubyn, who is the second brother to the Marquis of Fitzarlington, which marquis she marries very prudently, loving on the personified perfection very naughtily, until, in a very short time, she loses her husband, her child, her health, and her life, the divine becoming, of course, the inheritor of the very title and estate for which she had bartered her principles and her peace of mind. That is the principal incident; yet, on our veracity, we do not know whether the heroine gives the title to the work, and is to be looked upon as the "devoted," or that wild, graceless, Byronic scamp, Delamere, who leads on the second division of the tale. Now, the etiquette-loving Lord Altamont, of whom we have just made honourable mention, in one of his pardonable early peccadilloes, made love to this Delamere's mother, entangled her affections, and then, in a very fraternal sort of manner, made her over, with all her good points, to his own brother—all, of course, in a perfectly honourable manner. After this transfer, Lord Altamont, on purpose to gratify a natural vanity, suffers the character of his brother's wife to be calumniated and her name to be infamously coupled with his own, without taking the least steps to rescue her from this opprobrium; the consequence is, that she dies, and that Delamere *devotes* all his life, all his energies, to revenge this crime upon his uncle; but this passion moves on in jerks and fits, restrained in its otherwise rapid course by another passion, for his cousin, the Lady Elizabeth, who trifles with him as she does with the clergyman. Delamere does all the romance or melodrame of the three volumes. He is one of those diabolical angels that are so commonly to be met with in novels—a mass of contradictions—a thing at once to be loved and hated. With the face of a demigod, he has a clubbed foot and a withered limb; with the magnanimity of a hero, he is as weak and as pettish as my lady's pug; but still, who can help loving

him since he is the most excellent of equestrians, the sublimest of poets, the profoundest of astronomers, the most commanding and persuasive of orators? After all, we think him rather a failure, and all that he does in the novel is, to alarm evening parties, frighten his cousin, torment his sister, break the heart of a maid-of-all-work at an inn, and, finally, to lecture his poor, imbecile, and broken-down uncle, the once proud and magnificent Lord Altamont. Of course, we need not tell the reader, that Lady Fitzarlington, on her death-bed, sends for the parson, now my lord, and makes him promise to marry this poor tormented sister after a due lapse of time; he obeys, has a large family, to which the genius, Delamere, becomes a sort of dry nurse. Such are the outlines of the story. The filling up, as we have before observed, is sometimes beautiful, always respectable. The general tone of the language is elegant, nor is the narrative without occasional impassioned bursts of eloquence—it is a clever work.

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*The Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man Considered.* By Edward Meryon, F.R.C.S., &c.

The ends which Mr. Meryon has proposed to himself in this well-written work, we conceive to be the vindication of the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation of man, which necessarily implies that we are all originally of one stock. The question has been ably, notwithstanding that it has been somewhat loosely, argued by the author. He, first of all, adopting the latest and most approved system of the geologists, traces this terraqueous globe back into its probable existence as a mighty mass of vapour, no parts of which were sufficiently cooled down to admit of anything breathing to exist. He then leads the reader through the long process of the earth gradually attaining that marshy solidity fit only for those immense reptiles that can exist but in a high temperature, and amidst the most luxuriant and gigantic vegetation. He then traces in the first improvements of the earth's crust higher orders of animals, until at length he shows how this world was fitted for the perfection of animalization in the creation of man. Certainly all this tallies but little with the account we find in Genesis, where we find that the earth was, from a state of chaos, rapidly brought into perfection, and the lower animals called into existence almost instantaneously. Here we think that the author has made an admission and an omission that much weaken his succeeding arguments, when he wishes to prove us all of Jewish origin. He has told us nothing of the probability of a pre-Adamite world fit, perhaps, for most sorts of animals, but which was destroyed by some mighty convulsion, which again reduced it to chaos, from which state the plastic hand of the Deity remodelled it into the state we now find it, and the only state since its existence that fitted it for the habitation of man. This, we conceive, is the only method of removing the difficulty. We then must come to this conclusion, that the pre-Adamite world was formed, with all its existing living beings, by the operation of natural causes, that greatest, but the most undeviating of miracles, and that the actual world, with man and the present race of animals, were produced by the actual, visible, and miraculous interference of the Deity himself. This would reconcile geology and fossil remains with the records of Scripture, without this, there will ever be an insuperable contradiction. The other division of his subject, Mr. Meryon has argued not only acutely and well, but eloquently, for he has ably condensed his facts, and given to every incident its full weight, and no more. The book is altogether delightful reading, and is a beautiful concentration of the astounding phenomena of man and his

dominion, and a noble assurance of the principles of our faith. In it the reader will find the pith of huge tomes, and the learning and discovery of the scattered many, brought, as it were, into one focus of light that makes everything clear and consistent. The world is indebted to the author for this production; and, whilst we know that it will be looked upon as the triumph of the Christian philosopher, we are sure that even the infidel will not refuse it the tribute of his admiration.

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*Reports of Lectures on Morality, as Modified by the various Classes into which Society is divided: delivered at the Chapel, South Place, Finsbury.* By W. J. Fox.

These lectures are clever, but, as society is now constituted, of a very subversive tendency. Indeed, if the author had called his book the "immorality of the various classes of society," it would have been much better named. But, unfortunately, Mr. Fox and the members of these various classes will be ever at issue as to what is and what is not immorality. For example, there are several noble lords whom it would be hard to convince that they were living in a state of continued immorality, because they presume still to enjoy their titles and their wealth, which were, in the first place, derived from the lust of a debauchee king or the perfidy of a betrayer of his country. Nor are they. We must uphold the various ranks of society, and insist on the permanence of gradations among men, not inquiring too nicely into private and merely individual abuses, but maintaining boldly the general system in which only can be found order, security, and the greatest degree of happiness to all. Mr. Fox has been so gratuitously severe upon the aristocracy, that had he not been equally caustic upon other classes of society, we should have supposed that he had published his lectures merely to excite the popular clamour against the noble of the land, and thus lend another impetus to the advance of revolutionary principles. The author is evidently one of those whom we may justly call "Purists;" a most intelligent one, certainly; but preaching up these ultra doctrines of perfection is only a covert method of preaching down our social institutions; and of this we feel fully convinced, that were the perfection of purism established universally in this world only for one day, there would be no one induced to live in it the next, such a miserable world would this quackery have made it.

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*Titus Vespasian, the Father of his Country: a Drama, from the Italian of Metastasio; with other Poems.* By James Ford, M.D.

This is a free but a very happy translation, and evinces considerable poetical skill. In a short preface the author deprecates or defies criticism:—he may do either, for he need not fear it, nor, perhaps, will he excite it, in any great degree, as he has produced his work in a manner so humble and unpretending. There is much in the costume of a well got up book, as a passport into good society. The sonnets and the minor poems that follow in the train of Titus Vespasian are of a very superior order, and show that Dr. Ford has cultivated the muse of imagination no less successfully than that of science. We really wish to see this work brought out in a new edition and in a more imposing form. There are but few selections of poetry that have lately been published of a merit equal to this.

*A few Remarkable Events in the Life of the Rev. Josiah Thompson, a Secession Minister, showing the Evil Effects of Voluntary Churches, and the Secession Church in the North of England in particular.* By NATHAN OLIVER, Esq.

This is a very excellent, as well as a very humorous satire upon the principle of voluntary churches, which principle is, drolly enough, incarnated in the singular person of Josiah Thompson. We have him from his youth upwards, and a more despicable character, notwithstanding it is so ludicrous, cannot be conceived. His subserviency to all, and his excessively mean servility to those, particularly, who have it in their power to starve him into degradation and shabbiness, are pourtrayed with a fidelity that, at first view, must be allowed to be unquestionable. When people are required to buy their own religion, they will, first of all, go to the cheapest market, and ultimately, to none at all. It is not just to instance the well-working of the voluntary principle in America, for this simple reason, that it has not yet worked long enough; and that, just now, there is a spirit of competition among the different forms of faith, that tends, as yet, to keep religion, or the profession of it, a little longer in existence. It will be found that, acting on the voluntary principle, man will treat his faith, as did the daughters of Lear, the outcast king, when they were enabled to apply the voluntary principle to their filial hospitality. We can conceive nothing more wretched, nothing more sordid, nothing alternately more subversive to religion and morality, for a congregation, than first to degrade their spiritual pastor into a despicable, beggarly sycophant, and then to cast off to utter helplessness their own creation. That such, in general, would be the consequence, who can doubt? We see, in this principle, a total change in the natural order of things; for the sheep would certainly become the monitors, the keepers, and the controllers of their pastors, and silly sheep, in the end, if not lost ones, they would assuredly prove themselves. The quiz in this work is admirably conceived, and felicitously maintained throughout. We see that the author has borrowed a very droll incident from one of "Colman's Broad Grins," that of the shirtless person, which is exceedingly applicable, and what would be often likely to ensue. There is no more efficient method of attacking religion than through the respectability of its ministers, and the contempt thrown upon the preacher will not be long in extending itself to the doctrine. Independently of its merits as a witty, literary composition, we recommend this work to a general perusal on much higher grounds; for truly it proves that not only are the interests of religion assaulted all over the empire, but insidious enemies are undermining the very citadel of Christianity.

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*Lowenstein, King of the Forests. A Tale.* By JANE ROBERTS, Author of "Two Years at Sea." 2 Vols.

To those who can re-enter into their early feelings of happiness, and retrace their steps to where nature offered them the greatest, as it always does the purest and the most permanent enjoyment, this tale will be a treat of the highest order. The gentle authoress leads us quietly, yet delightfully, through sylvan scenes, rich in all the majestic beauties of the German forest, and makes us acquainted with natures, simple, sweet, and enchanting. In many respects, this work has all the happy repose, and the subdued enthusiasm, of the pastoral poem. But, though the surface of her narrative is so pure and so unruffled, the under current

*An Address to the Landlords of Ireland, on Subjects connected with the Melioration of the Lower Classes.* By MARTIN DOYLE, Author of "Hints to Small Farmers," "Irish Collegian," &c.

This little tract is written in the spirit of true philanthropy, and contains as much good sense, as it does excellent feeling. Mr. Doyle has descanted on a subject, with all the bearings of which he is fully acquainted. It is evident that the remedies for Ireland's miseries cannot originate with the peasantry themselves; they are absolutely helpless, and what is still worse, and the fatal consequence of that helplessness, they are reckless. All that is above and around them is inimical to their interest, in deadly opposition to their well-being; and their worst foes are their pseudo-friends—the agitators and the priests. If there be a remedy for all this, Mr. Doyle has pointed it out, but it will never, it can never come into operation whilst these agitators and priests are influenced by the usual human passions, cravings, and lust of power. The author's remedy is a remedy of sacrifices. But who will make them? The already impoverished proprietor, or the absentee landlord? And is it not also apparent that the power of the Catholic priesthood is in the same ratio as the excess of the pauper population; and the pauper population with the general misery and destitution of the country? But if Mr. Doyle's treatise has influenced one single landlord to endeavour at the well-being of his tenantry—if he has instilled juster notions into one single middle-man, his book has not been written in vain, and he deserves well of his country.

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*The Messiah, a Poem, in Six Books.* By the Rev. R. MONTGOMERY, Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," &c. Fifth Edition.

The public voice kindly spares us the not unpleasing task of commenting upon this popular poem. The words "fifth edition" is a sentence that the author has a just right to put in as an answer to any cavil of his contemporary critics. That we have not been the most ardent admirer of Mr. Mongomery's poetry, we freely confess; and, if in this matter of taste we are in the minority, it will be a lesson of humility for us, that we trust we shall read aright. We have so much respect for the subject, that we can have but little for the poem that attempts to commemorate it—feeling as we do, that it is almost beyond the scope of human genius to commemorate it fitly. We will therefore speak only of the mechanical manner in which this edition is got up, which is really produced in the very best style, and does credit to all concerned in it. The character of the binding must be particularly acceptable to the fair sex, being at once elegant and chaste.

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*Songs of Granada, and the Alhambra, with other Poems.* By LYDIA B. SMITH, of the Down House, Dorset, Author of "English Melodies," and other Musical Compositions.

Verily, this is a generation deaf to the sweet voice of poetry, and too frequently as ungallant as deaf. The gentle and the graceful Lydia, of Down House, Dorset, calls to it—and we hope that the call will not be answered either with a silent inattention, or cool indifference, for the call is made in some of the blandest accents that ever echoed across the pleasant waters of Helicon. The energy, the fire of the exalted muse we

certainly do not find in her elegant volume, but it contains much to please, to soothe, and to captivate. Her songs, as perforce they must, treat almost wholly of love and war; the love she has made almost as glorious as triumphant battle, and her war, she has treated with the womanly delicacy and the fascination that usually spring from love. She has thrown the graceful robe of romance over the murderer god, and he makes his *entrée* courteously, and as a pleasant and amiable knight. We are of opinion that these songs will become great favourites, and that the composers of music, and the discomposers of our ears, will be eager to avail themselves of them, in order that their gentle sentiments, and musical rhythms, may make harmonious our admiring drawing-rooms. Though we like these lyrics, yet we do not wish our praise to be excessive. They are not of a high order, but they are very complete of their kind. They are specimens of lady-poetry—poetry that wantons round, and hangs upon, the heart, but rarely enters it.

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*The Book of Flowers.* By Mrs. Hall.

This is a very beautifully executed work, and may well rank as the younger sister of the Book of Gems. The binding, the plates, and the clear style in which the numerous flowers are coloured, leave us nothing to wish for in this splendid work. The plan of the book is this: all the most popular, and the most beautiful, of those productions of the soil that have been so appropriately denominated earth stars, are first delineated graphically by the hand of the artist; we have then its botanical description, which is followed by some poetical allusion to the symbol for which it stands in the imaginative world, and then a sentiment, which is always some verse appropriate to the flower, frequently from the works of the greatest poets of which England can boast. Nor is this all; for the sentiment is frequently followed by an answer. It is hardly possible to conceive a more pleasingly constituted publication, or one that may be taken up with so much pleasure and advantage on any occasion, when other amusements may fail, or conversation flag. Thus it becomes, if not a necessary appendage to a drawing-room, a most instructive and ornamental one, and for a book of reference, in order to search for pretty sayings upon those very pretty things, flowers, it is unequalled.

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*A Guide up the Rhine from London, by Rotterdam, &c., describing every Place and Object worthy of Notice in each Route.* By Francis Coghlan, Author of "Guides to London," "The Coast," &c. &c.

It appears that Mr. Coghlan has been the prolific author of guides, and that all his offspring are in a healthy and thriving condition. Of the one before us we can testify, as it contains much necessary information, condensed in a very small compass. He takes the traveller by two routes, either through Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam, Ostend, Brussels, and Cologne, or by Dover, Calais, Brussels, and Antwerp, describing every place and object worthy of note in each route. In addition to this, there is ample information on the vexatious subject of steam-packets, and diligence fares, and passports, with lists of all probable expenses, and the usual charges for refreshment at hotels, so that the traveller cannot very well be cheated, except it be by his own vanity. We don't know whether

this pounds, shillings, and pence information be not the very best part of the book. Sights, antiquities, and the other avowed purposes of travelling, will be found naturally enough, and give much pleasure in the pursuit, but we want at our elbow a friend like Mr. Coghlan, or Mr. Coghlan's book, to prevent us being overreached by a rascally postmaster, or overcharged by an hotel-keeper, with the conscience of a horse-leech, the rapacity of a wolf, and the impudence of a jackdaw.

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*The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Version, illustrated by many Hundred Wood-cuts, representing Historical Events, after the most celebrated Pictures; the Landscape Scenes from Original Drawings, or from Authentic Engravings, and the Subjects of Natural History, of Costume, and of Antiquities, from the best Sources; to which are added, Original Notes, and of such Passages connected with the History, Geography, &c. of the Sacred Scriptures, as require Observation.*

This is one of those happy thoughts, that are always sure to produce success. The parts are excessively cheap, the type is of large size, the paper stout and good, and of a quality that will ensure durability, whilst the wood-cuts are of the very best order, and all of them copied from the productions of the first masters, both ancient and modern. A Pictorial Bible is a great assistant to the memory; indeed, the impression that it makes in early youth is absolutely indelible. A most splendid copy of the Holy Scriptures is now within the reach of all excepting those who labour under the evil of absolute poverty. We anticipate that the circulation of this work will be immense.

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*The Wanderer.* By C. M. J., Author of "The Promise."

A pleasing little work, written with a very nice acumen. It consists of short tales, sketches, and pieces of verse. "The Thin Man" stands among his contemporaries, pre-eminent, alike from his height, and the droll humour of his adventures. Were the author to write more, we feel convinced that he would shortly become very successful, and come before the world with something more of identity than initials. Any who wish to pass an odd hour pleasantly, cannot do better than to peruse this volume. They will discover in it much to admire, and something that will last them beyond the mere pleasure that the amusement of the moment affords them.

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*Rhymes from Italy, in a Series of Letters to a Friend in England.*

*Ride si sapis*, says the merry author in his title-page, with which we heartily concur: and we can assure the reader, that he has given much occasion for cachinnation, (laughter is now obsolete,) sometimes with, sometimes at him. The volume is a series of verses, of a very mongrel description, and a most liberal latitude of rhyme; he halts terribly in his feet, yet gets on rapidly, and, though a bad hand, contrives to give many good hits. But he prays for consideration from the critics, because his verses were written quite *extempore—composed* when walking about when he happened to be alone, or travelling in a diligence, or a snail-

paced vettura. This is extemporising with a bountiful allowance of mental reservation. The author has rhymed us a very good story, and not the less good because it is true, which if his work do not immortalize, perhaps it may immortalize his work. In a winter so severe, that it seemed like a miracle to the Milanese, a piece of water in the court of the citadel of Milan, then and now occupied by the Austrians, became so firmly frozen over, that the inhabitants petitioned the commandant to try their feet at skating. The good militaire was willing to comply with their wishes, but did not dare do it on his own responsibility, so he sent over despatches to Vienna, forwarding the respectful and loyal petition. Well? as the author says,

> Well! did he get the wish'd permission
> From that grave, aulic, slow commission?
> Ay! sure he did.—But when?—Reply.
> Why—*in the middle of July!*

And thus he runs on tattling, in his easy jingle, to the enormity of 155 pages. They are, after all, let the critics say what they will, very pleasant reading; but, we think, that the author must have found them still more pleasant writing.

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*The Sacred Classics; or Cabinet of Literary Divinity.* Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. Vol. XXVI.

The twenty-sixth volume of this highly popular work is dedicated to the sacred poetry of the seventeenth century, and forms a second volume to a selection of that poetry. The introductory essay and the critical remarks are from the clever pen of Mr. Cattermole, one of the editors of this work. Many of the names that have furnished the subject matter for this volume are nearly or totally unknown to most of the youth of the present generation; among others, those of Gascoigne, Southwell, Donne, Jonson, Drummond, Davis, and Vaughan are to be found. Cowley, Carew, and Mason are of more general notoriety. Whilst we do every justice to the great stores of precious ore that are to be found in this collection, we are bound to confess, that it contains a considerable portion of dross, and some sentiments that not only are not orthodox, but hardly religious. However, the volume, as a whole, cannot fail to be acceptable, though it be the one of which we approve least of this truly admirable series.

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*Miscellanies. The Foreign Relations of the British Empire; the Internal Resources of Ireland; Sketches of Character; Dramatic Criticism,* &c. &c. &c. By JOHN FINLAY, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law.

There is contained in this little volume as many specimens of fine writing, in almost all its varieties, as in any work of a similar size that it has yet been our good fortune to meet with. Our praise will be admitted to be disinterested when we state, that the writer is opposed to us in most of our political views. The notice on Lord Chief Justice Bushe contains a series of brilliant antitheses we have never seen surpassed. The dramatic criticisms will be found to be peculiarly just and discriminative, and very elegantly written. We are surprised that the book has not been before sent to us, as it bears date 1835.

*Narrative of a Captivity in France from* 1809 *to* 1814. By RICHARD LANGTON. 2 Vols.

The time when this narrative would have been read with an eager interest has long gone by, yet it still possesses many claims to attention. It bears upon it the impress of truth, and is full of adventure. The author, a civilian, was captured by two French seventy-fours, and afterwards experienced every vicissitude of bad fortune, seldom meeting from the French authorities or the inhabitants generally, either courtesy or kindness. He made two ineffectual efforts to escape, one of which was attended with great danger, as he was arrested for a spy and underwent several examinations when under that suspicion. His remarks upon the morals and the deportment of the French are by no means favourable to that egotistical nation; but in receiving Mr. Langton's evidence, we must always bear in mind the excitation under which he wrote, and the very limited means that he possessed of making observations on the best society. The incidents that he records are, however, in themselves highly interesting, and their value is much enhanced by the simple yet forcible style in which they are narrated. Happening to be at Paris at the moment that the allies had obtained possession, he had the opportunity of witnessing several curious scenes, and observing several very distinguished characters. We recommend the perusal of these volumes, as they are eminently amusing, and though, at times, a little prejudiced against his detainers, Mr. Langton has given us much insight into various classes of French character. Both the English and French nations have charged each other with cruelty to their respective prisoners: this book, we think, fully substantiates the accusation on one of the parties, an accusation that we trust events will afford no future opportunity of recurring.

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*Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary's Journal. From February to August,* 1835.

There is a vast body of information contained in this Journal, and, when we consider the sacred motives in which it originated, and the surprising firmness and perseverance with which it was prosecuted, too much admiration can be hardly bestowed upon the archdeacon. Missionary labours, of which, not only as precursors of divine grace, but also as forerunners of civilisation, we have always thought highly, are not, the reader will perceive by this work, wholly confined to the Dissenting persuasion. The general reader can have no conception how thinly inhabited is this vast portion of the North American continent, and through the inclemency of the seasons what suffering and privations, and even destitution, that scattered few are compelled to undergo. The local information to be culled from this work is very great, but it will distress the feeling and the pious mind to find that physical wants are neither the only nor the worst to which the inhabitants are subjected. In many lone and remote districts they are almost entirely without religious instruction, and seem to be fast relapsing not only into barbarism but heathenism also. Mr. W—'s journey must have done much good: to those who had nearly forgotten their faith, his coming must have recalled them to a state of their spiritual danger; to those who still held fast to the rock on which alone there is safety, his visit must have brought unalloyed happiness and that divine peace "which passeth all understanding." As a literary composition, it has some though not considerable merit. Its greatest charm is the natural tone in which the affecting incidents are told, and the firm conviction that breathes throughout, that he is advocating "the good cause."

*A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland, enjoying large Territorial or high Official Rank, but unconnected with Heritable Honours.* By JOHN BURKE, Esq., Author of the "Dictionaries of the Peerage and Baronetage," of "The Extinct and Dormant Peerage," &c. &c.

A work of this description has been long wanted, and this want, though so lately, has been most excellently supplied. There are many noble souls among the commonalty of this wonderful empire who feel that no title that the sovereign could confer would add to their native dignity, and who would refuse, commoners as they are, even the honours of an earldom. It is a curious as well as a valuable book on many accounts, and must necessarily become a companion to a list of the peerage wherever that list is to be found. We find the work executed with distinctness and fidelity.

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*The Assembled Commons.* 1836. *An Account of each Member of Parliament, embracing Particulars of his Family, Descent, Political Opinions, Influence, &c. &c. Together with the State of the Polls at the last Election.*

This is a neatly-bound little affair, that is well able to compete with other similar and contemporary productions. We cannot say that it is better, but it is just as good as the Guides usually published on this subject. The compiler says, "that he seeks solely to afford authentic particulars regarding the members of the British senate—information which no other work has hitherto supplied, and which the writer has been enabled to obtain from sources peculiarly his own." What, then, is the very similar information afforded by the "Parliamentary Guide," &c. &c. unauthentic?

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*Practical Mercantile Correspondence; a Collection of Modern Letters of Business. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, an Analytical Index, and an Appendix, containing pro forma Invoices, Account Sales, Bills of Lading, and Bills of Exchange. Also an Explanation of the German Chain Rule, as applicable to the Calculation of Exchange.* By WILLIAM ANDERSON.

The best service we can render this work, which we think a good one, is to give the whole of its title, as we have done, that any person wishing for information upon any of the points that it embraces, may inquire for and purchase it. Of course, the purchaser will find it only a letter-book, but a serviceable one, as all the correspondence appears to be specimens of such as have actually taken place in some of our first mercantile houses.

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*Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a Continuation, by the* Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D.

This well-continued history has now reached its nineteenth volume, which is occupied by a portion of the very clever continuation by Mr.

Hughes, containing a period from the year 1807 to 1813, one of continued and almost universal war. We are happy to find that this publication is gaining so much in the public estimation; ours it always possessed, and we see nothing whatever to impair it, in the volume before us. It is written in a vigorous style, and well adapted, not only to command attention, but to forcibly impress the memory. To those who are already in possession of older editions of Hume and Smollett, we cordially recommend the present continuation, as we feel assured that it will give universal satisfaction.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Beck's Elements of Medical Jurisprudence, 5th edit., brought down to the present time, including the Notes of Dr. Dunlop and Dr. Darwell. 8vo. 21*s.*

The Poetical Remains of Mrs. Hemans. 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sibthorp's Family Liturgy. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Life of Rodney. By Lieut.-Gen. Mundy. A new edition. 12mo. 6*s.*

Tales of Truth for Young People. By Mary Elliott. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. A. Bingham's Remarks on the Influence of Mental Cultivation upon Health. 12mo. 2*s.*

Dr. J. Finlay's Miscellanies. 12mo. 5*s.*

The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification. By the Rev. W. Marshall. New edition. 12mo. 4*s.*

Titus Vespasian, (from Metastasio,) a Drama; and other Poems. By James Ford. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mature Reflections, &c. of Rowland Hill in his Old Age. By the Rev. E. Sidney. 12mo. 4*s.*

Schleiermacher's Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato. Translated by W. Dobson. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Conversations at Cambridge. fscap. 6*s.*

A few Remarkable Events in the Life of the Rev. Josh. Thompson. By N. Oliver. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Reflections on Revealed and Profane Theology, addressed to Lord Brougham. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

D. Junii Juvenalis Satiræ, with a Linear Verbal Translation, &c., by P. A. Nuttall. A new edition. By the Rev. J. Stirling, D.D. post 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Gifford's Translation of Juvenal's Satires. By P. A. Nuttall. New edition. post 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

D. Junii Juvenalis Satiræ, with Linear Verbal Translation, and Gifford's Poetical Version, by P. A. Nuttall. A new edition. By the Rev. J. Stirling. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Tradesman's True Friend. 12mo. 1*s.*

Wyld's Railroad Map. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Cyrus Redding's Modern Wines. Second edition. With Preface and Additions. 8vo. 16*s.*

Miscellanies, Political and Literary. By John Finlay, LL.D. roy. 18mo.

The Relief Preacher, (Sermons,) by Ministers of the Relief Synod. 8vo. 12*s.*; ditto, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bruce's Geography and Astronomy. Ninth edition, with Additions and Improvements. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Gems from American Poets. 32mo. 2*s.* cloth; 2*s.* 6*d.* silk.

Heath's Drawing Room Portfolio. 21*s.*

On the Means of Comparing the respective Advantages of different Railways, and on the use of Locomotive Engines. By John M'Neil. 8vo. 5*s.*

Readings from Dean Swift, his Tale of a Tub, illustrated by Cruikshank. 12mo. 2*s.*

Rev. Hugh White's Twenty Sermons. Fifth edition. 2 vols. fcap. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Doyle's Address to Landlords of Ireland. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth; 2*s.* sewed.

Narrative of a Captivity in France, from 1809 to 1814. By Richard Langton. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
The Governess; or, Politics in Private Life. post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Watson's Works, Vol. IX. (Theological Institutes.) 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Narrative of O. M. Spencer. 18mo. 2*s.*
Antipathy. By John Leslie, Author of "Aurungzebe." 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Gregory's Conspectus, Latin. Tenth edition. 12mo. 8*s.*
Kidd's New Guide to the "Lions" of London and Paris, with Illustrations. 5*s.*
Kidd's Picture of London, for 1836, including its Environs, with Fifty Engravings. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Oracle of Taste and Fashion. 1*s.*
Pandora's Box; or Ladies' Note-Book. 1*s.*
The Modern Brummell. 1*s.*

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A topographical work of high interest is preparing for publication. The Memoirs of the gifted Mrs. Hemans, with copious selections from her Private Correspondence, by her personal friend, Mr. H. F. Chorley. A very beautiful Portrait of Mrs. Hemans will accompany it.

In the course of the present month may be expected a new series of the Old Men's Tales, entitled "Tales of the Woods and Fields."

Mr. Willis, the author of "Pencillings by the Way," is just now revising the last sheet of his new work, "Inklings of Adventure;" it may be expected by the 15th instant.

Captain Marryat's last work, "Japhet in Search of a Father," has met with unusual success: it has already been reprinted in America, and circulated by thousands.

Mr. Landor has written nothing finer than his "Pericles and Aspasia," just published. "In understanding, in penetrating thought," observes a cotemporary, "Mr. Landor is among the greatest writers of modern literature:"

Mr. James Matheson, of Canton, has just completed a highly interesting commercial work on the "Present Position and Prospects of the British Trade with China."

The Scope of Piety; or, the Christian doing all things to the glory of God. By T. Q. Stow.

The Perils of Authorship, by an Old and Popular Author.

Dedicated to the King of the French, an edition in French, of A. Lumley David's Turkish Grammar.

Kidd's Mirror of Etiquette, Gentility, and Politeness. Also, Mirror of Elegance; Mirror of Modern Refinement and Taste; and Mirror of Fashion and the *Beau Monde.*

A Satirical Novel called the Bachelor Duke.

Sketches of Germany and the Germans, including a Tour in Parts of Poland, Hungary, &c., by an Englishman resident in Germany.

In one vol. 8vo. Memoirs of the Life and Times of George Geary Bennis, Esq., comprising Recollections of the Present Century, Correspondence with some of the most distinguished Literary, Political, and Religious Personages, and Notices of Fifteen Years' Residence in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. These Memoirs will contain exciting revelations of intense interest, interspersed with a vast number of Original Anecdotes, and traits of Characters visiting Paris, within the last dozen years.

## FINE ARTS.

Owing to a press of parliamentary intelligence, which we have neither been able to suppress nor curtail, we shall be unable this month to enter into any detail of the

specimens of the Fine Arts that have been submitted for our approbation. We regret this extremely, as we have received a splendid portfolio of engravings from Mr. Heath, which it would have delighted us to notice. We will repair this omission in our next number. The exhibition of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, also demands our attention, the particulars of which we are also obliged to postpone. We can only say, shortly, that it is a good one this year—so good, that on opening it for one day only, for the private view, forty of the pictures were sold—a fact most encouraging to this society, and highly indicative of the rapid progress of British art on the one hand, and a commensurate and gratifying increase of patronage on the other.

### *Panorama of Lima.* Leicester Square.

Here is another splendid production of Mr. Robert Burford's pencil, and we think it equal, if not superior, to any effort which this talented artist has yet offered to the public. It has been painted from drawings, taken by Lieutenant W. Smyth, R. N., in the year 1834, with every apparent fidelity which long residence and careful observation could ensure. The picture is full of variety and of interest; indeed, much more so, than paintings of this class usually are. It represents this magnificent "City of the Kings," as viewed from an observatory (of which there are many scattered through the city,) with its numerous churches, convents, and other religious buildings, adorned with gay flags, and streamers of a "thousand hues." Where there is so much to praise, it is difficult to particularize; but we cannot refrain from directing attention to a few of the most prominent objects which struck us as deserving of peculiar notice. The Cathedral, with its richly ornamented façade, presents a highly attractive feature—in the Plaza Mayor, (the great square of Lima,) is depicted a religious procession, with all the imposing and seductive splendour, which is attached to those ceremonies in Catholic countries—richly habited priests, monks, choristers, silken banners, gay canopies, closed by a long line of the military, form an animating and interesting scene. The Church and Convent of San Augustin, with its highly florid gothic front, stands out with remarkable reality. The windings of the river Rimac impart an effect exceedingly picturesque; in the distance, and yet perfectly distinct, rise grandly, the Cordilleras of the Andes, in all their variety of form and colour—the flat roofs of the houses, invariably used as promenades, decked with flower-stands—the various groups of figures, some reclining on carpets, others flying kites, (which appears to be a favourite and universal amusement of the inhabitants,) have quite a characteristic and most pleasing effect. The painting is executed throughout with great care, and we most heartily recommend the public to go and judge for themselves.

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## THE DRAMA.

The Italian Opera.—The Italian Opera has opened since our last, and the admirers of the lyric drama are now, or, if fastidious, soon hope to be, able to enjoy their accustomed feast. We trust the lessee, M. J. Laporte, will conduct this establishment on the same liberal principles and good taste as his predecessor and son did last season. Judging from the commencement, we can expect no less. The opera has been better supported, the performers have been of a superior class, and the amusements more varied during the evenings it has been open, than we have witnessed for many years previous to Easter. In an establishment of this sort, nothing but liberality well directed will do. The same notions of economy, which are the only true ones in some instances, become equally false in others. A concern which is to be saved by mere saving, is a very different thing from a concern which is to be saved by pleasing. Where pleasure and good taste are the groundworks of our pretensions, to gratify is the only road to success. A man may economise in his own private affairs, by purchasing bad articles without censure, he has only himself to answer to, but audiences will never be satisfied with what you choose to lay before them, for the mere sake of you and your establishment. Adieu to your bad, if you will not, or cannot get good fare. We cannot, for a moment, doubt that the present manager will act up to the liberal principles he has set out with. To M. La-

porte the public are deeply indebted for great improvements in opera matters, and this is one of the best pledges we can have for his father completely restoring them to their proper condition: but it is never to be forgotten, that in accomplishing this desirable object *the reciprocity*, to use Sir J. Yorke's words, *must not be all on one side*; the King's Theatre must be supported, and that not feebly, but heartily and energetically; the manager must not have his attention drawn from its proper subject by pecuniary difficulties; let the public only give the same encouragement to music at this theatre, that they now do to spectacle at Drury Lane, and we need no longer be ashamed of comparing our opera with the proudest continental houses. In truth, we cannot much longer expect to find managers willing to ruin themselves for our amusement; that order of the human species is becoming daily more difficult to be met with.

We have frequently heard well-informed persons express their astonishment, that the Italian Opera should find admirers in England, among persons who understand not a word of the language. So long as the English lyrical dramatists adapt the music of the composer to such a complication of nonsense in the shape of verse, as the modern English song displays, illustrating its unwieldy fancy by a chaos of images which never would have met in the organized world, unless perhaps at the period of which we are told "there were giants in those days," it ought surely to create any feeling rather than surprise, that some persons take refuge in a theatre, where their ignorance of the language to which they listen, prevents the pleasure they enjoy from exquisite music being alloyed by the absurdity of trashy verses. To those who know the language, and amongst educated persons such knowledge is becoming daily more general, one of the highest enjoyments we can imagine the mind capable of receiving, is witnessing the representation of a good Italian opera well sustained. The poetry of the better order of opera of Italy, is simple and unornamented, presenting, to use the judgment of a late writer, "the leading and natural ideas of an impassioned action, divested of all imagery not arising from spontaneous feeling." Music fills up the marked and distinct outline sketched by the language of the passions, the latter forms the leading ideas and sentiments of the scene, which are brought forth to our admiration by the legitimate ornament and illustration of the latter. The Italian dramatists have realized frequently, in their poetry, the canon laid down by the Duke of Buckingham.

> "Th' expression should be easy, fancy high;
> Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly:
> No words transposed, but in such order all,
> As, though wrought, may seem by chance to fall."

It is true that the libretto of the later Italian operas has decayed much since the days of Metastasio, yet they still retain much good dramatic poetry. The libretto of Rossini's *Tancredi* and *Semiramis*, and Donezetti's *Anna Bolena* and *Marino Faliero*, is exceedingly well executed, and worthy, in every respect, of the music of these great masters. Besides, we must never forget that in this country we rarely have either the music or libretto given entire, or as it comes from the composer or writer.

As yet the musical part of the entertainments has been confined to two operas of Bellini,—*La Straniera* and *Beatrice de Tenda*. It is much the fashion both here and on the Continent, at the present moment, to admire Bellini: in this we cannot agree; neither do we think that the pieces chosen by the management are at all likely to add to his reputation. Want of originality is the chief fault of this composer, yet this is sometimes counterbalanced by his tasteful plagiarisms. Many of the airs in his works are sweet and pleasing, and the instrumentation smooth and flowing; but there is a want of power and solidity in the scoring of his choruses, which is by no means made up by the clash and clangour of noisy instruments, a flimsy substitution of sound for sense. One reason for Bellini's productions becoming favourites with managers is, that they are restricted in their parts; a primo soprano, a primo tenore, and primo basso, with a moderately-filled chorus, are amply sufficient to realize the most celebrated of his operas. *La Straniera* is finer than the more serious opera of *Beatrice de Tenda*. To those who remember it as formerly brought out, it is unnecessary to criticise it; the principal parts were assigned to Madame Colleoni Corti and Signor Carte Genova, both of whom are new to this stage, Signor Winter, and Mrs. E. Seguin. The prima donna is a lady of pleasing appearance, and a good actress; her voice, a high soprano, is sweet, but is

thin, and wants power: the primo tenore, Carte Genova, is a feeble performer, and his action by no means good; but his voice and execution are generally excellent. Winter is neither improved in voice, acting, or person.

*Beatrice de Tenda*, which is an early production of Bellini, and was produced at Milan, will by no means disappoint his admirers. The plot is good, but for a tragic drama wants action; the libretto is better than is usually met with in this master's works. Colleoni Corti, notwithstanding the insipidity of the music, and the feebleness of her vocal powers, contrived to throw considerable energy and feeling into her part, and merited the call which honoured her at the conclusion. Carte Genova, in this evening's performance, displayed greater vocal powers than the previous evenings led us to imagine he possessed. Of Winter we are unable to say so much, and of that, little favourable. Mrs. E. Seguin sung and played with her usual taste and spirit.

The ballet is good, but wants the grace of Taglioni, and the activity of Perrot, both of whom we shall try to witness again this season.

We rejoice to see that Grisi, Rubini, and Lablanche, are advertised to appear in an opera of Rossini's on the 5th of April, when the real Opera season will commence.

Want of space compels us to postpone notices of the tragedies by Miss Baillie, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, both of which we recommend playgoers to see.

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## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The lapse of a month cannot be supposed to afford much scope for enlarging upon these all-important relations to our country, without that criterion has been marked with some great convulsion, or, which is too seldom the case, signalized by some sudden flush of prosperity. The great late increase in the iron trade has, owing to people beginning to open their eyes to the absurdity of the rail-road mania, met with a temporary check; yet it is still in a very flourishing condition. There is much insecurity, and something like alarm, in the state of our West India trade generally—and the rich holders of colonial produce, speculating upon diminished returns from those colonies, are holding back their various productions. With the East, as yet, the free trade appears to work well. Our internal trade seems to be gradually returning to a healthy condition, though there is everywhere still much misery, even unto desolation, among the lower classes of operators, in almost every branch of business. It is useless repeating our reiterated complaints of the neglect that our shipping interests continue to experience from those whose duty it should be to foster them, and of commenting upon its gradual decadence. Upon the whole, we do not think that the country has very just grounds of apprehension on this vital subject.

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### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 28th of March.

| ENGLISH STOCKS. | FOREIGN STOCKS. |
|---|---|
| Bank Stock, Shut.—Consols for Account, 91 half.—Three per Cent., Reduced, Shut.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, Shut.—Exchequer Bills, at 2d. 21 23 p.—India Bonds, 6 8 p. | Brazilian, Five per Cent., 87 half.—Columbian, Six per Cent., 31 half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 three-fourths 56.—Portuguese, Five per Cent., 78 one-quarter, three-quarters.—Spanish, (1834,) Five per Cent., 45 half. |

Money Market Report.—The fluctuations in the funds—we always except those particular speculations that are the source of gambling—have not been so great as

might have been expected from the political events that have lately transpired. It would be of little advantage to our readers to quote to them the prices of stock a month old. Peninsular securities of both the contending parties are so insecure, that none but the merest jobbers would have any thing to do with them. They are now in a dreadful state of depreciation. The rail-roads have generally suffered a decline—Parliament seems inclined to damp the spirit of rash speculation lately evinced on this subject. The above is the state of the funds on the 28th instant.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEBRUARY 23, TO MARCH 18, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

*Feb.* 23.—H. W. Hall, Air Street, Piccadilly, scrivener.—M. Catlin, Blackman Street, Southwark, horse dealer.—R. Darch, Great Guildford Street, Union Street, Southwark, ironfounder.—R. Hayes, Regent Street, bookseller.—B. Palmer, Duke Street, St. James's, tailor.—A. Peat, Muscovy Court, Tower Hill, wine merchant.—J. D. Webb, Fleet Street, lamp dealer.—W. Weeks, Southampton, wine merchant.—J. Lewis, Llanllawddog, Carmarthenshire, cattle dealer.—J. J. Buttle, Paston, Norfolk, corn merchant.—D. Haslehurst, Sheffield, and H. Bassen, sen., Derby, colliers.

*Feb.* 26.—W. Tschell and S. Clarke, Great Eastcheap, hemp dealers.—R. Hayes, Regent Street, bookseller.—J. Coltman, Wellclose Square, wine merchant.—J. Symmons, Haverfordwest, draper.—J. and W. Scholefield, Mirfield, Yorkshire, corn millers.—J. Goudie, Liverpool, merchant.

*March* 1.—J. A. Jameson, Bermondsey Wall, Bermondsey, ropemaker.—H. Budd, Skinner Street, Snow Hill, tobacconist.—J. Cochrane, Waterloo Place, bookseller.—J. Mottershead, Liverpool, shipwright.—H. Rigmaiden, Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. Briddon, Liverpool, corn merchant.—W. Ward, Masbrough, Yorkshire, publican.—E. Davies, Salford, Lancashire, victualler.—T. Walsh, Bath, linendraper.—T. Floyd, Birmingham, victualler.—A. and J. Plank, Canterbury, woolstaplers.—B. Spalding, Woodbridge, Suffolk, linendraper.—S. Luscombe, jun., Broadhempston, Devonshire, butcher.

*March* 4.—J. Darby, Gravel Lane, Surrey, carpenter.—T. Jones, Shrewsbury, draper.—J. Laughton, Lisson Grove, linendraper.—F. Moore, sen., Albany Road, Camberwell.—W. De Caux, Newington Causeway, bootmaker.—A. Hooper, Bath, hatter.—A. M. Campilla, Bathwick, Somersetshire, lodging housekeeper.—E. Weaver, Bristol, wine merchant.—R. Turner, Ollerton, Nottinghamshire, butcher.—T. Constantine, Manchester, joiner.

*March* 7.—J. Bouchier, Lamb's Conduit Street, Foundling hospital, oilman.—H. Bellingham, Assembly Row, Mile End Road, surgeon.—J. Bushnell, North Row, Park Lane, livery stable keeper.—S. and J. Munday, Bradford, Wiltshire, clothiers.—C. W. Kelk, Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, seed merchant.—J. Shaw, Heanor, Derbyshire, plumber.—J. Faulder, Birmingham, sack dealer.—W. Hildrow, Darlington, Durham, grocer.—J. Ireland, Manchester, builder.—H. Lock, Hamlet of Bracondale, Norwich, millwright.—W. Ferry and J. Booth, Gateshead, Durham, glass manufacturers.—J. Hanley, Birmingham, button manufacturer.—W. Thorn, Shaftesbury, ironmonger.—C. Needham, jun., and E. Pearce, Salford, cloth manufacturers.

*March* 11.—W. Ball, Wilstead Street, Somers Town, corn dealer.—D. Morgan, Rhosmaen, Llandilorfaur, Carmarthen, tanner.—H. Fraser, Bucklersbury, London, bill broker.—F. Glass, Cateaton Street, London, Blackwell Hall factor.—W. Prosser, Bordesley, Warwickshire, builder.—C. Huckbody, Postland, Lincolnshire, coal merchant.—J. M'Master, Manchester, draper.—W. J. Brereton, Brinton, Norfolk, banker.—P. Mackennal, Truro, Cornwall, common brewer.—C. Neale, Richmond, Surrey, chemist.

*March* 15.—S. Jacobs, Manchester, merchant.—A. Westley, Assembly Place, Kennington, livery stable keeper.—R. J. Ayres, Chiswell Street, Finsbury, butcher.—D. Wright, St. Katherine's, ship agent.—T. Kipling, Tonbridge, Kent, corn dealer.—W. Williams and T. Hill, Bow Churchyard, linen factors.—H. Tindal, Hastings, Sussex, brewer.—J. Worrall, Ratcliff Highway, eating house keeper.—J. Chapman, Blackfriars Road, dealer in glass and earthenware.—J. Lowe, Union Street, Southwark, hat manufacturer.—T. Herken, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, furrier.—T. Davis, Lisson Grove, North, grocer.—T. Freer, Birmingham, drysalter.—S. and J. Smith, Nottingham, brickmakers.—S. Thompson, Darlington, Durham, clock maker.

*March* 18.—J. Heasman, Union Street, Southwark, oilman.—J. Hoskins, Cannon Srreet, wine merchant.—W. Gilliam, Hillam, Yorkshire, butcher.—T. Upton, Birmingham, hatter.—H. Makepeace, Jun. Bristol, coachmaker.—W. Mackintosh, Liverpool, victualler.—H. Norfolk, Manchester, brewer.—B. Bolwell, Bradford, Wiltshire, Bath and Bristol common carrier.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. F. Kingston, of Islington, Devon, Esq., for a new rotary engine. January 28th, 6 months.

W. Boulnois, jun., of Gower Street, Middlesex, Esquire, for an improved combination or arrangement of springs for carriages. January 30th, 6 months.

S. Reed, of the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, for a method or invention of two improved hooks, and an improved bow for corves, baskets, buckets, and other vessels which are conveyed either loaded or empty from one level to another, by being suspended and let down or drawn up, more especially for such corves, baskets, buckets, and other vessels as are used for the purpose of letting down their contents to a lower level, or of raising the same to a higher elevation in mines, pits, wells, shafts, quarries, collieries, warehouses, factories, buildings, dock yards, also in and about ships, boats, and vessels, and the tackling thereof, and other works, and in general in all works and cases where cranes, common hooks, and bows are now used. February 1st, 2 months.

J. Baring, of Bishopsgate Street, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for combing, or brushing, and separating wool. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 3rd, 6 months.

F. E. Harvey, of the Horsley Iron Works, in the parish of Tipton, Staffordshire, Mechanical Draughtsman, and J. Brown, of Tipton, in the same county, roll turner, for certain improvements in the process and machinery for manufacturing metallic tubes, and also in the process or machinery for forging or rolling metal for other purposes. February 3rd, 6 months.

E. Ashworth, of Egerton, Lancaster, cotton spinner, and J. Greenough, of the same place, Overlooker, for certain improvements in the machinery used in preparing and spinning cotton, silk, wool, and other fibrous material. February 5th, 6 months.

H. Adcock, of Stamford Street, in the Blackfriars Road, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the loading and unloading of ships, brigs, schooners, and other vessels, especially applicable to those vessels called colliers, which usually discharge their cargoes in that part of the river Thames called the Pool, near London. February 5th, 6 months.

A. Massie, of the parish of St. John, Wapping, Middlesex, Engineer, R. Morton, of the same place, Engineer, W. Ranwell, of Woolwich, in the county of Kent, Coal Merchant, and E. Ranwell, of the same place, Miller, for certain improvements in the construction of paddles or paddle-wheels for propelling of vessels, which improvements are also applicable to the construction of water-wheels for mills. February 9th, 6 months.

F. H. Maberly, of Bourne, near Coxtord, Cambridgeshire, Clerk, for improved machinery for raking, scraping, and sweeping roads or streets. February 10th, 6 months.

S. Fenton, of Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, South Wales, Clerk, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of locks and latches for doors, gates, and other useful purposes. February 10th, 6 months.

J. H. Kyan, formerly of Gillingham Street, Pimlico, but now of Ailsa Park Cottage, Twickenham, Esquire, for a new mode of preserving certain vegetable substances from decay. To extend only to His Majesty's colonies and plantations abroad. February 11th, 2 months.

A. Smith, of Princess Street, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in engines for exerting power for driving machinery and for raising and lowering heavy bodies. February 12th, 6 months.

C. Schafhautl, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, Gentleman, for an improved steam-generator. February 16th, 6 months.

J. P. Westhead, of Manchester, Lancashire, Small Ware Manufacturer, for an improved method of cutting caoutchouc, or India-rubber, leather, hides, and similar substances, so as to render them applicable to various useful purposes. February 16th, 6 months.

M. H. Simpson, late of Boston, in the United States of America, but now residing in Ludgate Hill, in the city of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for heckling or combing and preparing hemp, flax, tow, and other vegetable fibrous substances, and also waste silk. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 17th, 6 months.

J. Lidel, of Arundel Street, Panton Square, Middlesex, Professor of Music, for certain improvements in pianofortes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 17th, 6 months.

W. Bucknall, of Crutched Friars, in the city of London, Coal Merchant, for improvements in machinery for propelling vessels and for water-wheels. February 17th, 6 months.

F. Chaplin, of Bishop Stortford, in the county of Herts, Tanner, for an improvement in tanning hides and skins of certain descriptions. February 18th, 6 months.

H. M. Robinson, of the Minories, in the city of London, Paint and Varnish Manufacturer, for improvements in certain descriptions of lamps. February 18th, 6 months.

J. Barsham, of Stepney Causeway, Middlesex, Oxalic Acid Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of oxalic acids and salacetecella. February 18th, 6 months.

F. Peyre, jun., of St. Etienne, France, Dyer, now residing at the White Hart Inn, in the borough of Southwark, for certain improvements in the means of economizing fuel in ships' hearths or cooking apparatus, and of obtaining distilled water from sea-water, which improvements apply to generating steam. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 23rd, 6 months.

C. G. Gilroy, of Argyle Street, New Road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for weaving plain and figured fabrics. February 25th, 6 months.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1836. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. | | | | | |
| 23 | 45-28 | 29,63-29,56 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, except at noon. |
| 24 | 44-21 | 29,42-29,16 | S.W. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, a little rain in the evening. |
| 25 | 42-25 | 29,06-29,04 | W. b. S. | | Generally clear. |
| 26 | 39-18 | 28,97-28,91 | E. b. N. | | Snowing and raining generally all the day. |
| 27 | 38-31 | 28,96-28,91 | N.W. & S.W. | ,35 | Generally cloudy, a little rain in the aft. and ev. |
| 28 | 39-27 | 29,33-29,21 | W. b. N. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, except the afternoon. |
| 29 | 39-25 | 29,48-29,46 | N.W. & W. | | Generally cloudy. |
| March | | | | | [boisterous. |
| 1 | 47-34 | 29,25-28,84 | S. b. E. | ,025 | Raining generally all the aft. and even., wind |
| 2 | 50-35 | 29,51-29,34 | S.W. | ,35 | Morn. clear, a little rain in the aft. and even. |
| 3 | 49 35 | 29,69-29,57 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, except the evening. |
| 4 | 47-31 | 29,65-29,34 | S.W. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, rain in the aft. and even. |
| 5 | 45-38 | 29,41-29,32 | W. b. S. | ,025 | Gen. clear, a heavy shower of rain in the even. |
| 6 | 48-26 | 29,32-29,18 | S.E. | ,2 | Generally cloudy, except the evening. |
| 7 | 49-26 | 29,36-29,33 | S. | | Generally clear. |
| 8 | 41-32 | 29,46-29,32 | N. | | Raining generally all the morning and afternoon. |
| 9 | 44-25 | 29,43-29,23 | W.b.S.&S.b.E. | ,075 | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the ev. |
| 10 | 46-33 | 29,35-29,25 | W. b. S. | ,025 | Generally cloudy, a little rain in the evening. |
| 11 | 47-36 | 29,14-29,06 | S.W. | ,025 | Gen. clear, a shower of hail, rain morn. and aft. |
| 12 | 46-37 | 29,30-29,20 | S.W. | ,125 | Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain aft. and even. |
| 13 | 50-34 | 29,50-29,47 | W. | ,225 | Generally clear. |
| 14 | 49-40 | 29,31-29,17 | W. b. S. | ,2 | Raining generally all the morning, aft. clear. |
| 15 | 47 34 | 29,36-29,01 | W. | ,6 | Raining generally all the morn.. aft. and ev. clear. |
| 16 | 46-29 | 29,04-29,64 | W. | | Generally clear, a few drops of rain in the aft. |
| 17 | 52-32 | 30,02-29,87 | W. b. S. | ,125 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and evening. |
| 18 | 61-45 | 30,24-30,19 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy, except in the afternoon. |
| 19 | 63-41 | 30,13-30,07 | S. | | Generally clear. |
| 20 | 65-32 | 30,16-30,02 | W. b. S. | | Generally clear. |
| 21 | 53-40 | 30,07-29,93 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 22 | 52-42 | 29,87-29,83 | S. b. W. | | Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and evening. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Society of Antiquaries.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—A portion was read of an essay, by Mr. C. R. Smith, of Lothbury, on the Roman remains discovered in the several excavations in the city, commencing with the site of St. Michael's church, Crooked Lane, in 1822, Eastcheap, Newgate Street, and Lothbury, down to the present time, and describing a large and varied collection, which he laid on the table. He stated the course of the stream of Walbrook, which anciently divided the city from north to south, the bed of which has lately been dug into at Lothbury, and where the most interesting relics, such as fibulæ, rings, knives, pins, &c. have been principally found—the greatest quantity of pottery having been discovered about Eastcheap. Mr. Smith presented accurate sketches of several of the specimens, and of a numerous collection of the potters' marks.

Linnæan Society.—The Duke of Somerset in the chair.—There was read, some account of a species of agave (*Aloe*) introduced accidentally into the Dekkan. By Colonel Sykes. This species proves, on examination, to be identical with the *Agave cubensis* of Jacquin, a native of the Island of Cuba and the Brazils. Like several others of the genus, it has a great tendency to produce bulbs in the axillæ of its bractes, and when they happen to be abundant, the plant very rarely perfects seeds. These bulbs retain their vitality for a very long time, and under almost any circumstances, so that the plants are easily transported from one country to another. This fact, together with the facility with which they multiply and become naturalized, renders it often difficult to trace the species to their original localities. Amongst the presents were several volumes of the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg, and the first volume of the Transactions of the Agricultural Society of Odessa. Mr Anderson exhibited, from the Apothecaries' Garden, Chelsea, a plant, in flower, of the *Ornithogalum oxypetalum* of Ledebour.

Geological Society, March 23.—Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair.—A paper, by Dr. Riley and Mr. Stuchbury, of Bristol, was first read, and gave a description of various fossil remains of three distinct saurian animals, discovered in the magnesian conglomerate on Durdham Down, near Bristol, in the autumn of 1834.

The deposit in which these remains were found, rests horizontally on the edges of inclined beds of mountain limestone, filling up the inequalities of the surface, and consists of slightly-worn fragments of the limestone, cemented by yellow or dolomitic paste.

Previously to the discovery of these bones, no fossils had been noticed in the deposit; though, in its equivalent, the magnesian limestone of the north of England, fishes, shells, and corals, had been found; and, in the copper-slate of Germany, a bed of nearly the same age, the remains of a monitor. The bones were firmly imbedded in the conglomerate, forming an integral portion of it, and occurred at various depths, some having been obtained from the very bottom of the deposit. Many of them had evidently been fractured previously to their being entombed, but they bore no evidence of their being much water-worn.

In describing the specimens, the authors carefully compare the osteological characters of each with the analogous bone in the crocodile, lizard, monitor, iguana, scink, saurodon, megalosaurus, and ichthyosaurus, and prove that the fossil remains could not have belonged to any of those animals, or to any other with which they are acquainted. They, therefore, conceive that they are justified in considering them as belonging to a new genus, for which they propose the name of Thecodontosaurus, from its having been a lizard with alveoli in its jaws.

A memoir was afterwards read, "On the Ossiferous Cavern of Yealm Bridge, about six miles south-east of Plymouth," by Captain Mudge, F.G.S.

This cavern is in a mass of limestone on the south side of the Yealm. It had formerly three entrances, situated about twelve feet above the level of the river, but portions of only the eastern and western chambers remain, the rock having been extensively quarried for economical purposes. In a part which had not been disturbed,

Captain Mudge noticed five distinct sedimentary deposits, which presented the following details :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Top-loam containing bones and pebbles | 3½ feet |
| Stiff, whitish clay . . . | 2½ |
| Sand . . . . . | 6 inches |
| Red clay . . . . | 3½ feet |
| Argillaceous sand . . | 6 to 18 inches. |

Bones have been found only in the uppermost bed, but they appear to have existed in great abundance, cartloads of them having been burnt. The remains which have been preserved have been examined by Mr. Clift and Mr. Owen, and ascertained to belong to the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, ox, sheep, deer, bear, hyæna, wolf, dog, fox, hare, rabbit, water-rat, and a bird of considerable size. Some of the bones present undeniable evidence of having been gnawed, but none of them appear to have been water-worn. The remains of the hyæna, horse, and ox, are very abundant, while those of the elephant and rhinoceros are scarce. The pebbles found in the same stratum appear to have been derived from the flanks of Dartmoor, but they differ from those which occur in the present bed of the Yealm. In one part Captain Mudge observed that the limestone was beautifully polished, owing, he conceives, to the friction of the animals, by which the cavern was inhabited.

There are many other caves in the immediate neighbourhood, but the most considerable is in Kitley Park, nearly on a level with the Yealm. The floor is composed of gravel, agreeing with that in the bed of the river; and it has been ascertained that it does not contain bones. With respect to this difference in the contents of the two caverns, Captain Mudge says, "We are led to conclude, that they must have been exposed to very different conditions. As far as regards space, the accommodation for hyænas in the Kitley cave is much superior to that in Yealm Bridge cavern; and, therefore, we may infer, that at the period when the hyænas tenanted the latter, they were prevented from entering the former, either from its having been frequently flooded, or permanently under water."—*Athenæum.*

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## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Warm Springs.—A warm spring formerly existed at Aix, in Provence, which bore the name of Sextus, and which furnished an abundant quantity of water. On digging some of the ground outside the town, one hundred paces distant from this spring, one of cold water was discovered, which was afterwards employed in turning a mill. From that time the warm spring diminished, and, at length, from the laying open of other springs at about the same distance, became perfectly dry. In 1721, at the time that the plague raged at Aix, the physicians having declared, that this warm spring would be highly beneficial for bathing, the other springs were stopped, and in twenty-two days after the warm spring reappeared. Since then the cold springs have been reopened, and the Sextus has again ceased to flow. Supposing that which appears to be self-evident, that the one influences the other, it would seem that the water is twenty-two days traversing these one thousand paces; and it is probable, that during this interval it descends to a great depth before it remounts to the spring of Sextus, all of which may afford another proof of the increase of the internal temperature of the globe. M. Freycinet, being about to travel to Aix, M. Arago has obtained an authority from the French Academy of Sciences, addressed to the magistrates of that place, requesting them to assist M. Freycinet in his investigation of the fact.

The Outa Snake.—Before we quitted Chunar our dandies, who had kindled a fire on the bank of the river, were dressing their rice and curry, when a small snake approaching the place where they were seated, one of them rose and dispatched it with a piece of bamboo. It was about twenty-five inches long, entirely white, except the top of the head, which was a deep shining black. This particular species is called by the natives the outa snake: it is very rare, and of peculiar

habits. These creatures always go in pairs, and it is remarkable, that if one is killed either by man or beast the survivor will follow until it is either destroyed or obtains its revenge by biting the author of its bereavement. It has been known under such circumstances to keep up the pursuit with the most patient perseverance for upwards of three hundred miles. The little creature, whose mate was killed by one of our boatmen, was seen, after we had pushed from the shore, gliding along the bank of the stream in a direct line with our boat, and when we reached Cawnpoor, there we found it ready to deal its vengeance upon the wanton destroyer of its conjugal felicity. It was despatched before it could put its evil intention into execution.—*Oriental Herald.*

The Fossil Ship.—The subjoined particulars, relative to the vessel discovered bedded in the earth at New Romney, recently appeared in the *Kentish Gazette*:—"The earth being now removed, the shape and form of the vessel is seen, and, by admeasurement, is found to be in length fifty-four feet, and in width twenty-four feet, clinker built, and trunnel fastened, having had only one mast, and built after the manner of the Grecian vessels. Several skulls of horned animals have been found, supposed to be of the antelope, with various bones both of the brute and human species. Several pieces of rope, still retaining the smell of tar, have been found; from the length of time the vessel must have been sunk, this fact seems almost incredible. Many of the timbers are solid, and when cut with a saw, appear as firm as newly-used wood. Curiosity is so greatly excited, that persons are daily flocking from all parts to inspect the vessel. Amongst the numerous visitors were one of the judges of the law, and Professor Coleman, of the Veterinary College, London. The stage-coach has drawn off the road to the spot to afford the passengers a sight of this piece of antiquity. In tracing a very ancient chronological account of events which have occurred in the neighbourhood, was discovered the following, written in old English:—'In the month of October, in the reign of King Henry the Third, dated 1250, the sea flowing twice without ebbe, made so horrible a noyse, that it was heard a great way into the land. Besides this, in a darke night, the sea seamed to be on a light fire, and the waves to fight one with another, so that the mariners were not able to save their shippes: and to omitte to speake of other, in one haven called Hureburne, besides small vessels, three noble and famous shippes were swallowed up of the waves. And at Winchilsea, besides cottages for salte, and fishermen's houses, bridges, and milles, above three hundred houses in that towne, with certain churches, through the violent rising of the sea, were drowned.'—This possibly may allude to the time when the small vessel now found was embedded, as the sewer where she was discovered was formerly, and is to this day, called the Haven."

New Thermometrical Scale.—Dr. Castle, of Brighton, by modifying Fahrenheit's scale, has proposed an instrument which will admit of the thermometer being taken with the same precision as the barometer. The degrees are first arranged decimally, 10°, 20°, 30°, and so on; each 10° being equal to 20° of Fahrenheit. The rise and fall of the quicksilver is shown by a small sliding scale, so graduated that every degree, and even the decimal fractions, can be readily ascertained. The registering is, at the same time, accurate and easy. Thus, freezing-point, or 32° Fahrenheit, by reduction, becomes 16° 00′; the cyphers implying that it is exactly 16 degrees; but if the quicksilver slightly exceeds 32° Fahrenheit, the difference is indicated by 16° 30′, or 16° 40′, according as the excess is three or four-tenths of a degree. For important observations the value of this scale is evident.

Geology.—In Thuringia several remarkable fossil remains have been discovered in blocks of free-stone (*grès*) bearing the distinct impression of the paws or feet of some large fourfooted or fourhanded animals, unknown in the present day. The inside of these paws is divided into four fingers, and a thumb reversed in a very particular manner: and before every large paw is a small paw (about a third the size) of similar shape. A curious fact is, that the four paws are disposed in a straight line, never (if we may use the word) parallelly, which shows that the animal must have had a singular walk, and required peculiar forms, in order to preserve equilibrium in locomotion. Another curious fact is, that the impressions uniformly exist on the lower, and not on the upper faces of the blocks. The stone rests immediately on a layer of argillaceous marl, about half an inch thick, having the consistence of schistus.

# HISTORICAL REGISTER.

## POLITICAL JOURNAL.—March, 1836.

House of Lords, Feb. 22.—After a discussion on the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill, it was ultimately agreed, on the motion of Lord Ellenborough, that the various petitions having relation to the Bill should be referred to a Select Committee. The Bill in the meantime was read a second time.

Feb. 23.—Lord Wharncliffe brought forward his promised motion on the subject of the local magistrates lately appointed under the Municipal Reform Act. The noble lord went at considerable length into details to show that much political partiality had been exhibited in the nominations to the magistracy, and concluded by moving for returns of the persons appointed. Lord Melbourne, after attempting to refute the statements of the noble lord who preceded him, acceded to the motion, except as to some minute particulars, which it was not in his power to furnish.—The Earl of Winchilsea recommended Lord Wharncliffe not to withdraw his motion.—The Lord Chancellor said a few words, and Lord Wharncliffe replied, when the motion, as slightly altered, was agreed to, and their Lordships adjourned till the 25th.

Feb. 25.—The Marquis of Londonderry gave notice of his intention to move, on Thursday next, that a message be sent to the Commons, requesting a copy of the Report of the Select Committee on Orange Societies. The noble marquis stated that his object was to repel the base insinuations which had been elsewhere made against him.—Lord Wynford expressed his satisfaction that the noble marquis had taken up the subject, and intimated that he intended to give such a notice himself.

Feb. 26.—An inquiry by the Earl of Winchilsea, as to the mode intended to be adopted by government to "discourage Orange Societies," gave rise to a conversation on the subject of those societies; and his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland came forward to state that, in obedience to the wish expressed by his majesty, he had thought it his duty to advise the Orange societies of England and Ireland to dissolve themselves without delay.—The Earl of Winchilsea made the same declaration on his own behalf; and, after a few words from Lord Melbourne, the subject dropped.—The Marquis of Londonderry subsequently made some strong observations on certain parts of the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; but the noble marquis did not conclude with submitting any motion on the subject to the House.

Feb. 29.—Lord Duncannon brought up the report of the Commission appointed to examine the plans for the building of the new Houses of Parliament. The noble lord stated that he had directed the plans selected to be placed in one of the Committee-rooms for the inspection of the House, and of the Committee of the House of Commons on the same subject.—Some Bills were forwarded a stage, and their Lordships adjourned.

March 1.—A great number of petitions were presented against the Ecclesiastical Courts' Consolidation Bill. Lord Teynham presented a petition complaining of the conduct of the acting magistrates of Brighton towards a female named Booth; but their conduct was defended and vindicated by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Strangford, Lord Chichester, and the Lord Chancellor.—The Archbishop of Canterbury presented a Bill founded on recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for "imposing certain restrictions on the renewal of leases by ecclesiastical persons." It was read a first time, but no day was named for the second reading.—Adjourned till Thursday.

March 3.—The Earl of Winchilsea, on account of the absence of the Earl of Roden, requested the Marquis of Londonderry to postpone the motion of which he had given notice, for copies of the Commons' Reports on Orange Lodges.—The Marquis of Londonderry said that he was considerably embarrassed by the request thus made; but he would leave it with the House to decide what course ought to be pursued.—The Duke of Cumberland considered that the postponement would only be an act of justice to the noble earl.—Lord Melbourne said that the noble lord might live another day under the imputation, if any were made.—The motion was postponed till Monday.

March 4.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Exchequer, the Transfer of Aids, and the Dean Forest, Bills; together with several private Bills.—

In replying to some suggestions by the Marquis of Londonderry, with respect to the future arrangement of the See of Durham, Lord Melbourne stated, that they would be those recommended in a report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that had been signed that morning.—Lord Glenelg brought in a Bill to provide for the better administration of justice in the West Indies, and their Lordships then adjourned.

March 7.—After the presentation of several petitions, the Marquis of Londonderry rose, pursuant to notice, to call their Lordships' attention to certain slanders lately promulgated in another place against himself and other noble lords with reference to an alleged connexion with Orange Societies. The noble marquis concluded by moving that a message be sent to the Commons requesting a copy of the report on Orange Societies.—Lord Melbourne did not object to the production of the papers.—The Duke of Cumberland next rose to explain the part which he had taken since he had accepted the invitation to become Grand Master of the Society. The motion was agreed to.

March 8.—On a complaint by the Marquis of Londonderry, that the papers supplied in consequence of his late motion on the affairs of Spain, were defective, Lord Melbourne said that Lord Palmerston had sent to Mr. Villiers at Madrid for the missing documents.—Their Lordships then adjourned till Thursday.

March 10.—The Marquis of Londonderry, after some severe animadversions on the negligence at the Foreign Office, or of our minister at Madrid, in the case of the twenty-seven Carlist officers imprisoned at Corunna, gave notice of a motion for the 14th on the subject.—Adjourned.

March 11.—Lord Glenelg then moved the second reading of a Bill for the better administration of justice in the West Indies. In describing the provisions of the Bill, he said it was proposed that the colonial islands should be divided into two districts, and each district to have two judges, who should at the stated periods go the circuit of their own district. These judges should be a chief justice and a senior puisne judge. In addition to which there should be a junior judge, appointed to each island, and should be required to reside constantly there, for the administration of ordinary judicial matters, and when the chief justice and the senior puisne judge made their circuit, the three should constitute a court. This plan was supposed sufficiently ample for all legal business. The junior judge, among his other duties, would probably officiate as chairman of the quarter sessions. The noble lord claimed no merit to himself on account of this measure, which had been contemplated by several of his predecessors in the Colonial Office—Lord Stanley, Mr. Spring Rice, and the Earl of Aberdeen among the number—but the rapid succession of secretaries in that department for some years past, had prevented the Bill from being sooner brought forward.—After a few words from the Earl of Ripon, the Bill was read a second time, and their Lordships adjourned.

March 14.—Many petitions were presented against the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill. —The Earl of Roden presented one from the clergy of the archdiocese of Tuam, the diocese of Ardagh and Killala, and the deaneries of Athenry and Clonfert, praying the deep consideration of their Lordships to any measure that might be proposed to them with reference to the Church in Ireland, before they should suffer it to pass into a law.—The Marquis of Londonderry stated it to be his wish to postpone, till Friday or Monday next, his promised motion on Spanish affairs; but after a few words from Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington made some observations, in consequence of which the noble marquis withdrew his motion altogether.—The ecclesiastical Leases' Bill having passed through Committee, their Lordships adjourned.

March 15.—The Bishop of Exeter, pursuant to notice, submitted a motion, the object of which was the appointment of a Committee to inquire what had been the progress of the new system of education in Ireland; whether the funds appropriated to its support had been judiciously administered; and whether the past success of the plan justified a further perseverance in it.—Lord Melbourne resisted the motion, and defended the conduct of the Commissioners.—After a few remarks from the Earl of Winchilsea, the motion was withdrawn, and their Lordships adjourned to Thursday.

March 17.—A Bill was introduced by Lord Lyndhurst to simplify the Transfer of Real Property. The noble and learned lord also brought in a Bill to amend the Laws relating to Executors and Administrators.—Lord Langdale introduced a Bill for the Amendment of the Law of Wills.—The Marquis of Lansdowne brought up the Report of the Committee on the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, and

gave notice that he would on a future day move an Address to his Majesty, praying that an estimate of the expense of Mr. Barry's plan should be laid before the House. The noble marquis subsequently intimated his intention to propose that a message should be sent to the Commons, requesting a copy of their resolutions on the subject of Railroad Bills.—Adjourned.

March 18.—The Earl of Aberdeen, in moving for various papers, directed attention to circumstances characterising the civil war in the northern part of Spain. His lordship said the motion which induced him to come forward with the resolution, was a conviction that this country, by countenancing one claimant, was participating —substantially and virtually participating—in a system of war and warfare of an atrocity unheard of and unparalleled in history. From the very commencement of the contest it had been carried on under circumstances of peculiar ferocity: that ferocity had unfortunately gone on increasing daily. An attempt—a wise and humane attempt—had been made by the Duke of Wellington to improve the character of the contest—to mitigate its horrors and reduce its atrocity, by a convention establishing a cartel for the exchange of prisoners on both sides. That attempt had succeeded, and a considerable lessening of the ferocious nature of the contest was the consequence. It had, moreover, given promise of a much greater improvement — of such an improvement as would make the contest equal to that usually carried on between civilised communities. Where was that convention now? It was trod under foot — scattered to the winds—unthought of—unheard of—unperformed. After speaking of various atrocities, and particularly the shooting of the mother of Cabrera, his lordship declared his belief that nothing so atrocious and savage had taken place during the French revolution.—Viscount Melbourne entirely concurred in all the horror which had been manifested by the Noble Earl on the subject of the atrocities perpetrated in the contest for the Spanish Crown, and in the reprobation which he had bestowed upon the character of the struggle. But he should remind the House that in cases of horror, imagination is apt to accumulate, and that exaggeration was very often a very active agent.—The Duke of Wellington expressed himself clearly of opinion that, by permitting the enlistment of the corps of General Evans, government had deprived itself of all influence with Don Carlos, and was not in a state, therefore, to urge with any effect, the necessity of altering the system of warfare in Spain.—After a few words from the Marquis of Londonderry, the motion of the Earl of Aberdeen, for papers on the subject of the Spanish war, and the remonstrances of the English ministry, was agreed to, and their Lordships adjourned.

House of Commons, Feb. 22.—A protracted and interesting debate took place on the general subject of railroads. The immediate question before the House was a motion by Lord W. Lennox, for the second reading of the London and Brighton Railway Bill, which was at length postponed for eight days, on a division, when the numbers were—for the postponement, 271; against it, 75.—This was the first division under the new system adopted by the House, and occupied above three-quarters of an hour.—In answer to a question, Mr. Ridley Colborne stated that the Committee, in the case of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Raphael, had resolved to exclude the public, from a feeling that they would in that manner best promote the ends of justice.—On the motion of Lord John Russell for the second reading of the English Tithes' Commutation Bill, a long and desultory discussion took place, originating in a wish expressed by Sir E. Knatchbull and other Members, for so much delay as would admit of a more extended circulation of the Bill throughout the country, but ultimately spreading into an examination of the details of the measure by several hon. members.—Sir R. Peel, after replying, with much animation, to some attacks on the landed interest by Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, stated that, while he approved of the principle of the Bill—the commutation of tithe—he objected to recourse being had to compulsion, before sufficient experience had been acquired, from the operation of the voluntary system, of the basis on which compulsory measures ought to be founded. The Right Hon. Baronet concluded by expressing, with marked emphasis, his hope "that no Bill would pass the House that did not full justice to the clergy."—The Bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed *pro formâ* on next Monday week.

Feb. 23.—Mr. Tulk moved the second reading of Mr. Buckingham's Compensation Bill.—Mr. Lawson exposed the system of canvassing that had been pursued in order to procure petitions in favour of the Bill, and moved as an amendment, that it be read again that day six months.—After a short conversation the House divided—

for the postponement, 125; against it, 81.—The Bill was of course lost.—Mr. Hume, after a speech of great length, moved the following resolutions:—

"That this House, taking into consideration the evidence given before the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the nature, extent, character, and tendency of Orange Lodges, Associations, or Societies in Ireland, and of Orange Institutions in Great Britain and the colonies; and seeing that the existence of Orange Societies is highly detrimental to the peace of the community, by exciting discord amongst the several classes of his Majesty's subjects; and seeing that it is highly injurious to the due administration of justice that any judge, sheriff, magistrate, juryman, or any other person employed in maintaining the peace of the country, should be bound by any secret obligation to, or be in any combination with, any association, unknown to the laws, and founded upon principles of religious exclusion, that even if justice were impartially administered under such circumstances, which is in itself impossible, yet any connexion with such societies would create suspicions and jealousies detrimental to the peace and good government of this country.

"That Orange Societies, and all other political societies, which have secret forms of initiation and secret signs, and are bound together by any religious ceremony, are especially deserving of the severest reprobation of the House, and should no longer be permitted to continue.

"That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct measures to be taken to remove from the public service at home and abroad every judge, privy councillor, lord lieutenant, deputy lord lieutenant, custos rotulorum, magistrate, militia officer, inspector, chief constable in the constabulary and peace preservation force, every officer of police in Ireland, and every functionary employed in the administration of justice, and in maintaining the peace of the country, who shall attend the meetings of any Orange Lodge, of any Ribbon Lodge, or of any other political club, institution, or association, whenever or wherever assembled, having secret forms of initiation, and being bound together by any religious ceremony, and with secret signs and passwords for recognition of members of such bodies, and who shall not withdraw from such societies or associations on or before the expiration of one month after the publication of any proclamation which his Majesty may be pleased to direct to be issued hereupon, forbidding their continuing to be members of such Orange Lodges, Societies, and Associations."

Lord John Russell, in a conciliatory manner, abstained from going through the multifarious allegations of Mr. Hume, and after some general observations on the dangerous tendency of secret societies, announced the intention of Government to consider the being a member of such societies as a cause for exclusion from civil or magisterial office under the Crown. The Noble Lord concluded by moving, as an amendment, a resolution for an address to the King, praying his Majesty to discourage Orange Associations and other secret societies. The resolution of Lord John Russell was agreed to.

Feb. 24.—Lord John Russell presented the following answer of his Majesty to the address of Tuesday last respecting Orange Lodges:—

"I willingly accede to the prayer of my faithful Commons, that I will be pleased to take such measures as may seem to me to be advisable for the effectual discouragement of Orange Lodges, and generally of all political societies, excluding all persons of a different religious faith, using secret signs and symbols, and acting by means of associated branches. It is my firm determination to discourage all such societies in my dominions; and I rely with confidence on the fidelity of my loyal subjects to support me in this determination."

Several divisions took place on the question of adjournment, which was ultimately carried, after keeping the House sitting till near four o'clock on Friday morning.

Feb. 25.—Mr. J. Maxwell announced, on the part of the Duke of Cumberland, the determination expressed by his Royal Highness in the House of Lords, with respect to Orange Lodges; and Lord J. Russell read a letter from the Illustrious Duke, acquainting the Noble Lord of the same fact.—Lord J. Russell having moved the Order of the Day for the House to go into Committee of Supply, Mr. Maclean brought forward his promised proposition (by moving that some papers should be laid on the table forthwith) regarding the permission given by the Government to English subjects to mingle in the contests carrying on between rival parties contending for the throne of Spain. He maintained that it was, in fact, an interference on the part of this country in the Spanish war, and as such most culpable, the professed policy of the Government being non-intervention.—Sir John

Elley, with graphic minuteness, explained all the operations of Col. Evans's legion. The Gallant Member observed that at this moment the hospitals were more crowded than the ranks, and stated his belief that, without a large numerical addition to its force, the legion would be found totally inadequate to its object.—Lord Mahon supported the motion, and the views taken by the Hon. Mover. "If," said his Lordship, "Donna Christina be (as is stated) supported by a great majority of the Spanish people, that majority is capable of securing her success; and, if she be not supported, upon what ground do we interfere?"—Lord Palmerston contended that there had not been permission in the sense contended for by others: all that the Government had done was to repeal a prohibition that had been enacted, thereby leaving the subjects of the realm amenable to the common law.—Sir R. Peel, in a most brilliant address, contended that there was nothing in the quadruple treaty requiring the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Act; that its repeal was a proceeding of partisanship; and that if such armies were triumphant, he should have some alarm as to the future disposition of such force. After a few observations from Sir J. Hobhouse and Mr. T. Duncombe, the debate was adjourned.

Feb. 29.—The Brighton Railway Bill was read a second time.—The London and Gravesend Railway Bill was lost by a majority of 114.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said it was the intention of Government to introduce a Bill which would separate the civil functions from the episcopal office attached to the See of Durham. It would also embrace the question of future emoluments.—The Irish Municipal Corporations' Bill was read a second time, and the House adjourned.

March 1.—Mr. P. Thompson moved a series of resolutions, founded upon the Report of the Select Committee on Railroads, which were agreed to.—In answer to a question from Sir S. Canning, Lord Palmerston said that he had received no official account of the entrance of Russian, Austrian, and Prussian troops into Cracow, but that from what had previously transpired, he did not think such a circumstance unlikely.

March 2.—The Prisoners' Counsel Bill was considered at great length in Committee.—Mr. Wakley moved a new clause, to the effect that prisoners might be heard by counsel or attorney.—Mr. Ewart, the Attorney-General, &c. having made some remarks, Sir F. Pollock suggested that the clause should be so altered as to apply to those country Courts where attorneys were in the habit of appearing to plead for their clients. This clause was eventually acquiesced in, and the new clause, as altered, proposed to form part of the Bill. The clause, empowering prisoners before magistrates to be heard by counsel, was much contested. The Bill was proceeded with as far as clause 5, when shortly after the House adjourned.

March 3.—In reply to a question by Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell stated that a Bill on the subject of Church Rates in England would be brought in after the Easter recess.—In the course of a short conversation on the subject of the Dorchester labourers, it was announced by the same Noble Lord that the Royal clemency had been extended to the other two of these convicts, in the reduction of their punishments to three years' duration.—Mr. P. Scrope obtained leave to bring in a Bill for "the levy of Poor Rate and Highway Rate in all the parishes in England and Wales, upon a uniform system of valuation and assessment."—Lord John Russell approved of the principle of the Bill, but would not pledge himself to support it through all its details.—Sir R. Musgrave obtained leave to bring in a Bill to improve the system of Grand Jury presentments in Ireland.—Mr. O'Brien obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the relief of the Destitute Poor of Ireland.—The Municipal Act Amendment Bill was considered in Committee, and its several clauses were very fully considered.—Mr. Divett moved the second reading of the Stafford (borough) Disfranchisement Bill. After a very zealous defence of his constituents by Captain Chetwynd, who moved as an amendment the postponement of the second reading for six months, the question was put, when the numbers were—for the second reading now, 53; against it, 6. The Bill was accordingly read a second time.—Adjourned.

March 4.—In a committee of supply, Mr. C. Wood moved the usual grants for the naval service; the only one deserving of particular notice being that for an addition of 5,000 men to the navy, in pursuance of the intimation in the King's speech at the opening of the session. Some interest was excited by an incidental reference to some circumstances attending Lord Auckland's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir James Graham having stated, in replying to a charge inferred against himself by Sir E. Codrington, that the Noble Lord, in accepting office, had stipulated for a retiring pension of 2,000*l.* a-year for life, in lieu of a

pension on the civil list of 1,000*l.* and an appointment in Greenwich Hospital of 600*l.* a-year.

March 7.—The order of the day having been moved by Lord John Russell for the House going into committee on the Irish Municipal Corporations' Bill, Lord Francis Egerton proceeded to submit the amendment of which he had given notice. This amendment embodied the suggestions of Sir Robert Peel on the second reading of the Bill.—On the motion of Mr. Brotherton, the debate was postponed, and, after the Stafford Disfranchisement Bill had passed through a committee, notwithstanding the opposition of Captain Chetwynd, the House adjourned.

March 8.—The adjourned debate on Lord F. Egerton's motion was resumed. Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, the Hon. Randal Plunkett, Mr. Villiers Stewart, Mr. Gally Knight, and Mr. Ord severally addressed the House.—Mr. O'Connell resisted the motion as an unjust attack on the institutions of Ireland, and concluded a long and rambling speech with stating, that he stood there as the representative of three of the provinces of Ireland, and was ready to declare that he flung the repeal question to the winds, if justice were done to his country.—Lord J. Russell resisted the motion, contending that to adopt it would be to express disgust of Ireland, and to increase the evil that they would avert.—Sir R. Peel supported the motion for an instruction to the Committee, declaring that the question in some degree presented itself as a choice of evils, and that as he saw nothing in granting the Bill but what was calculated to increase the influence of Mr. O'Connell—now far too great in Ireland—he preferred taking his stand here, instead of waiting till his power was increased by the means that would be placed in his party's hands by the carrying of the Bill.—The House then divided—for the amendment, 243; against it, 307; majority against the amendment, 64. The other orders of the day were disposed of, and the House adjourned till Thursday.

March 10.—Lord J. Russell moved that the second report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners be printed. The Noble Lord went into details similar to those stated by Lord Melbourne in the other House. After a few words from Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Hume, Mr. Goulburn, Dr. Lushington, and Mr. G. H. Vernon, the report was ordered to be printed, and Lord John Russell gave notice, for Monday next, of a Bill to separate the lay from the ecclesiastical duties of the Bishoprick of Durham.

March 11.—The second reading of the Dublin Navigation Bill was opposed; but it was carried on a division of 153 ayes, 69 noes.—Mr. Ridley Colborne then brought up the report of the Carlow committee, which cleared Mr. O'Connell from any charge of pecuniary corruption. The Hon. Member, on moving that the report be printed, stated that it had been agreed to unanimously.—Lord Howick, in a committee of supply, brought forward the army estimates. The Noble Lord stated that the only increase he should have to recommend to the House would be in the number of officers in the Royal African corps, and of men in the First West India regiment. A decrease had taken place in the establishment of the War Office.—Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, that the total number of men for the army should be reduced by 5,000, which was negatived by a majority of 136 against 43.—Sir W. Molesworth moved a reduction, in order to place the Foot Guards on a level with the line in respect to pay. A very animated discussion took place, in which the aspersions cast on the Foot Guards by several liberal members, were removed in the most triumphant manner by Sir H. Hardinge and other Hon. and Gallant Members, and Sir W. Molesworth's amendment was negatived by a majority of 171.—The Stafford Disfranchisement Bill was read a third time and passed; and some routine business having been dispatched, the House adjourned at a quarter past twelve o'clock.

March 14.—The second reading of the Bridlington Pier Bill was negatived by a majority of 106 against 83.—Mr. Bethell then gave notice that at a future time he would bring it forward as a public measure.—In reply to a question, Lord John Russell stated that a free pardon had been granted to the convicts known as the Dorchester labourers.—Several petitions having been presented for and against the Irish Municipal Corporations' Bill, the House went into committee upon it; and, after a desultory conversation on the clauses in succession, the first forty-three were considered and agreed to without a division, though subjected to occasional verbal alterations.—Mr. Poulett Thompson obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Factory Act.

March 15.—In answer to a question by Sir R. Peel, whether there was any truth in the statement that the mother of Cabrera, an officer in the service of Don Carlos, had been shot, Lord Palmerston stated his belief that there was too much truth in

the statement, although he had received no official communication of it.—Several petitions were presented for the repeal of the duty on newspapers, and the House having resolved into committee on the Stamp duties, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proceeded to detail his plan for consolidating the various stamp acts. The Right Hon. Gentleman entered into numerous calculations to show the unequal pressure in the cases of conveyances and bonds. A bond for 40,000*l.* paid 1*s.* 3*d.* per cent.; a bond for 4,000*l.* paid 4*s.* per cent.; a bond for 100*l.* paid 30*s.* per cent. What he proposed to do to remedy the evil was, to provide that there should be one uniform scale of one per cent. whatever might be the amount. He next called attention to probates and administrations, and intimated his intention of proposing that the executors should not be called upon to pay more than the duty upon the net amount of property. The next head was the stamp duty upon bills of exchange, which he proposed to reduce to a very small sum. After enumerating several other proposed alterations, the Right Hon. Gentleman said, he thought it right to state now what he should propose in April regarding newspapers. At present the duty was 4*d.* on each paper, with a discount of 20 per cent.; he should propose to reduce it to one penny. A postage in lieu of duty, he said, was nearly impracticable, and certainly would be of unequal operation; he therefore adhered to the penny duty. The same was to extend to Ireland. The only increase of duty proposed by his Bill would be on the shares in companies when first issued; the Bill would propose a small duty, as some check on gambling speculations—at present the duty was payable on the transfer of shares. The resolution for leave to bring in the Bill led to an extended discussion, and was eventually agreed to.—Mr. Handley moved that it was expedient to reduce the duty on soap, and to augment the duty on foreign tallow, a proceeding that would relieve the agricultural interests without injuring any class.—Mr. Halford seconded the motion, and observed that the real question before the House was the choice between cheap soap and cheap newspapers.—Mr. P. Thompson was against the motion, contending that it would not benefit those interests, and that if there were revenue to spare, this was not where the reduction ought to be made.—After considerable discussion, the motion was negatived by 195 noes to 125 ayes.—Adjourned.

March 16.—No house.

March 17.—The sitting, while it lasted, was occupied with private business. On the motion that the Medway Navigation Bill be read a second time, the House divided—for the second reading, 55; against it, 46—majority, 9; and the House was adjourned after several divisions on the Macclesfield Small Debts' Bill; its third reading and passing having been resisted on the ground that it contained a clause empowering Commissioners to commit debtors who came before them to seven days' imprisonment. There were five divisions on it:—on the question of the third reading, (postponement for six months having been moved,) ayes 92, noes 43; that the obnoxious clause be omitted, ayes 97, noes 74; that the question as to the Bill passing be adjourned to Monday, ayes 74, noes 120; that the House do adjourn, ayes 53, noes 128; and that the House do now adjourn, (Lord Stanley voting for this amendment,) ayes 106, noes 20. The House then adjourned.

March 18.—After some routine business had been disposed of, Lord Stanley moved that the Macclesfield Small Debts Courts' Bill, which created so much excitement on the present evening, "do now pass." After a conversation, in which Mr. D. W. Harvey made some reflections on the consistency of Mr. Hume, the former Hon. Member repeated his objections to the Bill, and the House divided—For the passing of the Bill, 203; Against it, 56. The Bill was consequently passed.—Sir S. Canning then rose to call the attention of the House to the late military occupation of Cracow by the troops of the northern powers. The Right Hon. Gentleman went into great detail on the subject of the various treaties and diplomatic notes bearing on the point; but did not conclude with any specific motion.—Lord Palmerston admitted the importance of the subject, but as yet the government had received no official intimation from the three powers of the course they had adopted, nor why they had pursued it. Not knowing what grounds those powers had to urge for their proceedings, he could not express an opinion.—Lord J. Russell was of opinion that the honour of England was in good hands, and several other Hon. Members spoke, but the subject was not further pursued.—The House subsequently went into Committee on the Irish Municipal Corporations' Bill. The clauses up to 81 inclusive were agreed to without a division, but not till strong objections had been urged by Sir Robert Peel against popularly-elected mayors being entrusted with the administration of justice. —Adjourned.

## MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

### Right Rev. W. Van Mildert, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham.

Died, on the 21st ultimo, at the Palace, Bishop's Auckland, the Right Rev. W. Van Mildert, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. He was the son of Cornelius Van Mildert, Esq., a merchant of London; born at his father's house in Newington-place, Surrey, in 1765; and educated at Merchant Tailors' school, whence he removed to Queen's College, and was matriculated as a commoner of that society, Feb. 21, 1784. He took the degree of B.A. Nov. 23, 1787, and that of M.A. July 17, 1790, having been previously ordained upon a curacy in Essex. In 1795 he married Jane, youngest daughter of General Douglas, of Witham, in that county, about which time he obtained, through the interest of Mrs. Van Mildert's family, the rectory of Bradden, in Northamptonshire. His next preferment was the rectory of St. Mary-le-Bow, which, by removing him to London, and consequently bringing his talents more into notice, may be said to have been the first step to the high and important posts to which he was subsequently promoted. In 1807, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented him to the vicarage of Farningham, in Kent. In 1812 he was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn; in 1813, regius professor of divinity, Oxford, and canon of Christ Church; and on the 13th of October in that year, proceeded B. and D.D. by accumulation. In 1819, he succeeded Dr. Watson in the bishopric of Llandaff. In 1826, Dr. Van Mildert was translated to the see of Durham, and we believe we are correct in stating that the archbishoprick of Dublin had been previously offered to him (we think in 1822,) but declined.

### Sir William Gell.

The death of this distinguished scholar took place at Naples on the 4th of last month, aged fifty-nine. He was the son of a prebendary of Westminster, and educated, we believe, in that school. His health had long been indifferent, and the climate of Italy was resorted to on that account for a considerable number of years. Here Sir William, however, continued his classical researches with unwearied zeal, and lived to finish his work on the "Topography of Rome." In 1804 he published the "Topography of Troy," in folio; in 1808, the "Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca," 4to.; and in 1810, the "Itinerary of Greece, with a Commentary on Pausanias and Strabo," royal 4to. The visitors to Naples, who were fortunate in having introductions to, or in knowing, Sir W. Gell, found him a delightful and instructive guide to the many interesting antiquities around; and his communication of discoveries, &c. to the Dilettanti Society, the Royal Society of Literature, and other learned Institutions in England, were always of great curiosity and value. He was M.A., F.R.S., F.A.S., and Member of the Dilettanti, and other Societies.

### Professor Joseph Anstice.

We regret to have to announce the premature death, at the age of twenty-seven, of Mr. Joseph Anstice, the professor of classical literature at King's College. Like our late friend, Professor Burnet, his mind wore out his bodily frame, and the severity of study has brought him to an early grave. He died at Torquay.

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*Married.*—At Wimpole, Robert C. L. Bevan, Esq., of Belmont, Herts, to the Lady Agneta Yorke, sister of the Earl of Hardwicke.

At Marylebone Church, Captain Hilton, 16th Lancers, to Harriet, third daughter of Benjamin Aislabie, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. Charles Augustus Thurlow, to Fanny Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas B. Lethbridge, Bart.

At Ditton Park, George William Hope, Esq. eldest son of General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, to Caroline Georgiana Montagu, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Montagu.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanstone Square, the Right Hon. Lord Poltimore, to Caroline, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Buller, of Pilynx and Lanreath, in the County of Cornwall.

*Died.*—At Sowerby, Yorkshire, Cornelius Cayley, Esq., in his 74th year.

At Congham Lodge, Norfolk, Isabella, daughter of Captain Sir Edward Parry, R.N.

At East Sheen, Montagu Burgoyne, Esq., in his 86th year, second son of the late Sir Roger Burgoyne, Bart., and his wife, the lady Frances Montagu.

At Greenwich Hospital, Lieutenant James Meres, in the 70th year of his age.

At Godminster, Somerset, in the 84th year of his age, the Hon. Stephen Fox Strangways, brother to the late, and uncle to the present Earl of Ilchester.

At Woodside, Cheshire, Lady King, the wife of Sir A. B. King, Bart. of Dublin.

At Hackwood Park, the Right Hon. Lady Dorchester, in the 83rd year of her age.

In Dover Street, Mrs. Sparke, the beloved wife of the Bishop of Ely.

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LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.